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Craigie Edition

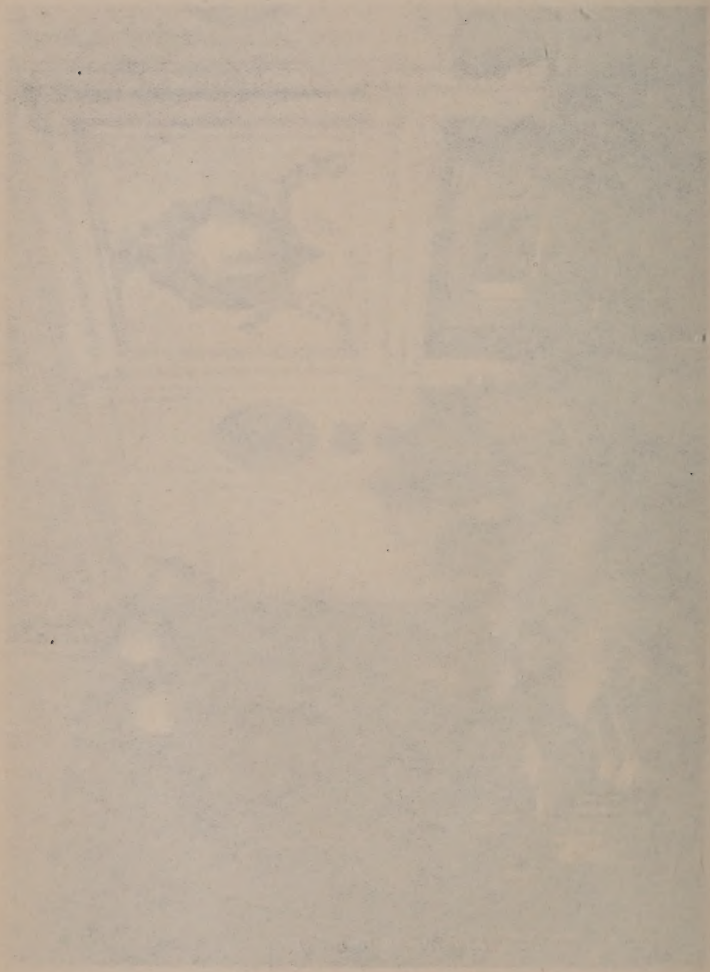
THE COMPLETE WRITINGS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WITH PORTRAITS, ILLUSTRATIONS AND FACSIMILES

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES

VOLUME X

Mr. Longfellow in his study



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI

I FOLLOW HERE THE FOOTING OF THY FEETE
THAT WITH THY MEANING SO I MAY THE
RATHER MEETE. SPENSER

PURGATORIO

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THE DIVINE COMEDY

PURGATORIO

I ENTER, and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!
And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine.
The air is filled with some unknown perfume;
The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.
From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below;
And then a voice celestial that begins
With the pathetic words, "Although your sins
As scarlet be," and ends with "as the snow."

With snow-white veil and garments as of flame,
She stands before thee, who so long ago
Filled thy young heart with passion and the woe
From which thy song and all its splendors came;
And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy name,
The ice about thy heart melts as the snow
On mountain heights, and in swift overflow
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame.
Thou makest full confession; and a gleam,
As of the dawn on some dark forest cast,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase;
Lethe and Eunoë — the remembered dream
And the forgotten sorrow — bring at last
That perfect pardon which is perfect peace.

PURGATORIO

CANTO I

To run o'er better waters hoists its sails
The little vessel of my genius now,
That leaves behind itself a sea so cruel;
And of that second kingdom will I sing
Wherein the human spirit doth purge itself,
And to ascend to heaven becometh worthy.
But let dead Poesy here rise again,
O holy Muses, since that I am yours,
And here Calliope somewhat ascend,
My song accompanying with that sound,
Of which the miserable magpies felt
The blow so great, that they despaired of pardon.
Sweet color of the oriental sapphire,
That was upgathered in the cloudless aspect
Of the pure air, as far as the first circle,
Unto mine eyes did recommence delight
Soon as I issued forth from the dead air,
Which had with sadness filled mine eyes and breast.
The beauteous planet, that to love incites,
Was making all the orient to laugh,
Veiling the Fishes that were in her escort.
To the right hand I turned, and fixed my mind

Line 1. To run o'er better waters hoists its sail

Upon the other pole, and saw four stars
Ne'er seen before save by the primal people.
Rejoicing in their flamelets seemed the heaven.
O thou septentrional and widowed site,
Because thou art deprived of seeing these!
When from regarding them I had withdrawn,
Turning a little to the other pole,
There where the Wain had disappeared already,
I saw beside me an old man alone,
Worthy of so much reverence in his look,
That more owes not to father any son.
A long beard and with white hair intermingled
He wore, in semblance like unto the tresses,
Of which a double list fell on his breast.
The rays of the four consecrated stars
Did so adorn his countenance with light,
That him I saw as were the sun in front.
"Who are you? ye who, counter the blind river,
Have fled away from the eternal prison?"
Moving those venerable plumes, he said:
"Who guided you? or who has been your lamp
In issuing forth out of the night profound,
That ever black makes the infernal valley?
The laws of the abyss, are they thus broken?
Or is there changed in heaven some counsel new,
That being damned ye come unto my grottos?"
Then did my Leader lay his grasp upon me,
And with his words, and with his hands and signs,
Reverent he made in me my knees and brow;
Then answered him: "I came not of myself;

Line 39. That him I saw as were the sun before him.
Line 48. That being damned ye come unto my crags?"

A Lady from Heaven descended, at whose prayers
I aided this one with my company.
But since it is thy will more be unfolded
Of our condition, how it truly is,
Mine cannot be that this should be denied thee.
This one has never his last evening seen,
But by his folly was so near to it
That very little time was there to turn.
As I have said, I unto him was sent
To rescue him, and other way was none
Than this to which I have myself betaken.
I 've shown him all the people of perdition,
And now those spirits I intend to show
Who purge themselves beneath thy guardianship.
How I have brought him would be long to tell thee.
Virtue descendeth from on high that aids me
To lead him to behold thee and to hear thee.
Now may it please thee to vouchsafe his coming;
He seeketh Liberty, which is so dear,
As knoweth he who life for her refuses.
Thou know'st it; since, for her, to thee not bitter
Was death in Utica, where thou didst leave
The vesture, that will shine so, the great day.
By us the eternal edicts are not broken;
Since this one lives, and Minos binds not me;
But of that circle I, where are the chaste
Eyes of thy Marcia, who in looks still prays thee,
O holy breast, to hold her as thine own;
For her love, then, incline thyself to us.
Permit us through thy sevenfold realm to go;
I will take back this grace from thee to her,
If to be mentioned there below thou deignest."

"Marcia so pleasing was unto mine eyes
While I was on the other side," then said he,
"That every grace she wished of me I granted;
Now that she dwells beyond the evil river,
She can no longer move me, by that law
Which, when I issued forth from there, was made.
But if a Lady of Heaven do move and rule thee,
As thou dost say, no flattery is needful;
Let it suffice thee that for her thou ask me.
Go, then, and see thou gird this one about
With a smooth rush, and that thou wash his face,
So that thou cleanse away all stain therefrom,
For 't were not fitting that the eye o'ercast
By any mist should go before the first
Angel, who is of those of Paradise.
This little island round about its base
Below there, yonder, where the billow beats it,
Doth rushes bear upon its washy ooze;
No other plant that putteth forth the leaf,
Or that doth indurate, can there have life,
Because it yieldeth not unto the shocks.
Thereafter be not this way your return;
The sun, which now is rising, will direct you
To take the mount by easier ascent."
With this he vanished; and I raised me up
Without a word, and wholly drew myself
Unto my Guide, and turned mine eyes to him.
And he began: "Son, follow thou my steps;
Let us turn back, for on this side declines
The plain unto its lower boundaries."
The dawn was vanquishing the matin hour
Which fled before it, so that from afar

I recognized the trembling of the sea.
Along the solitary plain we went
As one who unto the lost road returns,
And till he finds it seems to go in vain.
As soon as we were come to where the dew
Fights with the sun, and, being in a part
Where shadow falls, little evaporates,
Both of his hands upon the grass outspread
In gentle manner did my Master place;
Whence I, who of his action was aware,
Extended unto him my tearful cheeks;
There did he make in me uncovered wholly
That hue which Hell had covered up in me.
Then came we down upon the desert shore
Which never yet saw navigate its waters
Any that afterward hath known return.
There he begirt me as the other pleased;
O marvellous! for even as he culled
The humble plant, such it sprang up again
Suddenly there where he uprooted it.

CANTO II

Already had the sun the horizon reached
Whose circle of meridian covers o'er
Jerusalem with its most lofty point,
And night that opposite to him revolves
Was issuing forth from Ganges with the Scales
That fall from out her hand when she exceedeth;
So that the white and the vermilion cheeks
Of beautiful Aurora, where I was,
By too great age were changing into orange.
We still were on the border of the sea,
Like people who are thinking of their road,
Who go in heart, and with the body stay;
And lo! as when, upon the approach of morning,
Through the gross vapors Mars grows fiery red
Down in the West upon the ocean floor,
Appeared to me — may I again behold it! —
A light along the sea so swiftly coming,
Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled;
From which when I a little had withdrawn
Mine eyes, that I might question my Conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.
Then on each side of it appeared to me
I knew not what of white, and underneath it
Little by little there came forth another.
My Master yet had uttered not a word
While the first whiteness into wings unfolded;
But when he clearly recognized the pilot,

He cried: "Make haste, make haste to bow the knee!
Behold the Angel of God! fold thou thy hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!
See how he scorneth human arguments,
So that nor oar he wants, nor other sail
Than his own wings, between so distant shores.
See how he holds them pointed up to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!"
Then as still nearer and more near us came
The Bird Divine, more radiant he appeared,
So that near by the eye could not endure him,
But down I cast it; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, very swift and light,
So that the water swallowed naught thereof.
Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot;
Beatitude seemed written in his face,
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.
"*In exitu Israel de Ægypto!*"
They chanted all together in one voice,
With whatso in that psalm is after written.
Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.
The throng which still remained there unfamiliar
Seemed with the place, all round about them gazing,
As one who in new matters makes essay.
On every side was darting forth the day
The sun, who had with his resplendent shafts
From the mid-heaven chased forth the Capricorn,
When the new people lifted up their faces

Towards us, saying to us: "If ye know,
Show us the way to go unto the mountain."
And answer made Virgilius: "Ye believe
Perchance that we have knowledge of this place,
But we are strangers even as yourselves.
Just now we came, a little while before you,
Another way, which was so rough and steep,
That mounting will henceforth seem sport to us."
The souls who had, from seeing me draw breath,
Become aware that I was still alive,
Pallid in their astonishment became;
And as to messenger who bears the olive
The people throng to listen to the news,
And no one shows himself afraid of crowding,
So at the sight of me stood motionless
Those fortunate spirits, all of them, as if
Oblivious to go and make them fair.
One from among them saw I coming forward,
As to embrace me, with such great affection,
That it incited me to do the like.
O empty shadows, save in aspect only!
Three times behind it did I clasp my hands,
As oft returned with them to my own breast!
I think with wonder I depicted me;
Whereat the shadow smiled and backward drew;
And I, pursuing it, pressed farther forward.
Gently it said that I should stay my steps;
Then knew I who it was, and I entreated
That it would stop awhile to speak with me.
It made reply to me: "Even as I loved thee
In mortal body, so I love thee free;
Therefore I stop; but wherefore goest thou?"

"My own Casella! to return once more
There where I am, I make this journey," said I;
"But how from thee has so much time been taken?"
And he to me: "No outrage has been done me,
If he who takes both when and whom he pleases
Has many times denied to me this passage,
For of a righteous will his own is made.
He, sooth to say, for three months past has taken
Whoever wished to enter with all peace;
Whence I, who now had turned unto that shore
Where salt the waters of the Tiber grow,
Benignantly by him have been received.
Unto that outlet now his wing is pointed,
Because for evermore assemble there
Those who tow'rds Acheron do not descend."
And I: "If some new law take not from thee
Memory or practice of the amorous song,
Which used to quiet in me all my longings,
Thee may it please to comfort therewithal
Somewhat this soul of mine, that with its body
Hitherward coming is so much distressed."
"*Love, that within my mind discourses with me,*"
Forthwith began he so melodiously,
The melody within me still is sounding.
My Master, and myself, and all that people
Which with him were, appeared as satisfied
As if naught else might touch the mind of any.
We all of us were motionless and attentive
Unto his notes; and lo! the grave old man,
Exclaiming: "What is this, ye laggard spirits?

Line 107. Memory or practice of the song of love,
Line 118. We all of us were moveless and attentive

What negligence, what standing still is this?
Run to the mountain to strip off the slough,
That lets not God be manifest to you."
Even as when, collecting grain or tares,
The doves, together at their pasture met,
Quiet, nor showing their accustomed pride,
If aught appear of which they are afraid,
Upon a sudden leave their food alone,
Because they are assailed by greater care;
So that fresh company did I behold
The song relinquish, and go tow'rds the hill,
As one who goes, and knows not whitherward;
Nor was our own departure less in haste.

CANTO III

Inasmuch as the instantaneous flight
Had scattered them asunder o'er the plain,
Turned to the mountain whither reason spurs us,
I pressed me close unto my faithful comrade,
And how without him had I kept my course?
Who would have led me up along the mountain?
He seemed to me within himself remorseful;
O noble conscience, and without a stain,
How sharp a sting is trivial fault to thee!
After his feet had laid aside the haste
Which mars the dignity of every act,
My mind, that hitherto had been restrained,
Let loose its faculties as if delighted,
And I my sight directed to the hill
That highest tow'rds the heaven uplifts itself.
The sun, that in our rear was flaming red,
Was broken in front of me into the figure
Which had in me the stoppage of its rays;
Unto one side I turned me, with the fear
Of being left alone, when I beheld
Only in front of me the ground obscured.
"Why dost thou still mistrust?" my Comforter
Began to say to me turned wholly round;
"Dost thou not think me with thee, and that I guide
thee?
'T is evening there already where is buried
The body within which I cast a shadow;

'T is from Brundusium ta'en, and Naples hath it.
Now if in front of me no shadow fall,
Marvel not at it more than at the heavens,
Because one ray impedeth not another.
To suffer torments, both of cold and heat,
Bodies like this that Power provides, which wills
That how it works be not unveiled to us.
Insane is he who hopeth that our reason
Can traverse the illimitable way,
Which the one Substance in three Persons follows!
Mortals, remain contented at the *Quia*;
For if ye had been able to see all,
No need there were for Mary to give birth;
And ye have seen desiring without fruit
Those whose desire would have been quieted,
Which evermore is given them for a grief.
I speak of Aristotle and of Plato,
And others many;" — and here he bowed his head,
And more he said not, and remained disturbed.
We came meanwhile unto the mountain's foot;
There so precipitate we found the rock,
That nimble legs would there have been in vain.
'Twixt Lerici and Turbìa, the most desert,
The most secluded pathway is a stair
Easy and open, if compared with that.
"Who knoweth now upon which hand the hill
Slopes down," my Master said, his footsteps staying,
"So that who goeth without wings may mount?"
And while he held his eyes upon the ground

Line 27. 'T is from Brundusium ta'en, and Naples has it.
Line 44. And many others;" — and here bowed his head,

Examining the nature of the path,
And I was looking up around the rock,
On the left hand appeared to me a throng
Of souls, that moved their feet in our direction,
And did not seem to move, they came so slowly.
"Lift up thine eyes," I to the Master said;
"Behold, on this side, who will give us counsel,
If thou of thine own self can have it not."
Then he looked at me, and with frank expression
Replied: "Let us go there, for they come slowly,
And thou be steadfast in thy hope, sweet son."
Still was that people as far off from us,
After a thousand steps of hours I say,
As a good thrower with his hand would reach,
When they all crowded unto the hard masses
Of the high bank, and motionless stood and close,
As he stands still to look who goes in doubt,
"O happy dead! O spirits elect already!"
Virgilius made beginning, "by that peace
Which I believe is waiting for you all,
Tell us upon what side the mountain slopes,
So that the going up be possible,
For to lose time irks him most who most knows."
As sheep come issuing forth from out the fold
By ones and twos and threes, and the others stand
Timidly, holding down their eyes and nostrils,
And what the foremost does the others do,
Huddling themselves against her, if she stop,
Simple and quiet and the wherefore know not;
So moving to approach us thereupon
I saw the leader of that fortunate flock,
Modest in face and dignified in gait.

As soon as those in the advance saw broken
The light upon the ground at my right side,
So that from me the shadow reached the rock,
They stopped, and backward drew themselves somewhat;
And all the others, who came after them,
Not knowing why nor wherefore, did the same.
"Without your asking, I confess to you
This is a human body which you see,
Whereby the sunshine on the ground is cleft.
Marvel ye not thereat, but be persuaded
That not without a power which comes from Heaven
Doth he endeavor to surmount this wall."
The Master thus; and said those worthy people:
"Return ye then, and enter in before us,"
Making a signal with the back o' the hand.
And one of them began: "Whoe'er thou art,
Thus going turn thine eyes, consider well
If e'er thou saw me in the other world."
I turned me tow'rds him, and looked at him closely
Blond was he, beautiful, and of noble aspect,
But one of his eyebrows had a blow divided.
When with humility I had disclaimed
E'er having seen him, "Now behold!" he said,
And showed me high upon his breast a wound.
Then said he with a smile: "I am Manfredi,
The grandson of the Emperess Costanza;
Therefore, when thou returnest, I beseech thee
Go to my daughter beautiful, the mother
Of Sicily's honor and of Aragon's,
And the truth tell her, if aught else be told.

After I had my body lacerated
By these two mortal stabs, I gave myself
Weeping to Him, who willingly doth pardon.
Horrible my iniquities had been;
But Infinite Goodness hath such ample arms,
That it receives whatever turns to it.
Had but Cosenza's pastor, who in chase
Of me was sent by Clement at that time,
In God read understandingly this page,
The bones of my dead body still would be
At the bridge-head, near unto Benevento,
Under the safeguard of the heavy cairn.
Now the rain bathes and moveth them the wind,
Beyond the realm, almost beside the Verde,
Where he transported them with tapers quenched.
By malison of theirs is not so lost
Eternal Love, that it cannot return,
So long as hope has anything of green.
True is it, who in contumacy dies
Of Holy Church, though penitent at last,
Must wait upon the outside of this bank
Thirty times told the time that he hath been
In his presumption, unless such decree
Shorter by means of righteous prayers become.
See now if thou hast power to make me happy,
By making known unto my good Costanza
How thou hast seen me, and this ban beside,
For those on earth can much advance us here."

Line 139. Thirty times told the time that he has been

CANTO IV

WHENEVER by delight or else by pain,
That seizes any faculty of ours,
Wholly to that the soul collects itself,
It seemeth that no other power it heeds;
And this against that error is which thinketh
One soul above another kindles in us.
And hence, whenever aught is heard or seen
Which keeps the soul intently bent upon it,
Time passes on, and we perceive it not,
Because one faculty is that which listens,
And other that which the soul keeps entire;
This is as if in bonds, and that is free.
Of this I had experience positive
In hearing and in gazing at that spirit;
For fifty full degrees uprisen was
The sun, and I had not perceived it, when
We came to where those souls with one accord
Cried out unto us: "Here is what you ask."
A greater opening ofttimes hedges up
With but a little forkful of his thorns
The villager, what time the grape imbrowns,
Than was the passage-way through which ascended
Only my Leader and myself behind him,
After that company departed from us.
One climbs Sanleo and descends in Noli,
And mounts the summit of Bismantova,

Line 5. And this against that error is which thinks

With feet alone; but here one needs must fly;
With the swift pinions and the plumes I say
Of great desire, conducted after him
Who gave me hope, and made a light for me.
We mounted upward through the rifted rock,
And on each side the border pressed upon us,
And feet and hands the ground beneath required.
When we were come upon the upper rim
Of the high bank, out on the open slope,
"My Master," said I, "what way shall we take?"
And he to me: "No step of thine descend;
Still up the mount behind me win thy way,
Till some sage escort shall appear to us."
The summit was so high it vanquished sight,
And the hillside precipitous far more
Than line from middle quadrant to the centre.
Spent with fatigue was I, when I began:
"O my sweet Father! turn thee and behold
How I remain alone, unless thou stay!"
"O son," he said, "up yonder drag thyself,"
Pointing me to a terrace somewhat higher,
Which on that side encircles all the hill.
These words of his so spurred me on, that I
Strained every nerve, behind him scrambling up,
Until the circle was beneath my feet.
Thereon ourselves we seated both of us
Turned to the East, from which we had ascended,
For all men are delighted to look back.
To the low shores mine eyes I first directed,
Then to the sun uplifted them, and wondered
That on the left hand we were smitten by it.
The Poet well perceived that I was wholly

Bewildered at the chariot of the light,
Where 'twixt us and the Aquilon it entered.
Whereon he said to me: "If Castor and Pollux
Were in the company of yonder mirror,
That up and down conducteth with its light,
That wouldst behold the zodiac's jagged wheel
Revolving still more near unto the Bears,
Unless it swerved aside from its old track.
How that may be wouldst thou have power to think,
Collected in thyself, imagine Zion
Together with this mount on earth to stand,
So that they both one sole horizon have,
And hemispheres diverse; whereby the road
Which Phaeton, alas! knew not to drive,
Thou 'lt see how of necessity must pass
This on one side, when that upon the other,
If thine intelligence right clearly heed."
"Truly, my Master," said I, "never yet
Saw I so clearly as I now discern,
There where my wit appeared incompetent,
That the mid-circle of supernal motion,
Which in some art is the Equator called,
And aye remains between the Sun and Winter,
For reason which thou sayest, departeth hence
Tow'rds the Septentrion, what time the Hebrews
Beheld it tow'rds the region of the heat.
But, if it pleaseth thee, I fain would learn
How far we have to go; for the hill riseth
Higher than eyes of mine have power to rise."
And he to me: "This mount is such, that ever
At the beginning down below 't is tiresome,

Line 86. How far we have to go; for the hill rises

And aye the more one climbs, the less it hurts.
Therefore, when it shall seem so pleasant to thee,
That going up shall be to thee as easy
As going down the current in a boat,
Then at this pathway's ending thou wilt be;
There to repose thy panting breath expect;
No more I answer; and this I know for true."
And as he finished uttering these words,
A voice close by us sounded: "Peradventure
Thou wilt have need of sitting down ere that."
At sound thereof each one of us turned round,
And saw upon the left hand a great rock,
Which neither I nor he before had noticed.
Thither we drew; and there were persons there
Who in the shadow stood behind the rock,
As one through indolence is wont to stand.
And one of them, who seemed to me fatigued,
Was sitting down, and both his knees embraced,
Holding his face low down between them bowed.
"O my sweet Lord," I said, "do turn thine eye
On him who shows himself more negligent
Than even if Sloth herself his sister were."
Then he turned round to us, and he gave heed,
Just lifting up his eyes above his thigh,
And said: "Now go thou up, for thou art valiant."
Then knew I who he was; and the distress,
That still a little did my breathing quicken,
My going to him hindered not; and after
I came to him he hardly raised his head,
Saying: "Hast thou seen clearly how the sun
O'er thy left shoulder drives his chariot?"
His sluggish attitude and his curt words

A little unto laughter moved my lips;
Then I began: "Belacqua, I grieve not
For thee henceforth; but tell me, wherefore seated
In this place art thou? Waitest thou an escort?
Or has thy usual habit seized upon thee?"
And he: "O brother, what 's the use of climbing?
Since to my torment would not let me go
The Angel of God, who sitteth at the gate.
First heaven must needs so long revolve me round
Outside thereof, as in my life it did,
Since the good sighs I to the end postponed,
Unless, e'er that, some prayer may bring me aid
Which rises from a heart that lives in grace;
What profit others that in heaven are heard not?"
Meanwhile the Poet was before me mounting,
And saying: "Come now; see the sun has touched
Meridian, and from the shore the night
Covers already with her foot Morocco."

CANTO V

I HAD already from those shades departed,
And followed in the footsteps of my Guide,
When from behind, pointing his finger at me,
One shouted: "See, it seems as if shone not
The sunshine on the left of him below,
And like one living seems he to conduct him!"
Mine eyes I turned at utterance of these words,
And saw them watching with astonishment
But me, but me, and the light which was broken!
"Why doth thy mind so occupy itself,"
The Master said, "that thou thy pace dost slacken?
What matters it to thee what here is whispered?
Come after me, and let the people talk;
Stand like a steadfast tower, that never wags
Its summit for the blowing of the winds;
For evermore the man in whom is springing
Thought upon thought, removes from him the mark,
Because the force of one the other weakens."
What could I say in answer but "I come"?
I said it somewhat with that color tinged
Which makes a man of pardon sometimes worthy.
Meanwhile along the mountain-side across
Came people in advance of us a little,
Singing the Miserere verse by verse.
When they became aware I gave no place
For passage of the sunshine through my body,
They changed their song into a long, hoarse "Oh!"

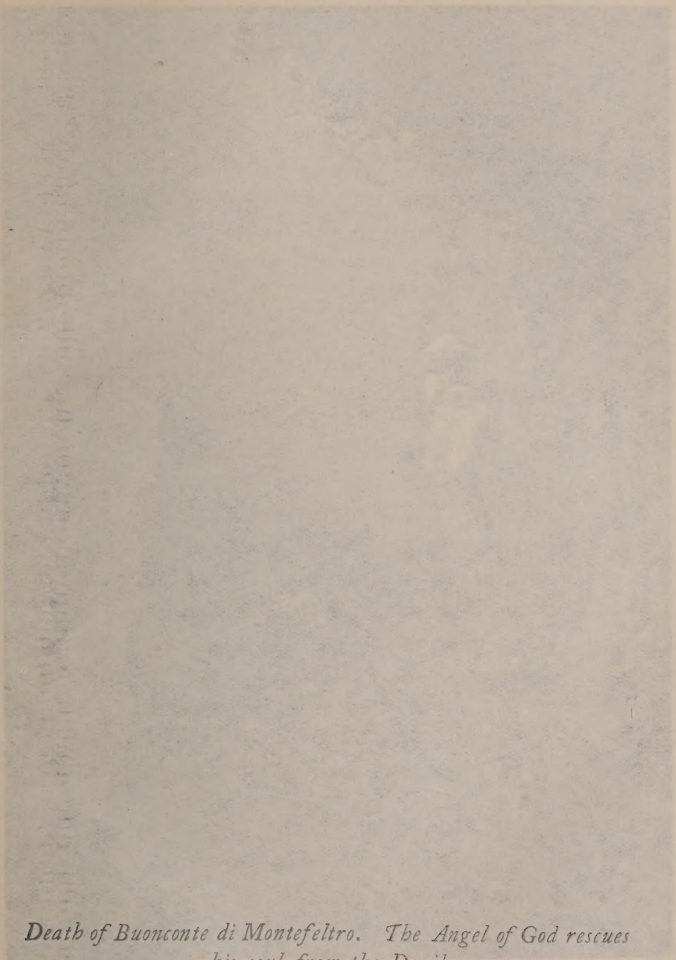
And two of them, in form of messengers,
Ran forth to meet us, and demanded of us,
"Of your condition make us cognizant."
And said my Master: "Ye can go your way
And carry back again to those who sent you,
That this one's body is of very flesh.
If they stood still because they saw his shadow,
As I suppose, enough is answered them;
Him let them honor, it may profit them."
Vapors enkindled saw I ne'er so swiftly
At early nightfall cleave the air serene,
Nor, at the set of sun, the clouds of August,
But upward they returned in briefer time,
And, on arriving, with the others wheeled
Tow'rds us, like troops that run without a rein.
"This folk that presses unto us is great,
And cometh to implore thee," said the Poet;
"So still go onward, and in going listen."
"O soul that goest to beatitude
With the same members wherewith thou wast born,"
Shouting they came, "a little stay thy steps,
Look, if thou e'er hast any of us seen,
So that o'er yonder thou bear news of him;
Ah, why dost thou go on? Ah, why not stay?
Long since we all were slain by violence,
And sinners even to the latest hour;
Then did a light from heaven admonish us,
So that, both penitent and pardoning, forth
From life we issued reconciled to God,
Who with desire to see Him stirs our hearts."
And I: "Although I gaze into your faces,

No one I recognize; but if may please you
Aught I have power to do, ye well-born spirits,
Speak ye, and I will do it, by that peace
Which, following the feet of such a Guide,
From world to world makes itself sought by me."
And one began: "Each one hath confidence
In thy good offices without an oath,
Unless the I cannot cut off the I will;
Whence I, who speak alone before the others,
Pray thee, if ever thou dost see the land
That 'twixt Romagna lies and that of Charles,
Thou be so courteous to me of thy prayers
In Fano, that they pray for me devoutly,
That I may purge away my grave offences.
From thence was I; but the deep wounds, through which
Issued the blood wherein I had my seat,
Were dealt me in bosom of the Antenori,
There where I thought to be the most secure;
'T was he of Este had it done, who held me
In hatred far beyond what justice willed.
But if towards the Mira I had fled,
When I was overtaken at Oriaco,
I still should be o'er yonder where men breathe.
I ran to the lagoon, and reeds and mire
Did so entangle me I fell, and saw there
A lake made from my veins upon the ground."
Then said another: "Ah, be that desire
Fulfilled that draws thee to the lofty mountain,
As thou with pious pity aidest mine.
I was of Montefeltro, and am Buonconte;

Line 64. And one began: "Each one has confidence

Giovanna, nor none other cares for me;
Hence among these I go with downcast front."
And I to him: "What violence or what chance
Led thee astray so far from Campaldino,
That never has thy sepulture been known?"
"Oh," he replied, "at Casentino's foot
A river crosses named Archiano, born
Above the Hermitage in Apennine.
There where the name thereof becometh void
Did I arrive, pierced through and through the throat,
Fleeing on foot, and bloodying the plain;
There my sight lost I, and my utterance
Did in the name of Mary end, and there
I fell, and tenantless my flesh remained.
Truth will I speak, repeat it to the living;
God's Angel took me up, and he of hell
Shouted: 'O thou from heaven, why dost thou rob me?
Thou bearest away the eternal part of him,
For one poor little tear, that takes him from me;
But with the rest I'll deal in other fashion!'
Well knowest thou how in the air is gathered
That humid vapor which to water turns,
Soon as it rises where the cold doth grasp it.
He joined that evil will, which aye seeks evil,
To intellect, and moved the mist and wind
By means of power, which his own nature gave;
Thereafter, when the day was spent, the valley
From Pratomagno to the great yoke covered
With fog, and made the heaven above intent,

Line 101. Ceased in the name of Mary, and thereat



Death of Buonconte di Montefeltro. The Angel of God rescues his soul from the Devil

So that the pregnant air to water changed;
Down fell the rain, and to the gullies came
Whate'er of it earth tolerated not;
And as it mingled with the mighty torrents,
Towards the royal river with such speed
It headlong rushed, that nothing held it back.
My frozen body near unto its outlet
The robust Archian found, and into Arno
Thrust it, and loosened from my breast the cross
I made of me, when agony o'ercame me;
It rolled me on the banks and on the bottom;
Then with its booty covered and begirt me."
"Ah, when thou hast returned unto the world,
And rested thee from thy long journeying,"
After the second followed the third spirit,
"Do thou remember me who am the Pia;
Siena made me, unmade me Maremma;
He knoweth it, who had encircled first,
Espousing me, my finger with his gem."

CANTO VI

WHENE'ER is broken up the game of Zara,
He who has lost remains behind despondent,
The throws repeating, and in sadness learns;
The people with the other all depart;
One goes in front, and one behind doth pluck him,
And at his side one brings himself to mind;
He pauses not, and this and that one hears;
They crowd no more to whom his hand he stretches,
And from the strong he thus defends himself.
Even such was I in that dense multitude,
Turning to them this way and that my face,
And, promising, I freed myself therefrom.
There was the Aretine, who from the arms
Untamed of Ghin di Tacco had his death,
And he who fleeing from pursuit was drowned.
There was imploring with his hands outstretched
Frederick Novello, and that one of Pisa
Who made the good Marzucco seem so strong.
I saw Count Orso; and the soul divided
By hatred and by envy from its body,
As it declared, and not for crime committed;
Pierre de la Brosse I say; and here provide
While still on earth the Lady of Brabant,
So that for this she be of no worse flock!
As soon as I was free from all those shades

Line 9. And from the throng he thus defends himself.

Who only prayed that some one else may pray,
So as to hasten their becoming holy,
Began I: "It appears that thou deniest,
O light of mine, expressly in some text,
That orison can bend decree of Heaven;
And ne'ertheless these people pray for this.
Might then their expectation bootless be?
Or is to me thy saying not quite clear?"
And he to me: "My writing is explicit,
And not fallacious is the hope of these,
If with sane intellect 't is well regarded;
For top of judgment doth not vail itself,
Because the fire of love fulfils at once
What he must satisfy who here installs him.
And there, where I affirmed that proposition,
Defect was not amended by a prayer,
Because the prayer from God was separate.
Verily, in so deep a questioning
Do not decide, unless she tell it thee,
Who light 'twixt truth and intellect shall be.
I know not if thou understand; I speak
Of Beatrice; her shalt thou see above,
Smiling and happy, on this mountain's top."
And I: "Good Leader, let us make more haste,
For I no longer tire me as before;
And see, e'en now the hill a shadow casts."
"We will go forward with this day," he answered,
"As far as now is possible for us;
But otherwise the fact is than thou thinkest.
Ere thou art up there, thou shalt see return
Him, who now hides himself behind the hill,
So that thou dost not interrupt his rays.

But yonder there behold! a soul that stationed
All, all alone is looking hitherward;
It will point out to us the quickest way."
We came up unto it; O Lombard soul,
How lofty and disdainful thou didst bear thee,
And grand and slow in moving of thine eyes!
Nothing whatever did it say to us,
But let us go our way, eying us only
After the manner of a couchant lion;
Still near to it Virgilius drew, entreating
That it would point us out the best ascent
And it replied not unto his demand,
But of our native land and of our life
It questioned us; and the sweet Guide began:
"Mantua," — and the shade, all in itself recluse,
Rose tow'rds him from the place where first it was,
Saying: "O Mantuan, I am Sordello
Of thine own land!" and one embraced the other.
Ah! servile Italy, grief's hostelry!
A ship without a pilot in great tempest!
No Lady thou of Provinces, but brothel!
That noble soul was so impatient, only
At the sweet sound of his own native land,
To make its citizen glad welcome there;
And now within thee are not without war
Thy living ones, and one doth gnaw the other
Of those whom one wall and one fosse enclose!
Search, wretched one, all round about the shores
Thy seaboard, and then look within thy bosom,
If any part of thee enjoyeth peace!
What boots it, that for thee Justinian

Line 84. Of those whom one wall and one fosse shut in!

The bridle mend, if empty be the saddle?
Withouten this the shame would be the less.
Ah! people, thou that oughtest to be devout,
And to let Cæsar sit upon the saddle,
If well thou hearest what God teacheth thee,
Behold how fell this wild beast hath become,
Being no longer by the spur corrected,
Since thou hast laid thy hand upon the bridle.
O German Albert! who abandonest
Her that hath grown recalcitrant and savage,
And oughtest to bestride her saddle-bow,
May a just judgment from the stars down fall
Upon thy blood, and be it new and open,
That thy successor may have fear thereof;
Because thy father and thyself have suffered,
By greed of those transalpine lands distrained,
The garden of the empire to be waste.
Come and behold Montecchi and Cappelletti,
Monaldi and Fillippeschi, careless man!
Those sad already, and these doubt-depressed!
Come, cruel one! come and behold the oppression
Of thy nobility, and cure their wounds,
And thou shalt see how safe is Santafiore!
Come and behold thy Rome, that is lamenting,
Widowed, alone, and calleth day and night:
"My Cæsar, why hast thou forsaken me?"
Come and behold how loving are the people;
And if for us no pity moveth thee,
Come and be made ashamed of thy renown!

Line 94. Behold how fell this wild beast has become,
Line 98. Her that has grown recalcitrant and savage,
Line 113. Widowed, alone, and day and night exclaims:

And if it lawful be, O Jove Supreme!
Who upon earth for us wast crucified,
Are thy just eyes averted otherwhere?
Or preparation is 't, that, in the abyss
Of thine own counsel, for some good thou makest,
From our perception utterly cut off?
For all the towns of Italy are full
Of tyrants, and becometh a Marcellus
Each peasant churl who plays the partisan!
My Florence! well mayst thou contented be
With this digression, that concerns thee not,
Thanks to thy people who such forethought take!
Many at heart have justice, but shoot slowly,
That unadvised they come not to the bow;
But on their very lips thy people have it!
Many refuse to bear the common burden;
But thy solicitous people answereth
Without being asked, and crieth: "I submit."
Now be thou joyful, for thou hast good reason;
Thou affluent, thou in peace, thou full of wisdom!
If I speak true, the event conceals it not.
Athens and Lacedæmon, they who made
The ancient laws, and were so civilized,
Made towards living well a little sign
Compared with thee, who makest such fine-spun
Provisions, that to middle of November
Reacheth not what thou in October spinnest.
How oft, within the time of thy remembrance,
Laws, money, offices, and usages
Hast thou remodelled, and renewed thy members?

Line 128. With this digression, which concerns thee not,
Line 144. Reaches not what thou in October spinnest.

And if thou mind thee well, and see the light,
Thou shalt behold thyself like a sick woman,
Who cannot find repose upon her down,
But by her tossing wardeth off her pain.

CANTO VII

After the gracious and glad salutations
Had three and four times been reiterated,
Sordello backward drew and said, "Who are you?"
"Or ever to this mountain were directed
The souls deserving to ascend to God,
My bones were buried by Octavian.
I am Virgilius; and for no crime else
Did I lose heaven, than for not having faith;"
In this wise then my Leader made reply.
As one who suddenly before him seeth
Something whereat he marvels, who believes
And yet doth not, saying, "It is! it is not!"
So he appeared; and then bowed down his brow,
And with humility returned towards him,
And, where inferiors embrace, embraced him.
"O glory of the Latians, thou," he said,
"Through whom our language showed what it could do,
O pride eternal of the place I came from,
What merit or what grace to me reveals thee?
If I to hear thy words be worthy, tell me
If thou dost come from Hell, and from what cloister."
"Through all the circles of the doleful realm,"
Responded he, "have I come hitherward;

Line 10. As one who suddenly before him sees
Line 12. And yet does not, saying, "It is! it is not!"

Heaven's power impelled me, and with that I come.
I by not doing, not by doing, lost
The sight of that high sun which thou desirest,
And which too late by me was recognized.
A place there is below not sad with torments,
But darkness only, where the lamentations
Have not the sound of wailing, but are sighs.
There dwell I with the little innocents
Snatched by the teeth of Death, or ever they
Were from our human sinfulness exempt.
There dwell I among those who the three saintly
Virtues did not put on, and without vice
The others knew and followed all of them.
But if thou know and can, some indication
Give us by which we may the sooner come
Where Purgatory has its right beginning."
He answered: "No fixed place has been assigned us;
'T is lawful for me to go up and round;
So far as I can go, as guide I join thee.
But see already how the day declines,
And to go up by night we are not able;
Therefore 't is well to think of some fair sojourn.
Souls are there on the right hand here withdrawn;
If thou permit me I will lead thee to them,
And thou shalt know them not without delight."
"How is this?" was the answer; "should one wish
To mount by night would he prevented be
By others? or mayhap would not have power?"
And on the ground the good Sordello drew
His finger, saying, "See, this line alone
Thou couldst not pass after the sun is gone;
Not that aught else would hindrance give, however,

To going up, save the nocturnal darkness;
This with the want of power the will perplexes.
We might indeed therewith return below,
And, wandering, walk the hill-side round about,
While the horizon holds the day imprisoned."
Thereon my Lord, as if in wonder, said:
"Do thou conduct us thither, where thou sayest
That we can take delight in tarrying."
Little had we withdrawn us from that place,
When I perceived the mount was hollowed out
In fashion as the valleys here are hollowed.
"Thitherward," said that shade, "will we repair,
Where of itself the hill-side makes a lap,
And there for the new day will we await."
'Twixt hill and plain there was a winding path
Which led us to the margin of that dell,
Where dies the border more than half away.
Gold and fine silver, and scarlet and pearl-white,
The Indian wood resplendent and serene,
Fresh emerald the moment it is broken,
By herbage and by flowers within that hollow
Planted, each one in color would be vanquished,
As by its greater vanquished is the less.
Nor in that place had nature painted only,
But of the sweetness of a thousand odors
Made there a mingled fragrance and unknown.
"*Salve Regina*," on the green and flowers
There seated, singing, spirits I beheld,
Which were not visible outside the valley.
"Before the scanty sun now seeks his nest,"
Began the Mantuan who had led us thither,
"Among them do not wish me to conduct you.

Better from off this ledge the acts and faces
Of all of them will you discriminate,
Than in the plain below received among them.
He who sits highest, and the semblance bears
Of having what he should have done neglected,
And to the others' song moves not his lips,
Rudolph the Emperor was, who had the power
To heal the wounds that Italy have slain,
So that through others slowly she revives.
The other, who in look doth comfort him,
Governed the region where the water springs,
The Moldau bears the Elbe, and Elbe the sea.
His name was Ottocar; and in swaddling-clothes
Far better he than bearded Winceslaus
His son, who feeds in luxury and ease.
And the small-nosed, who close in council seems
With him that has an aspect so benign,
Died fleeing and disflowering the lily;
Look there, how he is beating at his breast!
Behold the other one, who for his cheek
Sighing has made of his own palm a bed;
Father and father-in-law of France's Pest
Are they, and know his vicious life and lewd,
And hence proceeds the grief that so doth pierce them.
He who appears so stalwart, and chimes in,
Singing, with that one of the manly nose,
The cord of every valor wore begirt;
And if as King had after him remained
The stripling who in rear of him is sitting,
Well had the valor passed from vase to vase,
Which cannot of the other heirs be said.

Frederick and Jacomo possess the realms,
But none the better heritage possesses.
Not oftentimes upriseth through the branches
The probity of man; and this He wills
Who gives it, so that we may ask of Him.
Eke to the large-nosed reach my words, no less
Than to the other, Pier, who with him sings;
Whence Provence and Apulia grieve already.
The plant is as inferior to its seed,
As more than Beatrice and Margaret
Costanza boasteth of her husband still.
Behold the monarch of the simple life,
Harry of England, sitting there alone;
He in his branches hath a better issue.
He who the lowest on the ground among them
Sits looking upward, is the Marquis William,
For whose sake Alessandria and her war
Make Monferrat and Canavese weep."

Line 132. He in his branches has a better issue.

CANTO VIII

'T was now the hour that turneth back desire
In those who sail the sea, and melts the heart,
The day they've said to their sweet friends fare-
well,
And the new pilgrim penetrates with love,
If he doth hear from far away a bell
That seemeth to deplore the dying day,
When I began to make of no avail
My hearing, and to watch one of the souls
Uprisen, that begged attention with its hand.
It joined and lifted upward both its palms,
Fixing its eyes upon the orient,
As if it said to God, "Naught else I care for."
"*Te lucis ante*" so devoutly issued
Forth from its mouth, and with such dulcet notes,
It made me issue forth from my own mind.
And then the others, sweetly and devoutly,
Accompanied it through all the hymn entire,
Having their eyes on the supernal wheels.
Here, Reader, fix thine eyes well on the truth,
For now indeed so subtile is the veil,
Surely to penetrate within is easy.
I saw that army of the gentle-born
Thereafterward in silence upward gaze,
As if in expectation, pale and humble;
And from on high come forth and down descend
I saw two Angels with two flaming swords,

Truncated and deprivëd of their points.
Green as the little leaflets just now born
Their garments were, which, by their verdant pinions
Beaten and blown abroad, they trailed behind.
One just above us came to take his station,
And one descended to the opposite bank,
So that the people were contained between them.
Clearly in them discerned I the blond head;
But in their faces was the eye bewildered,
As faculty confounded by excess.
"From Mary's bosom both of them have come,"
Sordello said, "as guardians of the valley
Against the serpent, that will come anon."
Whereupon I, who knew not by what road,
Turned round about, and closely drew myself,
Utterly frozen, to the faithful shoulders.
And once again Sordello: "Now descend we
'Mid the grand shades, and we will speak to them;
Right pleasant will it be for them to see you."
Only three steps I think that I descended,
And was below, and saw one who was looking
Only at me, as if he fain would know me.
Already now the air was growing dark,
But not so that between his eyes and mine
It did not show what it before locked up.
Tow'rds me he moved, and I tow'rds him did move;
Noble Judge Nino! how it me delighted,
When I beheld thee not among the damned!
No greeting fair was left unsaid between us;
Then asked he: "How long is it since thou camest
O'er the far waters to the mountain's foot?"

"Oh!" said I to him, "through the dismal places
I came this morn; and am in the first life,
Albeit the other, going thus, I gain."
And on the instant my reply was heard,
He and Sordello both shrank back from me,
Like people who are suddenly bewildered.
One to Virgilius, and the other turned
To one who sat there, crying, "Up, Currado!
Come and behold what God in grace has willed!"
Then, turned to me: "By that especial grace
Thou owest unto Him, who so concealeth
His own first wherefore, that it hath no ford,
When thou shalt be beyond the waters wide,
Tell my Giovanna that she pray for me,
Where answer to the innocent is made.
I do not think her mother loves me more,
Since she has laid aside her wimple white,
Which she, unhappy, needs must wish again.
Through her full easily is comprehended
How long in woman lasts the fire of love,
If eye or touch do not relight it often.
So fair a hatchment will not make for her
The Viper marshalling the Milanese
A-field, as would have made Gallura's Cock."
In this wise spake he, with the stamp impressed
Upon his aspect of that righteous zeal,
Which measurably burneth in the heart.
My greedy eyes still wandered up to heaven,
Still to that point where slowest are the stars,
Even as a wheel the nearest to its axle.

Line 68. Thou owest unto Him, who so conceals
Line 69. His own first wherefore, that it has no ford,

And my Conductor: "Son, what dost thou gaze at
Up there?" And I to him: "At those three
torches
With which this hither pole is all on fire."
And he to me: "The four resplendent stars
Thou sawest this morning are down yonder low,
And these have mounted up to where those were."
As he was speaking, to himself Sordello
Drew him, and said, "Lo there our Adversary!"
And pointed with his finger to look thither.
Upon the side on which the little valley
No barrier hath, a serpent was; perchance
The same which gave to Eve the bitter food.
'Twixt grass and flowers came on the evil streak,
Turning at times its head about, and licking
Its back like to a beast that smoothes itself.
I did not see, and therefore cannot say
How the celestial falcons 'gan to move,
But well I saw that they were both in motion.
Hearing the air cleft by their verdant wings,
The serpent fled, and round the Angels wheeled,
Up to their stations flying back alike.
The shade that to the Judge had near approached
When he had called, throughout that whole assault
Had not a moment loosed its gaze on me.
"So may the light that leadeth thee on high
Find in thine own free-will as much of wax
As needful is up to the highest azure,"
Began it, "if some true intelligence
Of Valdimagra or its neighborhood
Thou knowest, tell it me, who once was great
there.

Currado Malaspina was I called;
I'm not the elder, but from him descended;
To mine I bore the love which here refineth."
"Oh," said I unto him, "through your domains
I never passed, but where is there a dwelling
Throughout all Europe, where they are not known?
That fame, which doeth honor to your house,
Proclaims its Signors and proclaims its land,
So that he knows of them who ne'er was there.
And, as I hope for heaven, I swear to you
Your honored family in naught abates
The glory of the purse and of the sword.
It is so privileged by use and nature,
That though a guilty head misguide the world,
Sole it goes right, and scorns the evil way."
And he: "Now go; for the sun shall not lie
Seven times upon the pillow which the Ram
With all his four feet covers and bestrides,
Before that such a courteous opinion
Shall in the middle of thy head be nailed
With greater nails than of another's speech,
Unless the course of justice standeth still."

CANTO IX

The concubine of old Tithonus now
Gleamed white upon the eastern balcony,
Forth from the arms of her sweet paramour;
With gems her forehead all relucent was,
Set in the shape of that cold animal
Which with its tail doth smite amain the people,
And of the steps, with which she mounts, the Night
Had taken two in that place where we were,
And now the third was bending down its wings;
When I, who something had of Adam in me,
Vanquished by sleep, upon the grass reclined,
There where all five of us already sat.
Just at the hour when her sad lay begins
The little swallow, near unto the morning,
Perchance in memory of her former woes,
And when the mind of man, a wanderer
More from the flesh, and less by thought imprisoned,
Almost prophetic in its visions is,
In dreams it seemed to me I saw suspended
An eagle in the sky, with plumes of gold,
With wings wide open, and intent to stoop;
And this, it seemed to me, was where had been
By Ganymede his kith and kin abandoned,
When to the high consistory he was rapt.
I thought within myself, perchance he strikes
From habit only here, and from elsewhere

Line 6. Which with its tail doth smite amain the nations,

Disdains to bear up any in his feet.
Then wheeling somewhat more, it seemed to me,
Terrible as the lightning he descended,
And snatched me upward even to the fire.
Therein it seemed that he and I were burning,
And the imagined fire did scorch me so,
That of necessity my sleep was broken.
Not otherwise Achilles started up,
Around him turning his awakened eyes,
And knowing not the place in which he was,
What time from Chiron stealthily his mother
Carried him sleeping in her arms to Scyros,
Wherefrom the Greeks withdrew him afterwards,
Than I upstarted, when from off my face
Sleep fled away; and pallid I became,
As doth the man who freezes with affright.
Only my Comforter was at my side,
And now the sun was more than two hours high,
And turned towards the sea-shore was my face.
"Be not intimidated," said my Lord,
"Be reassured, for all is well with us;
Do not restrain, but put forth all thy strength.
Thou hast at length arrived at Purgatory;
See there the cliff that closeth it around;
See there the entrance, where it seems disjoined.
Whilom at dawn, which doth precede the day,
When inwardly thy spirit was asleep
Upon the flowers that deck the land below,
There came a Lady and said: 'I am Lucìa;
Let me take this one up, who is asleep;
So will I make his journey easier for him.'

Line 50. See there the cliff that closes it around;

Sordello and the other noble shapes
Remained; she took thee, and, as day grew bright,
Upward she came, and I upon her footprints.
She laid thee here; and first her beauteous eyes
That open entrance pointed out to me;
Then she and sleep together went away."
In guise of one whose doubts are reassured,
And who to confidence his fear doth change,
After the truth has been discovered to him,
So did I change; and when without disquiet
My Leader saw me, up along the cliff
He moved, and I behind him, tow'rd the height.
Reader, thou seest well how I exalt
My theme, and therefore if with greater art
I fortify it, marvel not thereat.
Nearer approached we, and were in such place,
That there, where first appeared to me a rift
Like to a crevice that disparts a wall,
I saw a portal, and three stairs beneath,
Diverse in color, to go up to it,
And a gate-keeper, who yet spake no word.
And as I opened more and more mine eyes,
I saw him seated on the highest stair,
Such in the face that I endured it not.
And in his hand he had a naked sword,
Which so reflected back the sunbeams tow'rds us,
That oft in vain I lifted up mine eyes.
"Tell it from where you are, what is 't you wish?"
Began he to exclaim; "Where is the escort?
Take heed your coming hither harm you not!"
"A Lady of Heaven, with these things conversant,"

Line 60. Upward she came, and I upon her footsteps.

My Master answered him, "but even now
Said to us, 'Thither go; there is the portal.'"
"And may she speed your footsteps in all good,"
Again began the courteous janitor;
"Come forward then unto these stairs of ours."
Thither did we approach; and the first stair
Was marble white, so polished and so smooth,
I mirrored myself therein as I appear.
The second, tinct of deeper hue than perse,
Was of a calcined and uneven stone,
Cracked all asunder lengthwise and across.
The third, that uppermost rests massively,
Porphyry seemed to me, as flaming red
As blood that from a vein is spirting forth.
Both of his feet was holding upon this
The Angel of God, upon the threshold seated,
Which seemed to me a stone of diamond.
Along the three stairs upward with good will
Did my Conductor draw me, saying: "Ask
Humbly that he the fastening may undo."
Devoutly at the holy feet I cast me,
For mercy's sake besought that he would open,
But first upon my breast three times I smote.
Seven P's upon my forehead he described
With the sword's point, and, "Take heed that thou wash
These wounds, when thou shalt be within," he said.
Ashes, or earth that dry is excavated,
Of the same color were with his attire,
And from beneath it he drew forth two keys.
One was of gold, and the other was of silver;
First with the white, and after with the yellow,

Plied he the door, so that I was content.
"Whenever faileth either of these keys
So that it turn not rightly in the lock,"
He said to us, "this entrance doth not open.
More precious one is, but the other needs
More art and intellect ere it unlock,
For it is that which doth the knot unloose.
From Peter I have them; and he bade me err
Rather in opening than in keeping shut,
If people but fall down before my feet."
Then pushed the portals of the sacred door,
Exclaiming: "Enter; but I give you warning
That forth returns whoever looks behind."
And when upon their hinges were turned round
The swivels of that consecrated gate,
Which are of metal, massive and sonorous,
Roared not so loud, nor so discordant seemed
Tarpeia, when was ta'en from it the good
Metellus, wherefore meagre it remained.
At the first thunder-peal I turned attentive,
And "*Te Deum laudamus*" seemed to hear
In voices mingled with sweet melody.
Exactly such an image rendered me
That which I heard, as we are wont to catch,
When people singing with the organ stand;
For now we hear, and now hear not, the words.

CANTO X

When we had crossed the threshold of the door
Which the perverted love of souls disuses,
Because it makes the crooked way seem straight,
Reëchoing I heard it closed again;
And if I had turned back mine eyes upon it,
What for my failing had been fit excuse?
We mounted upward through a rifted rock,
Which undulated to this side and that,
Even as a wave receding and advancing.
"Here it behoves us use a little art,"
Began my Leader, "to adapt ourselves
Now here, now there, to the receding side."
And this our footsteps so infrequent made,
That sooner had the moon's decreasing disk
Regained its bed to sink again to rest,
Than we were forth from out that needle's eye;
But when we free and in the open were,
There where the mountain backward piles itself,
I wearied out, and both of us uncertain
About our way, we stopped upon a plain
More desolate than roads across the deserts.
From where its margin borders on the void,
To foot of the high bank that ever rises,
A human body three times told would measure;
And far as eye of mine could wing its flight,
Now on the left, and on the right flank now,
The same this cornice did appear to me.

Thereon our feet had not been moved as yet,
When I perceived the embankment round about,
Which all right of ascent had interdicted,
To be of marble white, and so adorned
With sculptures, that not only Polycletus,
But Nature's self, had there been put to shame.
The Angel, who came down to earth with tidings
Of peace, that had been wept for many a year,
And opened Heaven from its long interdict,
In front of us appeared so truthfully
There sculptured in a gracious attitude,
He did not seem an image that is silent.
One would have sworn that he was saying, "*Ave;*"
For she was there in effigy portrayed
Who turned the key to ope the exalted love,
And in her mien this language had impressed,
"*Ecce ancilla Dei*," as distinctly
As any figure stamps itself in wax.
"Keep not thy mind upon one place alone,"
The gentle Master said, who had me standing
Upon that side where people have their hearts;
Whereat I moved mine eyes, and I beheld
In rear of Mary, and upon that side
Where he was standing who conducted me,
Another story on the rock imposed;
Wherefore I passed Virgilius and drew near,
So that before mine eyes it might be set.
There sculptured in the self-same marble were
The cart and oxen, drawing the holy ark,
Wherefore one dreads an office not appointed.
People appeared in front, and all of them
Into seven choirs divided, of two senses

Made one say, "No," the other, "Yes, they sing."
Likewise unto the smoke of the frankincense,
Which there was imaged forth, the eyes and nose
Were in the yes and no discordant made.
Preceded there the vessel benedight,
Dancing with girded loins, the humble Psalmist,
And more and less than King was he in this.
Opposite, represented at the window
Of a great palace, Michal looked upon him,
Even as a woman scornful and afflicted.
I moved my feet from where I had been standing,
To examine near at hand another story,
Which after Michal glimmered white upon me.
There the high glory of the Roman Prince
Was chronicled, whose great beneficence
Moved Gregory to his great victory;
'T is of the Emperor Trajan that I speak;
And a poor widow at his bridle stood,
In attitude of weeping and of grief.
Around about him seemed it thronged and full
Of cavaliers, and the eagles in the gold
Above them visibly in the wind were moving.
The wretched woman in the midst of these
Seemed to be saying: "Give me vengeance, Lord,
For my dead son, for whom my heart is breaking."
And he to answer her: "Now wait until
I shall return." And she: "My Lord," like one
In whom grief is impatient, "shouldst thou not
Return?" And he: "Who shall be where I am
Will give it thee." And she: "Good deed of others
What boots it thee, if thou neglect thine own?"

Line 76. 'T is of the Emperor Trajan I am speaking;

Whence he: "Now comfort thee, for it behoves me
That I discharge my duty ere I move;
Justice so wills, and pity doth retain me."
He who on no new thing hath ever looked
Was the creator of this visible language,
Novel to us, for here it is not found.
While I delighted me in contemplating
The images of such humility,
And dear to look on for their Maker's sake,
"Behold, upon this side, but rare they make
Their steps," the Poet murmured, "many people;
These will direct us to the lofty stairs."
Mine eyes, that in beholding were intent
To see new things, of which they curious are,
In turning round towards him were not slow.
But still I wish not, Reader, thou shouldst swerve
From thy good purposes, because thou hearest
How God ordaineth that the debt be paid;
Attend not to the fashion of the torment,
Think of what follows; think that at the worst
It cannot reach beyond the mighty sentence.
"Master," began I, "that which I behold
Moving towards us seems to me not persons,
And what I know not, so in sight I waver."
And he to me: "The grievous quality
Of this their torment bows them so to earth,
That my own eyes at first had strife with it;
But look there fixedly, and disentangle
By sight what cometh underneath those stones;
Already canst thou see how each is stricken."

Line 94. He who on no new thing has ever looked
Line 117. That my own eyes at first contended with it:

The First Ledge: the sufferings of the Proud

AVE
MARIA

O ye proud Christians! wretched, weary ones!
Who, in the vision of the mind infirm,
Confidence have in your backsliding steps,
Do ye not comprehend that we are worms,
Born to bring forth the angelic butterfly
That flieth unto judgment without screen?
Wherefore your spirit doth it float on high?
Like are ye unto insects undeveloped,
Even as the worm in which formation fails!
As to sustain a ceiling or a roof,
In place of corbel, oftentimes a figure
Is seen to join its knees unto its breast,
Which makes of the unreal real anguish
Arise in him who sees it; fashioned thus
Beheld I those, when I had ta'en good heed.
True is it, they were more or less bent down,
According as they more or less were laden;
And he who had most patience in his looks
Weeping did seem to say, "I can no more!"

Line 127. Why floats aloft your spirit high in air?

CANTO XI

"Our Father, thou who dwellest in the heavens,
Not circumscribed, but from the greater love
Thou bearest to the first effects on high,
Praised be thy name and thine omnipotence
By every creature, as befitting is
To render thanks to thy sweet effluence.
Come unto us the peace of thy dominion,
For unto it we cannot of ourselves,
If it come not, with all our intellect.
Even as thine own Angels of their will
Make sacrifice to thee, Hosanna singing,
So may all men make sacrifice of theirs.
Give unto us this day our daily manna,
Withouten which in this rough wilderness
Backward goes he who toils most to advance.
And even as we the trespass we have suffered
Pardon in one another, pardon thou
Benignly, and regard not our desert.
Our virtue, which is easily o'ercome,
Put not to proof with the old Adversary,
But thou from him who spurs it so, deliver.
This last petition verily, dear Lord,
Not for ourselves is made, who need it not,
But for their sake who have remained behind us."
Thus for themselves and us good furtherance
Those shades imploring, went beneath a weight
Like unto that of which we sometimes dream,

Unequally in anguish round and round
And weary all, upon that foremost cornice,
Purging away the smoke-stains of the world.
If there good words are always said for us,
What may not here be said and done for them,
By those who have a good root to their will?
Well may we help them wash away the marks
That hence they carried, so that clean and light
They may ascend unto the starry wheels!
"Ah! so may pity and justice you disburden
Soon, that ye may have power to move the wing,
That shall uplift you after your desire,
Show us on which hand tow'rd the stairs the way
Is shortest, and if more than one the passes,
Point us out that which least abruptly falls;
For he who cometh with me, through the burden
Of Adam's flesh wherewith he is invested,
Against his will is chary of his climbing."
The words of theirs which they returned to those
That he whom I was following had spoken,
It was not manifest from whom they came,
But it was said: "To the right hand come with us
Along the bank, and ye shall find a pass
Possible for living person to ascend.
And were I not impeded by the stone,
Which this proud neck of mine doth subjugate,
Whence I am forced to hold my visage down,
Him, who still lives and doth not name himself,
Would I regard, to see if I may know him,
And make him piteous unto this burden.
A Latian was I, and born of a great Tuscan;
Guglielmo Aldobrandeschi was my father;

I know not if his name were ever with you.
The ancient blood and deeds of gallantry
Of my progenitors so arrogant made me
That, thinking not upon the common mother,
All men I held in scorn to such extent
I died therefor, as know the Sienese,
And every child in Campagnatico.
I am Omberto; and not to me alone
Has pride done harm, but all my kith and kin
Has with it dragged into adversity.
And here must I this burden bear for it
Till God be satisfied, since I did not
Among the living, here among the dead."
Listening I downward bent my countenance;
And one of them, not this one who was speaking,
Twisted himself beneath the weight that cramps him,
And looked at me, and knew me, and called out,
Keeping his eyes laboriously fixed
On me, who all bowed down was going with them.
"Oh," asked I him, "art thou not Oderisi,
Agobbio's honor, and honor of that art
Which is in Paris called illuminating?"
"Brother," said he, "more laughing are the leaves
Touched by the brush of Franco Bolognese;
All his the honor now, and mine in part.
In sooth I had not been so courteous
While I was living, for the great desire
Of excellence, on which my heart was bent.
Here of such pride is paid the forfeiture;
And yet I should not be here, were it not
That, having power to sin, I turned to God.

O thou vain glory of the human powers,
How little green upon thy summit lingers,
If 't be not followed by an age of grossness!
In painting Cimabue thought that he
Should hold the field, now Giotto has the cry,
So that the other's fame is growing dim.
So has one Guido from the other taken
The glory of our tongue, and he perchance
Is born, who from the nest shall chase them both.
Naught is this mundane rumor but a breath
Of wind, that comes now this way and now that,
And changeth name, because it changeth side.
What fame shalt thou have more, if old peel off
From thee thy flesh, than if thou hadst been dead
Before thou left the *pappo* and the *dindi*,
Ere pass a thousand years? which is a shorter
Space to the eterne, than twinkling of an eye
Unto the circle that in heaven wheels slowest.
With him, who takes so little of the road
In front of me, all Tuscany resounded;
And now he scarce is lisped of in Siena,
Where he was lord, what time was overthrown
The Florentine delirium, that superb
Was at that day as now 't is prostitute.
Your reputation is the color of grass
Which comes and goes, and that discolors it
By which it issues green from out the earth."
And I: "Thy true speech fills my heart with good
Humility, and great tumor thou assuagest;
But who is he, of whom just now thou spakest?"
"That," he replied, "is Provenzan Salvani,

Line 102. And changes name, because it changes side.

And he is here because he had presumed
To bring Siena all into his hands.
He has gone thus, and goeth without rest
E'er since he died; such money renders back
In payment he who is on earth too daring."
And I: "If every spirit who awaits
The verge of life before that he repent,
Remains below there and ascends not hither
(Unless good orison shall him bestead),
Until as much time as he lived be passed,
How was the coming granted him in largess?"
"When he in greatest splendor lived," said he,
"Freely upon the Campo of Siena,
All shame being laid aside, he placed himself;
And there to draw his friend from the duress
Which in the prison-house of Charles he suffered,
He brought himself to tremble in each vein.
I say no more, and know that I speak darkly;
Yet little time shall pass before thy neighbors
Will so demean themselves that thou canst gloss it.
This action hath released him from those confines."

CANTO XII

ABREAST, like oxen going in a yoke,
I with that heavy-laden soul went on,
As long as the sweet pedagogue permitted;
But when he said, "Leave him, and onward pass,
For here 't is good that with the sail and oars,
As much as may be, each push on his barque;"
Upright, as walking wills it, I redressed
My person, notwithstanding that my thoughts
Remained within me downcast and abated.
I had moved on, and followed willingly
The footsteps of my Master, and we both
Already showed how light of foot we were,
When unto me he said: "Cast down thine eyes;
'T were well for thee, to alleviate the way,
To look upon the bed beneath thy feet."
As, that some memory there may be of them,
Above the buried dead their tombs in earth
Bear sculptured on them what they were before;
Whence often there we weep for them afresh,
From pricking of remembrance, which alone
To the compassionate doth set its spur;
So saw I there, but of a better semblance
In point of artifice, with figures covered
Whate'er as pathway from the mount projects.
I saw that one who was created noble

Line 9. Remained within me downcast and abashed.
Line 16. As, that some memory may exist of them,

More than all other creatures, down from heaven
Fall like a thunder-bolt upon one side.
I saw Briareus smitten by the dart
Celestial, lying on the other side,
Heavy upon the earth by mortal frost.
I saw Thymbræus, Pallas saw, and Mars,
Still clad in armor round about their father,
Gaze at the scattered members of the giants.
I saw, at foot of his great labor, Nimrod,
As if bewildered, looking at the people
Who had been proud with him in Sennaar.
O Niobe! with what afflicted eyes
Thee I beheld upon the pathway traced,
Between thy seven and seven children slain!
O Saul! how fallen upon thy proper sword
Didst thou appear there lifeless in Gilboa,
That felt thereafter neither rain nor dew!
O mad Arachne! so I thee beheld
E'en then half spider, sad upon the shreds
Of fabric wrought in evil hour for thee!
O Rehoboam! no more seems to threaten
Thine image there; but full of consternation
A chariot bears it off, when none pursues!
Displayed moreo'er the adamantine pavement
How unto his own mother made Alcmæon
Costly appear the luckless ornament;
Displayed how his own sons did throw themselves
Upon Sennacherib within the temple,
And how, he being dead, they left him there;
Displayed the ruin and the cruel carnage
That Tomyris wrought, when she to Cyrus said,

Line 27. Flaming with lightnings fall upon one side.

"Blood didst thou thirst for, and with blood I glut thee!"
Displayed how routed fled the Assyrians
After that Holofernes had been slain,
And likewise the remainder of that slaughter.
I saw there Troy in ashes and in caverns;
O Ilion! thee, how abject and debased,
Displayed the image that is there discerned!
Who e'er of pencil master was or stile,
That could portray the shades and traits which there
Would cause each subtile genius to admire?
Dead seemed the dead, the living seemed alive;
Better than I saw not who saw the truth,
All that I trod upon while bowed I went.
Now wax ye proud, and on with looks uplifted,
Ye sons of Eve, and bow not down your faces
So that ye may behold your evil ways!
More of the mount by us was now encompassed,
And far more spent the circuit of the sun,
Than had the mind preoccupied imagined,
When he, who ever watchful in advance
Was going on, began: "Lift up thy head,
'T is no more time to go thus meditating.
Lo there an Angel who is making haste
To come towards us; lo, returning is
From service of the day the sixth handmaiden.
With reverence thine acts and looks adorn,
So that he may delight to speed us upward;
Think that this day will never dawn again."
I was familiar with his admonition
Ever to lose no time; so on this theme

He could not unto me speak covertly.
Towards us came the being beautiful
Vested in white, and in his countenance
Such as appears the tremulous morning star.
His arms he opened, and opened then his wings;
"Come," said he, "near at hand here are the steps,
And easy from henceforth is the ascent."
At this announcement few are they who come!
O human creatures, born to soar aloft,
Why fall ye thus before a little wind?
He led us on to where the rock was cleft;
There smote upon my forehead with his wings,
Then a safe passage promised unto me.
As on the right hand, to ascend the mount
Where seated is the church that lordeth it
O'er the well-guided, above Rubaconte,
The bold abruptness of the ascent is broken
By stairways that were made there in the age
When still were safe the ledger and the stave,
E'en thus attempered is the bank which falls
Sheer downward from the second circle there;
But on this side and that the high rock grazes.
As we were turning thitherward our persons,
"*Beati pauperes spiritu*," voices
Sang in such wise that speech could tell it not.
Ah me! how different are these entrances
From the Infernal! for with anthems here
One enters, and below with wild laments.
We now were mounting up the sacred stairs,
And it appeared to me by far more easy
Than on the plain it had appeared before.
Whence I: "My Master, say, what heavy thing

Has been uplifted from me, so that hardly
Aught of fatigue is felt by me in walking?"
He answered: "When the P's which have remained
Still on thy face almost obliterate,
Shall wholly, as the first is, be erased,
Thy feet will be so vanquished by good will,
That not alone they shall not feel fatigue,
But urging up will be to them delight."
Then did I even as they do who are going
With something on the head to them unknown,
Unless the signs of others make them doubt,
Wherefore the hand to ascertain is helpful,
And seeks and finds, and doth fulfil the office
Which cannot be accomplished by the sight;
And with the fingers of the right hand spread
I found but six the letters, that had carved
Upon my temples he who bore the keys;
Upon beholding which my Leader smiled.

CANTO XIII

We were upon the summit of the stairs,
Where for the second time is cut away
The mountain, which ascending shriveth all.
There in like manner doth a cornice bind
The hill all round about, as doth the first,
Save that its arc more suddenly is curved.
Shade is there none, nor sculpture that appears;
So seems the bank, and so the road seems smooth,
With but the livid color of the stone.
"If to inquire we wait for people here,"
The Poet said, "I fear that peradventure
Too much delay will our election have."
Then steadfast on the sun his eyes he fixed,
Made his right side the centre of his motion,
And turned the left part of himself about.
"O thou sweet light! with trust in whom I enter
Upon this novel journey, do thou lead us,"
Said he, "as one within here should be led.
Thou warmest the world, thou shinest over it;
If other reason prompt not otherwise,
Thy rays should evermore our leaders be!"
As much as here is counted for a mile,
So much already there had we advanced
In little time, by dint of ready will;
And tow'rds us there were heard to fly, albeit
They were not visible, spirits uttering
Unto Love's table courteous invitations.

The first voice that passed onward in its flight,
"*Vinum non habent*," said in accents loud,
And went reiterating it behind us.
And ere it wholly grew inaudible
Because of distance, passed another, crying,
"I am Orestes!" and it also stayed not.
"O," said I, "Father, these, what voices are they?"
And even as I asked, behold the third,
Saying: "Love those from whom ye have had evil!"
And the good Master said: "This circle scourges
The sin of envy, and on that account
Are drawn from love the lashes of the scourge.
The bridle of another sound shall be;
I think that thou wilt hear it, as I judge,
Before thou comest to the Pass of Pardon.
But fix thine eyes athwart the air right steadfast,
And people thou wilt see before us sitting,
And each one close against the cliff is seated."
Then wider than at first mine eyes I opened;
I looked before me, and saw shades with mantles
Not from the color of the stone diverse.
And when we were a little farther onward,
I heard a cry of, "Mary, pray for us!"
A cry of, "Michael, Peter, and all Saints!"
I do not think there walketh still on earth
A man so hard, that he would not be pierced
With pity at what afterward I saw.
For when I had approached so near to them
That manifest to me their acts became,
Drained was I at the eyes by heavy grief.
Covered with sackcloth vile they seemed to me,
And one sustained the other with his shoulder,

And all of them were by the bank sustained.
Thus do the blind, in want of livelihood,
Stand at the doors of churches asking alms,
And one upon another leans his head,
So that in others pity soon may rise,
Not only at the accent of their words,
But at their aspect, which no less implores.
And as unto the blind the sun comes not,
So to the shades, of whom just now I spake,
Heaven's light will not be bounteous of itself;
For all their lids an iron wire transpierces,
And sews them up, as to a sparhawk wild
Is done, because it will not quiet stay.
To me it seemed, in passing, to do outrage,
Seeing the others without being seen;
Wherefore I turned me to my counsel sage.
Well knew he what the mute one wished to say,
And therefore waited not for my demand,
But said: "Speak, and be brief, and to the point."
I had Virgilius upon that side
Of the embankment from which one may fall,
Since by no border 't is engarlanded;
Upon the other side of me I had
The shades devout, who through the horrible seam
Pressed out the tears so that they bathed their cheeks.
To them I turned me, and, "O people, certain,"
Began I, "of beholding the high light,
Which your desire has solely in its care,
So may grace speedily dissolve the scum
Upon your consciences, that limpidly
Through them descend the river of the mind,
Tell me, for dear 't will be to me and gracious,

If any soul among you here is Latian,
And 't will perchance be good for him I learn it."
"O brother mine, each one is citizen
Of one true city; but thy meaning is,
Who may have lived in Italy a pilgrim."
By way of answer this I seemed to hear
A little farther on than where I stood,
Whereat I made myself still nearer heard.
Among the rest I saw a shade that waited
In aspect, and should any one ask how,
Its chin it lifted upward like a blind man.
"Spirit," I said, "who stoopest to ascend,
If thou art he who did reply to me,
Make thyself known to me by place or name."
"Sienese was I," it replied, "and with
The others here recleanse my guilty life,
Weeping to Him to lend himself to us.
Sapient I was not, although I Sapìa
Was called, and I was at another's harm
More happy far than at my own good fortune.
And that thou mayst not think that I deceive thee,
Hear if I was as foolish as I tell thee.
The arc already of my years descending,
My fellow-citizens near unto Colle
Were joined in battle with their adversaries,
And I was praying God for what he willed.
Routed were they, and turned into the bitter
Passes of flight; and I, the chase beholding,
A joy received unequalled by all others;
So that I lifted upward my bold face,
Crying to God, 'Henceforth I fear thee not,'
As did the blackbird at the little sunshine.

Peace I desired with God at the extreme
Of my existence, and as yet would not
My debt have been by penitence discharged,
Had it not been that in remembrance held me
Pier Pettignano in his holy prayers,
Who out of charity was grieved for me.
But who art thou, that into our conditions
Questioning goest, and hast thine eyes unbound
As I believe, and breathing dost discourse?"
"Mine eyes," I said, "will yet be here ta'en from me,
But for short space; for small is the offence
Committed by their being turned with envy.
Far greater is the fear, wherein suspended
My soul is, of the torment underneath,
For even now the load down there weighs on me."
And she to me: "Who led thee, then, among us
Up here, if to return below thou thinkest?"
And I: "He who is with me, and speaks not;
And living am I; therefore ask of me,
Spirit elect, if thou wouldst have me move
O'er yonder yet my mortal feet for thee."
"Oh, this is such a novel thing to hear,"
She answered, "that great sign it is God loves thee;
Therefore with prayer of thine sometimes assist me.
And I implore, by what thou most desirest,
If e'er thou treadest the soil of Tuscany,
Well with my kindred reinstate my fame.
Them wilt thou see among that people vain
Who hope in Talamone, and will lose there
More hope than in discovering the Diana;
But there still more the admirals will lose."

CANTO XIV

"Who is this one that goes about our mountain,
Or ever Death has given him power of flight,
And opes his eyes and shuts them at his will?"
"I know not who, but know he 's not alone;
Ask him thyself, for thou art nearer to him,
And gently, so that he may speak, accost him."
Thus did two spirits, leaning tow'rds each other,
Discourse about me there on the right hand;
Then held supine their faces to address me.
And said the one: "O soul, that, fastened still
Within the body, tow'rds the heaven art going,
For charity console us, and declare
Whence comest and who art thou; for thou mak'st us
As much to marvel at this grace of thine
As must a thing that never yet has been."
And I: "Through midst of Tuscany there wanders
A streamlet that is born in Falterona,
And not a hundred miles of course suffice it;
From thereupon do I this body bring.
To tell you who I am were speech in vain,
Because my name as yet makes no great noise."
"If well thy meaning I can penetrate
With intellect of mine," then answered me
He who first spake, "thou speakest of the Arno."
And said the other to him: "Why concealed
This one the appellation of that river,
Even as a man doth of things horrible?"

And thus the shade that questioned was of this
Himself acquitted: "I know not; but truly
'T is fit the name of such a valley perish;
For from its fountain-head (where is so pregnant
The Alpine mountain whence is cleft Peloro
That in few places it that mark surpasseth)
To where it yields itself in restoration
Of what the heaven doth of the sea dry up,
Whence have the rivers that which goes with them,
Virtue is like an enemy avoided
By all, as is a serpent, through misfortune
Of place, or through bad habit that impels them;
On which account have so transformed their nature
The dwellers in that miserable valley,
It seems that Circe had them in her pasture.
'Mid ugly swine, of acorns worthier
Than other food for human use created,
It first directeth its impoverished way.
Curs findeth it thereafter, coming downward,
More snarling than their puissance demands,
And turns from them disdainfully its muzzle.
It goes on falling, and the more it grows,
The more it finds the dogs becoming wolves,
This maledict and misadventurous ditch.
Descended then through many a hollow gulf,
It finds the foxes so replete with fraud,
They fear no cunning that may master them.
Nor will I cease because another hears me;
And well 't will be for him, if still he mind him
Of what a truthful spirit to me unravels.
Thy grandson I behold, who doth become

Line 33. That in few places it that mark surpasses)

A hunter of those wolves upon the bank
Of the wild stream, and terrifies them all.
He sells their flesh, it being yet alive;
Thereafter slaughters them like ancient beeves;
Many of life, himself of praise, deprives.
Blood-stained he issues from the dismal forest;
He leaves it such, a thousand years from now
In its primeval state 't is not re-wooded."
As at the announcement of impending ills
The face of him who listens is disturbed,
From whate'er side the peril seize upon him;
So I beheld that other soul, which stood
Turned round to listen, grow disturbed and sad,
When it had gathered to itself the word.
The speech of one and aspect of the other
Had me desirous made to know their names,
And question mixed with prayers I made thereof,
Whereat the spirit which first spake to me
Began again: "Thou wishest I should bring me
To do for thee what thou 'lt not do for me;
But since God willeth that in thee shine forth
Such grace of his, I 'll not be niggard with thee;
Know, then, that I Guido del Duca am.
My blood was so with envy set on fire,
That if I had beheld a man make merry,
Thou wouldst have seen me sprinkled o'er with pallor.
From my own sowing such the straw I reap!
O human race! why dost thou set thy heart
Where interdict of partnership must be?
This is Renier; this is the boast and honor
Of the house of Calboli, where no one since

Hath made himself the heir of his desert.
And not alone his blood is made devoid,
'Twixt Po and mount, and seashore and the Reno,
Of good required for truth and for diversion;
For all within these boundaries is full
Of venomous roots, so that too tardily
By cultivation now would they diminish.
Where is good Lizio, and Arrigo Manardi,
Pier Traversaro, and Guido di Carpigna,
O Romagnuoli into bastards turned?
When in Bologna will a Fabbro rise?
When in Faenza a Bernardin di Fosco,
The noble scion of ignoble seed?
Be not astonished, Tuscan, if I weep,
When I remember, with Guido da Prata,
Ugolin d' Azzo, who was living with us,
Frederick Tignoso and his company,
The house of Traversara, and th' Anastagi,
And one race and the other is extinct;
The dames and cavaliers, the toils and ease
That filled our souls with love and courtesy,
There where the hearts have so malicious grown!
O Brettinoro! why dost thou not flee,
Seeing that all thy family is gone,
And many people, not to be corrupted?
Bagnacaval doth well in not begetting,
And ill doth Castrocaro, and Conio worse,
In taking trouble to beget such Counts.
Will do well the Pagani, when their Devil
Shall have departed; but not therefore pure
Will testimony of them e'er remain.

Line 90. Has made himself the heir of his desert.

O Ugolin de' Fantoli, secure
Thy name is, since no longer is awaited
One who, degenerating, can obscure it!
But go now, Tuscan, for it now delights me
To weep far better than it doth to speak,
So much hath our discourse my mind distressed."
We were aware that those beloved souls
Heard us depart; therefore, by keeping silent,
They made us of our pathway confident.
When we became alone by going onward,
Thunder, when it doth cleave the air, appeared
A voice, that counter to us came, exclaiming:
"Shall slay me whosoever findeth me!"
And fled as the reverberation dies
If suddenly the cloud asunder bursts.
As soon as hearing had a truce from this,
Behold another, with so great a crash,
That it resembled thunderings following fast:
"I am Aglaurus, who became a stone!"
And then, to press myself close to the Poet,
I backward, and not forward, took a step.
Already on all sides the air was quiet;
And said he to me: "That was the hard curb
That ought to hold a man within his bounds;
But you take in the bait so that the hook
Of the old Adversary draws you to him,
And hence availeth little curb or call.
The heavens are calling you, and wheel around you,
Displaying to you their eternal beauties,
And still your eye is looking on the ground;
Whence He, who all discerns, chastiseth you."

Line 151. Whence He, who all discerns, chastises you."

CANTO XV

As much as 'twixt the close of the third hour
And dawn of day appeareth of that sphere
Which aye in fashion of a child is playing,
So much it now appeared, towards the night,
Was of his course remaining to the sun;
There it was evening, and 't was midnight here.
And the rays smote the middle of our faces,
Because by us the mount was so encircled,
That straight towards the west we now were going;
When I perceived my forehead overpowered
Beneath the splendor far more than at first,
And stupor were to me the things unknown.
Whereat towards the summit of my brow
I raised my hands, and made myself the visor
Which the excessive glare diminisheth.
As when from off the water, or a mirror,
The sunbeam leaps unto the opposite side,
Ascending upward in the selfsame measure
That it descends, and deviates as far
From falling of a stone in line direct,
(As demonstrate experiment and art),
So it appeared to me that by a light
Refracted there before me I was smitten;
On which account my sight was swift to flee.
"What is it, Father sweet, from which I cannot

Line 15. Which the excessive glare diminishes.

So fully screen my sight that it avail me,"
Said I, "and seems towards us to be moving?"
"Marvel thou not, if dazzle thee as yet
The family of heaven," he answered me;
"An angel 't is, who comes to invite us upward.
Soon will it be, that to behold these things
Shall not be grievous, but delightful to thee
As much as nature fashioned thee to feel."
When we had reached the Angel benedight,
With joyful voice he said: "Here enter in
To stairway far less steep than are the others."
We mounting were, already thence departed,
And "*Beati misericordes*" was
Behind us sung, "Rejoice, thou that o'ercomest!"
My Master and myself, we two alone
Were going upward, and I thought, in going,
Some profit to acquire from words of his;
And I to him directed me, thus asking:
"What did the spirit of Romagna mean,
Mentioning interdict and partnership?"
Whence he to me: "Of his own greatest failing
He knows the harm; and therefore wonder not
If he reprove us, that we less may rue it.
Because are thither pointed your desires
Where by companionship each share is lessened,
Envy doth ply the bellows to your sighs.
But if the love of the supernal sphere
Should upwardly direct your aspiration,
There would not be that fear within your breast;
For there, as much the more as one says *Our*,
So much the more of good each one possesseth,

Line 56. So much the more of good each one possesses,

And more of charity in that cloister burns."
"I am more hungering to be satisfied,"
I said, "than if I had before been silent,
And more of doubt within my mind I gather.
How can it be, that boon distributed
The more possessors can more wealthy make
Therein, than if by few it be possessed?"
And he to me: "Because thou fixest still
Thy mind entirely upon earthly things,
Thou pluckest darkness from the very light.
That goodness infinite and ineffable
Which is above there, runneth unto love,
As to a lucid body comes the sunbeam.
So much it gives itself as it finds ardor,
So that as far as charity extends,
O'er it increases the eternal valor,
And the more people thitherward aspire,
More are there to love well, and more they love there,
And, as a mirror, one reflects the other.
And if my reasoning appease thee not,
Thou shalt see Beatrice; and she will fully
Take from thee this and every other longing.
Endeavor, then, that soon may be extinct,
As are the two already, the five wounds
That close themselves again by being painful."
Even as I wished to say, "Thou dost appease me,"
I saw that I had reached another circle,
So that my eager eyes made me keep silence.
There it appeared to me that in a vision
Ecstatic on a sudden I was rapt,
And in a temple many persons saw;

And at the door a woman, with the sweet
Behavior of a mother, saying: "Son,
Why in this manner hast thou dealt with us?
Lo, sorrowing, thy father and myself
Were seeking for thee;" — and as here she ceased,
That which appeared at first had disappeared.
Then I beheld another with those waters
Adown her cheeks which grief distils whenever
From great disdain of others it is born,
And saying: "If of that city thou art lord,
For whose name was such strife among the gods,
And whence doth every science scintillate,
Avenge thyself on those audacious arms
That clasped our daughter, O Pisistratus;"
And the lord seemed to me benign and mild
To answer her with aspect temperate:
"What shall we do to those who wish us ill,
If he who loves us be by us condemned?"
Then saw I people hot in fire of wrath,
With stones a young man slaying, clamorously
Still crying to each other, "Kill him! kill him!"
And him I saw bow down, because of death
That weighed already on him, to the earth,
But of his eyes made ever gates to heaven,
Imploring the high Lord, in so great strife,
That he would pardon those his persecutors,
With such an aspect as unlocks compassion.
Soon as my soul had outwardly returned
To things external to it which are true,
Did I my not false errors recognize.
My Leader, who could see me bear myself
Like to a man that rouses him from sleep,

Exclaimed: "What ails thee, that thou canst not
stand?
But hast been coming more than half a league
Veiling thine eyes, and with thy legs entangled,
In guise of one whom wine or sleep subdueth?"
"O my sweet Father, if thou listen to me,
I'll tell thee," said I, "what appeared to me,
When thus from me my legs were ta'en away."
And he: "If thou shouldst have a hundred masks
Upon thy face, from me would not be shut
Thy cogitations, howsoever small.
What thou hast seen was that thou mayst not fail
To ope thy heart unto the waters of peace,
Which from the eternal fountain are diffused.
I did not ask, 'What ails thee?' as he does
Who only looketh with the eyes that see not
When of the soul bereft the body lies,
But asked it to give vigor to thy feet;
Thus must we needs urge on the sluggards, slow
To use their wakefulness when it returns."
We passed along, athwart the twilight peering
Forward as far as ever eye could stretch
Against the sunbeams serotine and lucent;
And lo! by slow degrees a smoke approached
In our direction, sombre as the night,
Nor was there place to hide one's self therefrom.
This of our eyes and the pure air bereft us.

Line 123. In guise of one whom wine or sleep subdues?"

CANTO XVI

DARKNESS of hell, and of a night deprived
Of every planet under a poor sky,
As much as may be tenebrous with cloud,
Ne'er made unto my sight so thick a veil,
As did that smoke which there enveloped us,
Nor to the feeling of so rough a texture;
For not an eye it suffered to stay open;
Whereat mine escort, faithful and sagacious,
Drew near to me and offered me his shoulder.
E'en as a blind man goes behind his guide,
Lest he should wander, or should strike against
Aught that may harm or peradventure kill him,
So went I through the bitter and foul air,
Listening unto my Leader, who said only,
"Look that from me thou be not separated."
Voices I heard, and every one appeared
To supplicate for peace and misericord
The Lamb of God who takes away our sins.
Still "*Agnus Dei*" their exordium was;
One word there was in all, and metre one,
So that all harmony appeared among them.
"Master," I said, "are spirits those I hear?"
And he to me: "Thou apprehendest truly,
And they the knot of anger go unloosing."
"Now who art thou, that cleavest through our smoke,
And art discoursing of us even as though
Thou didst by calends still divide the time?"

After this manner by a voice was spoken;
Whereon my Master said: "Do thou reply,
And ask if on this side the way go upward."
And I: "O creature that dost cleanse thyself
To return beautiful to Him who made thee,
Thou shalt hear marvels if thou follow me."
"Thee will I follow far as is allowed me,"
He answered; "and if smoke prevent our seeing,
Hearing shall keep us joined instead thereof."
Thereon began I: "With that swathing band
Which death unwindeth am I going upward,
And hither came I through the infernal anguish.
And if God in his grace hath me infolded,
So that he wills that I behold his court
By method wholly out of modern usage,
Conceal not from me who ere death thou wast,
But tell it me, and tell me if I go
Right for the pass, and be thy words our escort."
"Lombard was I, and I was Marco called;
The world I knew, and loved that excellence,
At which has each one now unbent his bow.
For mounting upward, thou art going right."
Thus he made answer, and subjoined: "I pray thee
To pray for me when thou shalt be above."
And I to him: "My faith I pledge to thee
To do what thou dost ask me, but am bursting
Inly with doubt, unless I rid me of it.
First it was simple, and is now made double
By thy opinion, which makes certain to me,
Here and elsewhere, that which I couple with it.
The world forsooth is utterly deserted

By every virtue, as thou tellest me,
And with iniquity is big and covered;
But I beseech thee point me out the cause,
That I may see it, and to others show it;
For one in the heavens, and here below one puts it."
A sigh profound, that grief forced into Ai!
He first sent forth, and then began he: "Brother,
The world is blind, and sooth thou comest from it!
Ye who are living every cause refer
Still upward to the heavens, as if all things
They of necessity moved with themselves.
If this were so, in you would be destroyed
Free will, nor any justice would there be
In having joy for good, or grief for evil.
The heavens your movements do initiate,
I say not all; but granting that I say it,
Light has been given you for good and evil,
And free volition; which, if some fatigue
In the first battles with the heavens it suffers,
Afterwards conquers all, if well 't is nurtured.
To greater force and to a better nature,
Though free, ye subject are, and that creates
The mind in you the heavens have not in charge.
Hence, if the present world doth go astray,
In you the cause is, be it sought in you;
And I therein will now be thy true spy.
Forth from the hand of Him, who fondles it
Before it is, like to a little girl
Weeping and laughing in her childish sport,
Issues the simple soul, that nothing knows,
Save that, proceeding from a joyous Maker,
Gladly it turns to that which gives it pleasure.

Of trivial good at first it tastes the savor;
Is cheated by it, and runs after it,
If guide or rein turn not aside its love.
Hence it behoved laws for a rein to place,
Behoved a king to have, who at the least
Of the true city should discern the tower.
The laws exist, but who sets hand to them?
No one; because the shepherd who precedes
Can ruminate, but cleaveth not the hoof;
Wherefore the people that perceives its guide
Strike only at the good for which it hankers,
Feeds upon that, and farther seeketh not.
Clearly canst thou perceive that evil guidance
The cause is that hath made the world depraved,
And not that nature is corrupt in you.
Rome, that reformed the world, accustomed was
Two suns to have, which one road and the other,
Of God and of the world, made manifest.
One has the other quenched, and to the crosier
The sword is joined, and ill beseemeth it
That by main force one with the other go,
Because, being joined, one feareth not the other;
If thou believe not, think upon the grain,
For by its seed each herb is recognized.
In the land laved by Po and Adige,
Valor and courtesy used to be found,
Before that Frederick had his controversy;
Now in security can pass that way
Whoever will abstain, through sense of shame,
From speaking with the good, or drawing near them.

Line 104. The cause is that has made the world depraved,

True, three old men are left, in whom upbraids
The ancient age the new, and late they deem it
That God restore them to the better life:
Currado da Palazzo, and good Gherardo,
And Guido da Castel, who better named is,
In fashion of the French, the simple Lombard:
Say thou henceforward that the Church of Rome,
Confounding in itself two governments,
Falls in the mire, and soils itself and burden."
"O Marco mine," I said, "thou reasonest well;
And now discern I why the sons of Levi
Have been excluded from the heritage.
But what Gherardo is it, who, as sample
Of a lost race, thou sayest hath remained
In reprobation of the barbarous age?"
"Either thy speech deceives me, or it tempts me,"
He answered me; "for speaking Tuscan to me,
It seems of good Gherardo naught thou knowest.
By other surname do I know him not,
Unless I take it from his daughter Gaia.
May God be with you, for I come no farther.
Behold the dawn, that through the smoke rays out,
Already whitening; and I must depart —
Yonder the Angel is — e'er he appear."
Thus did he speak, and would no farther hear me.

CANTO XVII

Remember, Reader, if e'er in the Alps
A mist o'ertook thee, through which thou couldst see
Not otherwise than through its membrane mole,
How, when the vapors humid and condensed
Begin to dissipate themselves, the sphere
Of the sun feebly enters in among them,
And thy imagination will be swift
In coming to perceive how I re-saw
The sun at first, that was already setting.
Thus, to the faithful footsteps of my Master
Mating mine own, I issued from that cloud
To rays already dead on the low shores.
O thou, Imagination, that dost steal us
So from without sometimes, that man perceives not,
Although around may sound a thousand trumpets,
Who moveth thee, if sense impel thee not?
Moves thee a light, which in the heaven takes form,
By self, or by a will that downward guides it.
Of her impiety, who changed her form
Into the bird that most delights in singing,
In my imagining appeared the trace;
And hereupon my mind was so withdrawn
Within itself, that from without there came
Nothing that then might be received by it.
Then rained within my lofty fantasy
One crucified, disdainful and ferocious

In countenance, and even thus was dying.
Around him were the great Ahasuerus,
Esther his wife, and the just Mordecai,
Who was in word and action so entire.
And even as this image burst asunder
Of its own self, in fashion of a bubble
In which the water it was made of fails,
There rose up in my vision a young maiden
Bitterly weeping, and she said: "O queen,
Why hast thou wished in anger to be naught?
Thou 'st slain thyself, Lavinia not to lose;
Now hast thou lost me; I am she who mourns,
Mother, at thine ere at another's ruin."
As sleep is broken, when upon a sudden
New light strikes in upon the eyelids closed,
And broken quivers ere it dieth wholly,
So this imagining of mine fell down
As soon as the effulgence smote my face,
Greater by far than what is in our wont.
I turned me round to see where I might be,
When said a voice, "Here is the passage up;"
Which from all other purposes removed me,
And made my wish so full of eagerness
To look and see who was it that was speaking,
It never rests till meeting face to face;
But as before the sun, which quells the sight,
And in its own excess its figure veils,
Even so my power was insufficient here.
"This is a spirit divine, who in the way
Of going up directs us without asking,
And who with his own light himself conceals.
He does with us as man doth with himself;

For he who sees the need, and waits the asking,
Malignly leans already tow'rds denial.
Accord we now our feet to such inviting,
Let us make haste to mount ere it grow dark;
For then we could not till the day return."
Thus my Conductor said; and I and he
Together turned our footsteps to a stairway;
And I, as soon as the first step I reached,
Near me perceived a motion as of wings,
And fanning in the face, and saying, "*Beati Pacifici*, who are without ill anger."
Already over us were so uplifted
The latest sunbeams, which the night pursues,
That upon many sides the stars appeared.
"O manhood mine, why dost thou vanish so?"
I said within myself; for I perceived
The vigor of my legs was put in truce.
We at the point were where no more ascends
The stairway upward, and were motionless,
Even as a ship, which at the shore arrives;
And I gave heed a little, if I might hear
Aught whatsoever in the circle new;
Then to my Master turned me round and said:
"Say, my sweet Father, what delinquency
Is purged here in the circle where we are?
Although our feet may pause, pause not thy speech."
And he to me: "The love of good, remiss
In what it should have done, is here restored;
Here plied again the ill-belated oar;
But still more openly to understand,
Turn unto me thy mind, and thou shalt gather
Some profitable fruit from our delay.

Neither Creator nor a creature ever,
Son," he began, "was destitute of love
Natural or spiritual; and thou knowest it.
The natural was ever without error;
But err the other may by evil object,
Or by too much, or by too little vigor.
While in the first it well directed is,
And in the second moderates itself,
It cannot be the cause of sinful pleasure;
But when to ill it turns, and, with more care
Or lesser than it ought, runs after good,
'Gainst the Creator works his own creation.
Hence thou mayst comprehend that love must be
The seed within yourselves of every virtue,
And every act that merits punishment.
Now inasmuch as never from the welfare
Of its own subject can love turn its sight,
From their own hatred all things are secure;
And since we cannot think of any being
Standing alone, nor from the First divided,
Of hating Him is all desire cut off.
Hence if, discriminating, I judge well,
The evil that one loves is of one's neighbor,
And this is born in three modes in your clay.
There are, who, by abasement of their neighbor,
Hope to excel, and therefore only long
That from his greatness he may be cast down;
There are, who power, grace, honor, and renown
Fear they may lose because another rises,
Thence are so sad that the reverse they love;
And there are those whom injury seems to chafe,
So that it makes them greedy for revenge,

And such must needs shape out another's harm.
This threefold love is wept for down below;
Now of the other will I have thee hear,
That after good disordinately runs.
Each one confusedly a good conceives
Wherein the mind may rest, and longeth for it;
Therefore to overtake it each one strives.
If languid love to look on this attract you,
Or in attaining unto it, this cornice,
After just penitence, torments you for it.
There 's other good that doth not make man happy;
'T is not felicity, 't is not the good
Essence, of every good the fruit and root.
The love that yields itself too much to this
Above us is lamented in three circles;
But how tripartite it may be described,
I say not, that thou seek it for thyself."

Line 126. That runneth after good with measure faulty.
Line 133. There 's other good that does not make man happy;

CANTO XVIII

An end had put unto his reasoning
The lofty Teacher, and attent was looking
Into my face, if I appeared content;
And I, whom a new thirst still goaded on,
Without was mute, and said within: "Perchance
The too much questioning I make annoys him."
But that true Father, who had comprehended
The timid wish, that opened not itself,
By speaking gave me hardihood to speak.
Whence I: "My sight is, Master, vivified
So in thy light, that clearly I discern
Whate'er thy speech importeth or describes.
Therefore I thee entreat, sweet Father dear,
To teach me love, to which thou dost refer
Every good action and its contrary."
"Direct," he said, "towards me the keen eyes
Of intellect, and clear will be to thee
The error of the blind, who would be leaders.
The soul, which is created apt to love,
Is mobile unto everything that pleases,
Soon as by pleasure she is waked to action.
Your apprehension from some real thing
An image draws, and in yourselves displays it,
So that it makes the soul turn unto it.
And if, when turned, towards it she incline,
Love is that inclination; it is nature,
Which is by pleasure bound in you anew.

Then even as the fire doth upward move
By its own form, which to ascend is born,
Where longest in its matter it endures,
So comes the captive soul into desire,
Which is a motion spiritual, and ne'er rests
Until she doth enjoy the thing beloved.
Now may apparent be to thee how hidden
The truth is from those people, who aver
All love is in itself a laudable thing;
Because its matter may perchance appear
Aye to be good; but yet not each impression
Is good, albeit good may be the wax."
"Thy words, and my sequacious intellect,"
I answered him, "have love revealed to me;
But that has made me more impregned with doubt;
For if love from without be offered us,
And with another foot the soul go not,
If right or wrong she go, 't is not her merit."
And he to me: "What reason seeth here,
Myself can tell thee; beyond that await
For Beatrice, since 't is a work of faith.
Every substantial form, that segregate
From matter is, and with it is united,
Specific power has in itself collected,
Which without act is not perceptible,
Nor shows itself except by its effect,
As life doth in a plant by the green leaves.
But still, whence cometh the intelligence
Of the first notions, man is ignorant,
And the affection for the first allurements,
Which are in you as instinct in the bee

Line 54. As life does in a plant by the green leaves.

To make its honey; and this first desire
Merit of praise or blame containeth not.
Now, that to this all others may be gathered,
Innate within you is the power that counsels,
And it should keep the threshold of assent.
This is the principle, from which is taken
Occasion of desert in you, according
As good and guilty loves it takes and winnows.
Those who, in reasoning, to the bottom went,
Were of this innate liberty aware,
Therefore bequeathed they Ethics to the world.
Supposing, then, that from necessity
Springs every love that is within you kindled,
Within yourselves the power is to restrain it.
The noble virtue Beatrice understands
By the free will; and therefore see that thou
Bear it in mind, if she should speak of it."
The moon, belated almost unto midnight,
Now made the stars appear to us more rare,
Formed like a bucket, that is all ablaze,
And counter to the heavens ran through those paths
Which the sun sets aflame, when he of Rome
Sees it 'twixt Sardes and Corsicans go down;
And that patrician shade, for whom is named
Pietola more than any Mantuan town,
Had laid aside the burden of my lading;
Whence I, who reason manifest and plain
In answer to my questions had received,
Stood like a man in drowsy revery.
But taken from me was this drowsiness
Suddenly by a people, that behind
Our backs already had come round to us.

And as, of old, Ismenus and Asopus
Beside them saw at night the rush and throng,
If but the Thebans were in need of Bacchus,
So they along that circle curve their step,
From what I saw of those approaching us,
Who by good-will and righteous love are ridden.
Full soon they were upon us, because running
Moved onward all that mighty multitude,
And two in the advance cried out, lamenting,
"Mary in haste unto the mountain ran,
And Cæsar, that he might subdue Ilerda,
Thrust at Marseilles, and then ran into Spain."
"Quick! quick! so that the time may not be lost
By little love!" forthwith the others cried,
"For ardor in well-doing freshens grace!"
"O folk, in whom an eager fervor now
Supplies perhaps delay and negligence
Put by you in well-doing, through lukewarmness,
This one who lives, and truly I lie not,
Would fain go up, if but the sun relight us;
So tell us where the passage nearest is."
These were the words of him who was my Guide;
And some one of those spirits said: "Come on
Behind us, and the opening shalt thou find;
So full of longing are we to move onward,
That stay we cannot; therefore pardon us,
If thou for churlishness our justice take.
I was San Zeno's Abbot at Verona,
Under the empire of good Barbarossa,
Of whom still sorrowing Milan holds discourse;
And he has one foot in the grave already,
Who shall erelong lament that monastery,

And sorry be for having there had power,
Because his son, in his whole body sick,
And worse in mind, and who was evil-born,
He put into the place of its true pastor."
If more he said, or silent was, I know not,
He had already passed so far beyond us;
But this I heard, and to retain it pleased me.
And he who was in every need my succor
Said: "Turn thee hitherward; see two of them
Come fastening upon slothfulness their teeth."
In rear of all they shouted: "Sooner were
The people dead to whom the sea was opened,
Than their inheritors the Jordan saw;
And those who the fatigue did not endure
Unto the issue, with Anchises' son,
Themselves to life withouten glory offered."
Then when from us so separated were
Those shades, that they no longer could be seen,
Within me a new thought did entrance find,
Whence others many and diverse were born;
And so I lapsed from one into another,
That in a revery mine eyes I closed,
And meditation into dream transmuted.

CANTO XIX

It was the hour when the diurnal heat
No more can warm the coldness of the moon,
Vanquished by earth, or peradventure Saturn,
When geomancers their Fortuna Major
See in the orient before the dawn
Rise by a path that long remains not dim,
There came to me in dreams a stammering woman,
Squint in her eyes, and in her feet distorted,
With hands dissevered, and of sallow hue.
I looked at her; and as the sun restores
The frigid members, which the night benumbs,
Even thus my gaze did render voluble
Her tongue, and made her all erect thereafter
In little while, and the lost countenance,
As love desires it, so in her did color.
When in this wise she had her speech unloosed,
She 'gan to sing so, that with difficulty
Could I have turned my thoughts away from her.
"I am," she sang, "I am the Siren sweet
Who mariners amid the main unman,
So full am I of pleasantness to hear.
I drew Ulysses from his wandering way
Unto my song, and he who dwells with me
Seldom departs, so wholly I content him."
Her mouth was not yet closed again, before
Appeared a Lady saintly and alert
Close at my side to put her to confusion.

"Virgilius, O Virgilius! who is this?"
Sternly she said; and he was drawing near
With eyes still fixed upon that modest one.
She seized the other and in front laid open,
Rending her garments, and her belly showed me;
This waked me with the stench that issued from it.
I turned mine eyes, and good Virgilius said:
"At least thrice have I called thee; rise and come;
Find we the opening by which thou mayst enter."
I rose; and full already of high day
Were all the circles of the Sacred Mountain,
And with the new sun at our back we went.
Following behind him, I my forehead bore
Like unto one who has it laden with thought,
Who makes himself the half arch of a bridge,
When I heard say, "Come, here the passage is,"
Spoken in a manner gentle and benign,
Such as we hear not in this mortal region.
With open wings, which of a swan appeared,
Upward he turned us who thus spake to us,
Between the two walls of the solid granite.
He moved his pinions afterwards and fanned us,
Affirming those *qui lugent* to be blessed,
For they shall have their souls with comfort filled.
"What aileth thee, that aye to earth thou gazest?"
To me my Guide began to say, we both
Somewhat beyond the Angel having mounted.
And I: "With such misgiving makes me go
A vision new, which bends me to itself,
So that I cannot from the thought withdraw me."
"Didst thou behold," he said, "that old enchantress,
Who sole above us henceforth is lamented?

Didst thou behold how man is freed from her?
Suffice it thee, and smite earth with thy heels,
Thine eyes lift upward to the lure, that whirls
The Eternal King with revolutions vast."
Even as the hawk, that first his feet surveys,
Then turns him to the call and stretches forward,
Through the desire of food that draws him thither,
Such I became, and such, far as is cleft
The rock to give a way to him who mounts,
Went on to where the circling doth begin.
On the fifth circle when I had come forth,
People I saw upon it who were weeping,
Stretched prone upon the ground, all downward turned.
"*Adhaesit pavimento anima mea*,"
I heard them say with sighings so profound,
That hardly could the words be understood.
"O ye elect of God, whose sufferings
Justice and Hope both render less severe,
Direct ye us towards the high ascents."
"If ye are come secure from this prostration,
And wish to find the way most speedily,
Let your right hands be evermore outside."
Thus did the Poet ask, and thus was answered
By them somewhat in front of us; whence I
In what was spoken divined the rest concealed,
And unto my Lord's eyes mine eyes I turned;
Whence he assented with a cheerful sign
To what the sight of my desire implored.
When of myself I could dispose at will,
Above that creature did I draw myself,

Line 67. Such I became, and such, as far as cleaves

Whose words before had caused me to take note,
Saying: "O Spirit, in whom weeping ripens
That without which to God we cannot turn,
Suspend awhile for me thy greater care.
Who wast thou, and why are your backs turned upwards,
Tell me, and if thou wouldst that I procure thee
Anything there whence living I departed."
And he to me: "Wherefore our backs the heaven
Turns to itself, know shalt thou; but beforehand
Scias quod ego fui successor Petri.
Between Siestri and Chiaveri descends
A river beautiful, and of its name
The title of my blood its summit makes.
A month and little more essayed I how
Weighs the great cloak on him from mire who keeps it;
For all the other burdens seem a feather.
Tardy, ah woe is me! was my conversion;
But when the Roman Shepherd I was made,
Then I discovered life to be a lie.
I saw that there the heart was not at rest,
Nor farther in that life could one ascend;
Whereby the love of this was kindled in me.
Until that time a wretched soul and parted
From God was I, and wholly avaricious;
Now, as thou seest, I here am punished for it.
What avarice doth is here made manifest
In the purgation of these souls converted,
And no more bitter pain the Mountain hath.

Line 115. What avarice does is here made manifest
Line 117. And no more bitter pain the Mountain has.

Even as our eye did not uplift itself
Aloft, being fastened upon earthly things,
So justice here has merged it in the earth.
As avarice had extinguished our affection
For every good, whereby was action lost,
So justice here doth hold us in restraint,
Bound and imprisoned by the feet and hands;
And so long as it pleases the just Lord
Shall we remain immovable and prostrate."
I on my knees had fallen, and wished to speak;
But even as I began, and he was ware,
Only by listening, of my reverence,
"What cause," he said, "has downward bent thee thus?"
And I to him: "For your own dignity,
Standing, my conscience stung me with remorse."
"Straighten thy legs, and upward raise thee, brother,"
He answered: "Err not, fellow-servant am I
With thee and with the others to one power.
If e'er that holy, evangelic sound,
Which sayeth *neque nubent*, thou hast heard,
Well canst thou see why in this wise I speak.
Now go; no longer will I have thee linger,
Because thy stay doth incommode my weeping,
With which I ripen that which thou hast said.
On earth I have a grandchild named Alagia,
Good in herself, unless indeed our house
Malevolent may make her by example,
And she alone remains to me on earth."

CANTO XX

Ill strives the will against a better will;
Therefore, to pleasure him, against my pleasure
I drew the sponge not saturate from the water.
Onward I moved, and onward moved my Leader,
Through vacant places, skirting still the rock,
As on a wall close to the battlements;
For they that through their eyes pour drop by drop
The malady which all the world pervades,
On the other side too near the verge approach.
Accursed mayst thou be, thou old she-wolf,
That more than all the other beasts hast prey
Because of hunger infinitely hollow!
O heaven, in whose gyrations some appear
To think conditions here below are changed,
When will he come through whom she shall depart?
Onward we went with footsteps slow and scarce,
And I attentive to the shades I heard
Piteously weeping and bemoaning them;
And I by peradventure heard "Sweet Mary!"
Uttered in front of us amid the weeping
Even as a woman doth who is in child-birth;
And in continuance: "How poor thou wast
Is manifested by that hostelry
Where thou didst lay thy sacred burden down."
Thereafterward I heard: "O good Fabricius,
Virtue with poverty didst thou prefer

Line 21. Even as a woman does who is in child-birth;

To the possession of great wealth with vice."
So pleasurable were these words to me
That I drew farther onward to have knowledge
Touching that spirit whence they seemed to come.
He furthermore was speaking of the largess
Which Nicholas unto the maidens gave,
In order to conduct their youth to honor.
" O soul that dost so excellently speak,
Tell me who wast thou," said I, " and why only
Thou dost renew these praises well deserved ?
Not without recompense shall be thy word,
If I return to finish the short journey
Of that life which is flying to its end."
And he: " I 'll tell thee, not for any comfort
I may expect from earth, but that so much
Grace shines in thee or ever thou art dead.
I was the root of that malignant plant
Which overshadows all the Christian world,
So that good fruit is seldom gathered from it;
But if Douay and Ghent and Lille and Bruges
Had power, soon vengeance would be taken on it;
And this I pray of Him who judges all.
Hugh Capet was I called upon the earth;
From me were born the Louises and Philips,
By whom in later days hath France been governed.
I was the son of a Parisian butcher,
What time the ancient kings had perished all,
Excepting one, contrite in cloth of gray.
I found me grasping in my hands the rein
Of the realm's government, and so great power
Of new acquest, and so with friends abounding,

Line 51. By whom in later days has France been governed.

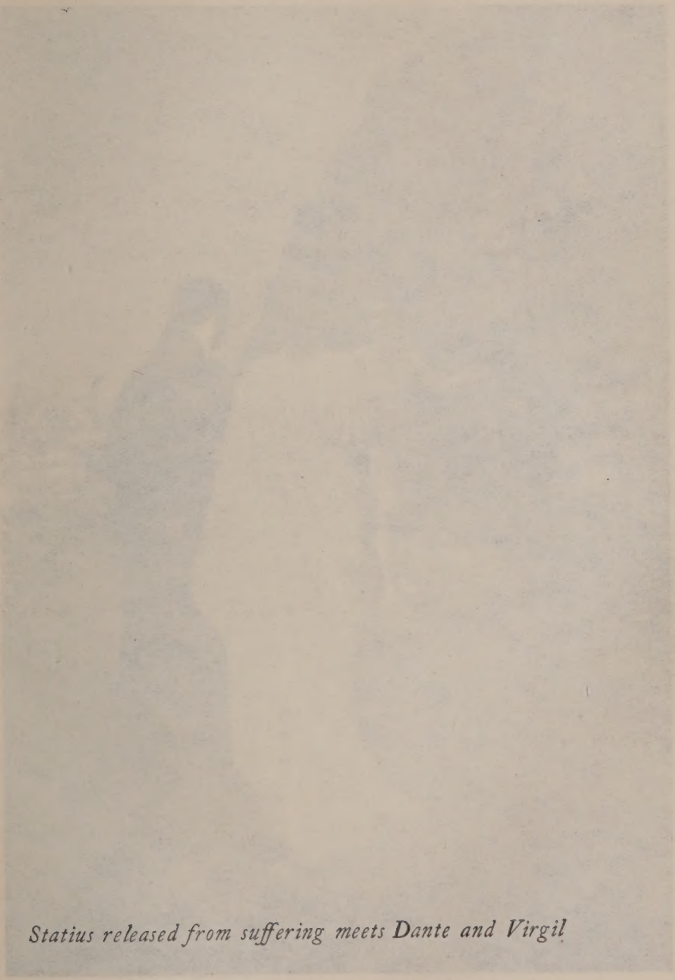
That to the widowed diadem promoted
The head of mine own offspring was, from whom
The consecrated bones of these began.
So long as the great dowry of Provence
Out of my blood took not the sense of shame,
'T was little worth, but still it did no harm.
Then it began with falsehood and with force
Its rapine; and thereafter, for amends,
Took Ponthieu, Normandy, and Gascony.
Charles came to Italy, and for amends
A victim made of Conradin, and then
Thrust Thomas back to heaven, for amends.
A time I see, not very distant now,
Which draweth forth another Charles from France,
The better to make known both him and his.
Unarmed he goes, and only with the lance
That Judas jousted with; and that he thrusts
So that he makes the paunch of Florence burst.
He thence not land, but sin and infamy,
Shall gain, so much more grievous to himself
As the more light such damage he accounts.
The other, now gone forth, ta'en in his ship,
See I his daughter sell, and chaffer for her
As corsairs do with other female slaves.
What more, O Avarice, canst thou do to us,
Since thou my blood so to thyself hast drawn,
It careth not for its own proper flesh?
That less may seem the future ill and past,
I see the flower-de-luce Alagna enter,
And Christ in his own Vicar captive made.
I see him yet another time derided;
I see renewed the vinegar and gall,

And between living thieves I see him slain.
I see the modern Pilate so relentless,
This doth not sate him, but without decretal
He to the temple bears his sordid sails!
When, O my Lord! shall I be joyful made
By looking on the vengeance which, concealed,
Makes sweet thine anger in thy secrecy?
What I was saying of that only bride
Of the Holy Ghost, and which occasioned thee
To turn towards me for some commentary,
So long has been ordained to all our prayers
As the day lasts; but when the night comes on,
Contrary sound we take instead thereof.
At that time we repeat Pygmalion,
Of whom a traitor, thief, and parricide
Made his insatiable desire of gold;
And the misery of avaricious Midas,
That followed his inordinate demand,
At which for evermore one needs must laugh.
The foolish Achan each one then records,
And how he stole the spoils; so that the wrath
Of Joshua still appears to sting him here.
Then we accuse Sapphira with her husband,
We laud the hoof-beats Heliodorus had,
And the whole mount in infamy encircles
Polymnestor who murdered Polydorus.
Here finally is cried: 'O Crassus, tell us,
For thou dost know, what is the taste of gold?'
Sometimes we speak, one loud, another low,
According to desire of speech, that spurs us
To greater now and now to lesser pace.
But in the good that here by day is talked of,

Erewhile alone I was not; yet near by
No other person lifted up his voice."
From him already we departed were,
And made endeavor to o'ercome the road
As much as was permitted to our power,
When I perceived, like something that is falling,
The mountain tremble, whence a chill seized on me,
As seizes him who to his death is going.
Certes so violently shook not Delos,
Before Latona made her nest therein
To give birth to the two eyes of the heaven.
Then upon all sides there began a cry,
Such that the Master drew himself towards me,
Saying, " Fear not, while I am guiding thee."
" *Gloria in excelsis Deo*," all
Were saying, from what near I comprehended,
Where it was possible to hear the cry.
We paused immovable and in suspense,
Even as the shepherds who first heard that song,
Until the trembling ceased, and it was finished.
Then we resumed again our holy path,
Watching the shades that lay upon the ground,
Already turned to their accustomed plaint.
No ignorance ever with so great a strife
Had rendered me importunate to know,
If erreth not in this my memory,
As meditating then I seemed to have;
Neither from haste to question did I dare,
Nor of myself I there could aught perceive;
So I went onward timorous and thoughtful.

CANTO XXI

The natural thirst, that ne'er is satisfied
Excepting with the water for whose grace
The woman of Samaria besought,
Put me in travail, and haste goaded me
Along the encumbered path behind my Leader,
And I was pitying that righteous vengeance.
And lo! in the same manner as Luke writeth
That Christ appeared to two upon the way
From the sepulchral cave already risen,
A shade appeared to us, and came behind us,
Down gazing on the prostrate multitude,
Nor were we ware of it, until it spake,
Saying, "My brothers, may God give you peace!"
We turned us suddenly, and Virgilius rendered
To him the countersign thereto conforming.
Thereon began he: "In the blessed council,
Thee may the court veracious place in peace,
That me doth banish in eternal exile!"
"How," said he, and the while we went with speed,
"If ye are shades whom God deigns not on high,
Who up his stairs so far has guided you?"
And said my Teacher: "If thou note the marks
Which this one bears, and which the Angel traces,
Well shalt thou see he with the good must reign.
But because she who spinneth day and night
For him had not yet drawn the distaff off,
Which Clotho lays for each one and compacts,



Statius released from suffering meets Dante and Virgil

His soul, which is thy sister and my own,
In coming upwards could not come alone,
By reason that it sees not in our fashion.
Whence I was drawn from out the ample throat
Of Hell to be his guide, and I shall guide him
As far on as my school hath power to lead.
But tell us, if thou knowest, why such a shudder
Erewhile the mountain gave, and why together
All seemed to cry, as far as its moist feet?"
In asking he so hit the very eye
Of my desire, that merely with the hope
My thirst became the less unsatisfied.
"Naught is there," he began, "that without order
May the religion of the mountain feel,
Nor aught that may be foreign to its custom.
Free is it here from every permutation;
What from itself heaven into itself receiveth
Can be of this the cause, and naught beside;
Because that neither rain, nor hail, nor snow,
Nor dew, nor hoar-frost any higher falls
Than the short, little stairway of three steps.
Dense clouds do not appear, nor rarefied,
Nor coruscation, nor the daughter of Thaumas,
That often upon earth her region shifts;
No arid vapor any farther rises
Than to the top of the three steps I spake of,
Whereon the Vicar of Peter hath his feet.
Lower down perchance it trembles less or more,
But, for the wind that in the earth is hidden
I know not how, up here it never trembled.

Line 33. As far on as my school has power to lead.
Line 54. Whereon the Vicar of Peter has his feet.

It trembles here, whenever any soul
Feels itself pure, so that it soars, or moves
To mount aloft, and such a cry attends it.
Of purity the will alone gives proof,
Which, being wholly free to change its convent,
Takes by surprise the soul, and helps it fly.
First it wills well; but the desire permits not,
Which divine justice with the selfsame will
There was to sin, upon the torment sets.
And I, who have been lying in this pain
Five hundred years and more, but just now felt
A free volition for a better seat.
Therefore thou heardst the earthquake, and the pious
Spirits along the mountain rendering praise
Unto the Lord, that soon he speed them upwards."
So said he to him; and since we enjoy
As much in drinking as the thirst is great,
I could not say how much it did me good.
And the wise Leader: "Now I see the net
That snares you here, and how ye are set free,
Why the earth quakes, and wherefore ye rejoice.
Now who thou wast be pleased that I may know;
And why so many centuries thou hast here
Been lying, let me gather from thy words."
"In days when the good Titus, with the aid
Of the supremest King, avenged the wounds
Whence issued forth the blood by Judas sold,
Under the name that most endures and honors,
Was I on earth," that spirit made reply,
"Greatly renowned, but not with faith as yet.
My vocal spirit was so sweet, that Rome
Me, a Thoulousian, drew unto herself,

Where I deserved to deck my brows with myrtle.
Statius the people name me still on earth;
I sang of Thebes, and then of great Achilles;
But on the way fell with my second burden.
The seeds unto my ardor were the sparks
Of that celestial flame which heated me,
Whereby more than a thousand have been fired;
Of the Æneid speak I, which to me
A mother was, and was my nurse in song;
Without this weighed I not a drachma's weight.
And to have lived upon the earth what time
Virgilius lived, I would accept one sun
More than I must, ere issuing from my ban."
These words towards me made Virgilius turn
With looks that in their silence said, "Be silent!"
But yet the power that wills cannot do all things;
For tears and laughter are such pursuivants
Unto the passion from which each springs forth,
In the most truthful least the will they follow.
I only smiled, as one who gives the wink;
Whereat the shade was silent, and it gazed
Into mine eyes, where most expression dwells;
And, "As thou well mayst consummate a labor
So great," it said, "why did thy face just now
Display to me the lightning of a smile?"
Now am I caught on this side and on that;
One keeps me silent, one to speak conjures me,
Wherefore I sigh, and I am understood.
"Speak," said my Master, "and be not afraid
Of speaking, but speak out, and say to him
What he demands with such solicitude."
Whence I: "Thou peradventure marvellest,

O antique spirit, at the smile I gave;
But I will have more wonder seize upon thee.
This one, who guides on high these eyes of mine,
Is that Virgilius, from whom thou didst learn
To sing aloud of men and of the Gods.
If other cause thou to my smile imputedst,
Abandon it as false, and trust it was
Those words which thou hast spoken concerning him."
Already he was stooping to embrace
My Teacher's feet; but he said to him: "Brother,
Do not; for shade thou art, and shade beholdest."
And he uprising: "Now canst thou the sum
Of love which warms me to thee comprehend,
When this our vanity I disremember,
Treating a shadow as substantial thing."

CANTO XXII

Already was the Angel left behind us,
The Angel who to the sixth round had turned us,
Having erased one mark from off my face;
And those who have in justice their desire
Had said to us, "*Beati*," in their voices,
With "*sitio*," and without more ended it.
And I, more light than through the other passes,
Went onward so, that without any labor
I followed upward the swift-footed spirits;
When thus Virgilius began: "The love
Kindled by virtue aye another kindles,
Provided outwardly its flame appear.
Hence from the hour that Juvenal descended
Among us into the infernal Limbo,
Who made apparent to me thy affection,
My kindliness towards thee was as great
As ever bound one to an unseen person,
So that these stairs will now seem short to me.
But tell me, and forgive me as a friend,
If too great confidence let loose the rein,
And as a friend now hold discourse with me;
How was it possible within thy breast
For avarice to find place, 'mid so much wisdom
As thou wast filled with by thy diligence?"
These words excited Statius at first
Somewhat to laughter; afterward he answered:
"Each word of thine is love's dear sign to me.

Verily oftentimes do things appear
Which give fallacious matter to our doubts,
Instead of the true causes which are hidden!
Thy question shows me thy belief to be
That I was niggard in the other life,
It may be from the circle where I was;
Therefore know thou, that avarice was removed
Too far from me; and this extravagance
Thousands of lunar periods have punished.
And were it not that I my thoughts uplifted,
When I the passage heard where thou exclaimest,
As if indignant, unto human nature,
'To what impellest thou not, O cursed hunger
Of gold, the appetite of mortal men?'
Revolving I should feel the dismal joustings.
Then I perceived the hands could spread too wide
Their wings in spending, and repented me
As well of that as of my other sins;
How many with shorn hair shall rise again
Because of ignorance, which from this sin
Cuts off repentance living and in death!
And know that the transgression which rebuts
By direct opposition any sin
Together with it here its verdure dries.
Therefore if I have been among that folk
Which mourns its avarice, to purify me,
For its opposite hath this befallen me."
"Now when thou sangest the relentless arms
Of the twofold affliction of Jocasta,"
The singer of the Songs Bucolic said,

Line 54. For its opposite has this befallen me."
Line 55. "Now when thou sangest the relentless weapons

" From that which Clio there with thee preludes,
It doth not seem that yet had made thee faithful
That faith without which no good works suffice.
If this be so, what candles or what sun
Scattered thy darkness so that thou didst trim
Thy sails behind the Fisherman thereafter ? "
And he to him: " Thou first directedst me
Towards Parnassus, in its grots to drink,
And first concerning God didst me enlighten.
Thou didst as he who walketh in the night,
Who bears his light behind, which helps him not,
But maketh wise the persons after him,
When thou didst say: ' The age renews itself,
Justice returns, and man's primeval time,
And a new progeny descends from heaven.'
Through thee I Poet was, through thee a Christian;
But that thou better see what I design,
To color it will I extend my hand.
Already was the world in every part
Pregnant with the true creed, disseminated
By messengers of the eternal kingdom;
And thy assertion, spoken of above,
With the new preachers was in unison;
Whence I to visit them the custom took.
Then they became so holy in my sight,
That, when Domitian persecuted them,
Not without tears of mine were their laments;
And all the while that I on earth remained,
Them I befriended, and their upright customs
Made me disparage all the other sects.
And ere I led the Greeks unto the rivers
Of Thebes, in poetry, I was baptized,

But out of fear was covertly a Christian,
For a long time professing paganism;
And this lukewarmness caused me the fourth circle
To circuit round more than four centuries.
Thou, therefore, who hast raised the covering
That hid from me the good of which I speak,
While in ascending we have time to spare,
Tell me, in what place is our friend Terentius,
Cæcilius, Plautus, Varro, if thou knowest;
Tell me if they are damned, and in what alley."
"These, Persius and myself, and others many,"
Replied my Leader, "with that Grecian are
Whom more than all the rest the Muses suckled,
In the first circle of the prison blind;
Ofttimes we of the mountain hold discourse
Which hath our nurses ever with itself.
Euripides is with us, Antiphon,
Simonides, Agatho, and many other
Greeks who of old their brows with laurel decked.
There some of thine own people may be seen,
Antigone, Deiphile and Argìa,
And there Ismene mournful as of old.
There she is seen who pointed out Langìa;
There is Tiresias' daughter, and there Thetis,
And there Deidamia with her sisters."
Silent already were the poets both,
Attent once more in looking round about,
From the ascent and from the walls released;
And four handmaidens of the day already
Were left behind, and at the pole the fifth

Line 95. They hid from me whatever good I speak of,
Line 105. Which has our nurses ever with itself.

Was pointing upward still its burning horn,
What time my Guide: "I think that tow'rds the edge
Our dexter shoulders it behoves us turn,
Circling the mount as we are wont to do."
Thus in that region custom was our guide;
And we resumed our way with less suspicion
For the assenting of that worthy soul.
They in advance went on, and I alone
Behind them, and I listened to their speech,
Which gave me lessons in the art of song.
But soon their sweet discourses interrupted
A tree which midway in the road we found,
With apples sweet and grateful to the smell.
And even as a fir-tree tapers upward
From bough to bough, so downwardly did that;
I think in order that no one might climb it.
On that side where our pathway was enclosed,
Fell from the lofty rock a limpid water,
And spread itself abroad upon the leaves.
The Poets twain unto the tree drew near,
And from among the foliage a voice
Cried: "Of this food ye shall have scarcity."
Then said: "More thoughtful Mary was of making
The marriage feast complete and honorable,
Than of her mouth which now for you responds;
And for their drink the ancient Roman women
With water were content; and Daniel
Disparaged food, and understanding won.
The primal age was beautiful as gold;
Acorns it made with hunger savorous,
And nectar every rivulet with thirst.

Line 124. Thus in that region custom was our ensign;

Honey and locusts were the aliments
That fed the Baptist in the wilderness;
Whence he is glorious, and so magnified
As by the Evangel is revealed to you."

CANTO XXIII

THE while among the verdant leaves mine eyes
I riveted, as he is wont to do
Who wastes his life pursuing little birds,
My more than Father said unto me: "Son,
Come now; because the time that is ordained us
More usefully should be apportioned out."
I turned my face and no less soon my steps
Unto the Sages, who were speaking so
They made the going of no cost to me;
And lo! were heard a song and a lament,
"*Labia mea, Domine*," in fashion
Such that delight and dolence it brought forth.
"O my sweet Father, what is this I hear?"
Began I; and he answered: "Shades that go
Perhaps the knot unloosing of their debt."
In the same way that thoughtful pilgrims do,
Who, unknown people on the road o'ertaking,
Turn themselves round to them, and do not stop,
Even thus, behind us with a swifter motion
Coming and passing onward, gazed upon us
A crowd of spirits silent and devout.
Each in his eyes was dark and cavernous,
Pallid in face, and so emaciate
That from the bones the skin did shape itself.
I do not think that so to merest rind
Could Erisichthon have been withered up
By famine, when most fear he had of it.

Thinking within myself I said: "Behold,
This is the folk who lost Jerusalem,
When Mary made a prey of her own son."
Their sockets were like rings without the gems;
Whoever in the face of men reads *omo*
Might well in these have recognized the *m*.
Who would believe the odor of an apple,
Begetting longing, could consume them so,
And that of water, without knowing how?
I still was wondering what so famished them,
For the occasion not yet manifest
Of their emaciation and sad squalor;
And lo! from out the hollow of his head
His eyes a shade turned on me, and looked keenly;
Then cried aloud: "What grace to me is this?"
Never should I have known him by his look;
But in his voice was evident to me
That which his aspect had suppressed within it.
This spark within me wholly reënkindled
My recognition of his altered face,
And I recalled the features of Forese.
"Ah, do not look at this dry leprosy,"
Entreated he, "which doth my skin discolor,
Nor at default of flesh that I may have;
But tell me truth of thee, and who are those
Two souls, that yonder make for thee an escort;
Do not delay in speaking unto me."
"That face of thine, which dead I once bewept,
Gives me for weeping now no lesser grief,"
I answered him, "beholding it so changed!
But tell me, for God's sake, what thus denudes you?

Make me not speak while I am marvelling,
For ill speaks he who 's full of other longings."
And he to me: "From the eternal council
Falls power into the water and the tree
Behind us left, whereby I grow so thin.
All of this people who lamenting sing,
For following beyond measure appetite
In hunger and thirst are here resanctified.
Desire to eat and drink enkindles in us
The scent that issues from the apple-tree,
And from the spray that sprinkles o'er the verdure;
And not a single time alone, this ground
Encompassing, becomes refreshed our pain,—
I say our pain, and ought to say our solace,—
For the same wish doth lead us to the tree
Which led the Christ rejoicing to say *Eli*,
When with his veins he liberated us."
And I to him: "Forese, from that day
When for a better life thou changedst worlds,
Up to this time five years have not rolled round.
If sooner were the power exhausted in thee
Of sinning more, than thee the hour surprised
Of that good sorrow which to God reweds us,
How hast thou come up hitherward already?
I thought to find thee down there underneath,
Where time for time doth restitution make."
And he to me: "Thus speedily hath led me
To drink of the sweet wormwood of these torments,
My Nella with her overflowing tears;
She with her prayers devout and with her sighs

Line 71. Encircling, is renewed our pain, —
Line 85. And he to me: "Thus speedily has led me

Hath drawn me from the coast where one awaits,
And from the other circles set me free.
So much more dear and pleasing is to God
My little widow, whom so much I loved,
As in good works she is the more alone;
For the Barbagia of Sardinia
By far more modest in its women is
Than the Barbagia I have left her in.
O brother sweet, what wilt thou have me say?
A future time is in my sight already,
To which this hour will not be very old,
When from the pulpit shall be interdicted
To the unblushing womankind of Florence
To go about displaying breast and paps.
What savages were e'er, what Saracens,
Who stood in need, to make them covered go,
Of spiritual or other discipline?
But if the shameless women were assured
Of what swift Heaven prepares for them, already
Wide open would they have their mouths to howl;
For if my foresight here deceive me not,
They shall be sad ere he has bearded cheeks
Who now is hushed to sleep with lullaby.
O brother, now no longer hide thee from me;
See that not only I, but all these people
Are gazing there, where thou dost veil the sun."
Whence I to him: "If thou bring back to mind
What thou with me hast been and I with thee,
The present memory will be grievous still.
Out of that life he turned me back who goes
In front of me, two days agone when round

Line 89. Has drawn me from the coast where one awaits,

The sister of him yonder showed herself,"
And to the sun I pointed. " Through the deep
Night of the truly dead has this one led me,
With this true flesh, that follows after him.
Thence his encouragements have led me up,
Ascending and still circling round the mount
That you doth straighten, whom the world made crooked.
He says that he will bear me company,
Till I shall be where Beatrice will be ;
There it behoves me to remain without him.
This is Virgilius, who thus saith to me,"
And him I pointed at ; " the other is
That shade for whom just now shook every slope
Your realm, that from itself discharges him."

Line 130. This is Virgilius, who thus says to me,"

CANTO XXIV

Nor speech the going, nor the going that
Slackened; but talking we went bravely on,
Even as a vessel urged by a good wind.
And shadows, that appeared things doubly dead,
From out the sepulchres of their eyes betrayed
Wonder at me, aware that I was living.
And I, continuing my colloquy,
Said: "Peradventure he goes up more slowly
Than he would do, for other people's sake.
But tell me, if thou knowest, where is Piccarda;
Tell me if any one of note I see
Among this folk that gazes at me so."
"My sister, who, 'twixt beautiful and good,
I know not which was more, triumphs rejoicing
Already in her crown on high Olympus."
So said he first, and then: "'T is not forbidden
To name each other here, so milked away
Is our resemblance by our dieting.
This," pointing with his finger, "is Buonagiunta,
Buonagiunta of Lucca; and that face
Beyond him there, more peaked than the others,
Has held the holy Church within his arms;
From Tours was he, and purgeth by his fasting
Bolsena's eels and the Vernaccia wine."
He named me many others one by one;
And all contented seemed at being named,

Line 23. From Tours was he, and purges by his fasting

So that for this I saw not one dark look.
I saw for hunger bite the empty air
. Ubaldin dalla Pila, and Boniface,
Who with his crook had pastured many people.
I saw Messer Marchese, who had leisure
Once at Forlì for drinking with less dryness,
And he was one who ne'er felt satisfied.
But as he does who scans, and then doth prize
One more than others, did I him of Lucca,
Who seemed to take most cognizance of me.
He murmured, and I know not what Gentucca
From that place heard I, where he felt the wound
Of justice, that doth macerate them so.
"O soul," I said, "that seemest so desirous
To speak with me, do so that I may hear thee,
And with thy speech appease thyself and me."
"A maid is born, and wears not yet the veil,"
Began he, "who to thee shall pleasant make
My city, howsoever men may blame it.
Thou shalt go on thy way with this prevision;
If by my murmuring thou hast been deceived,
True things hereafter will declare it to thee.
But say if him I here behold, who forth
Evoked the new-invented rhymes, beginning,
Ladies, that have intelligence of love?"
And I to him: "One am I, who, whenever
Love doth inspire me, note, and in that measure
Which he within me dictates, singing go."
"O brother, now I see," he said, "the knot
Which me, the Notary, and Guittone held
Short of the sweet new style that now I hear.
I do perceive full clearly how your pens

Go closely following after him who dictates,
Which with our own forsooth came not to pass;
And he who sets himself to go beyond,
No difference sees from one style to another;"
And as if satisfied, he held his peace.
Even as the birds, that winter tow'rds the Nile,
Sometimes into a phalanx form themselves,
Then fly in greater haste, and go in file;
In such wise all the people who were there,
Turning their faces, hurried on their steps,
Both by their leanness and their wishes light.
And as a man, who weary is with trotting,
Lets his companions onward go, and walks,
Until he vents the panting of his chest;
So did Forese let the holy flock
Pass by, and came with me behind it, saying,
"When will it be that I again shall see thee?"
"How long," I answered, "I may live, I know not;
Yet my return will not so speedy be,
But I shall sooner in desire arrive;
Because the place where I was set to live
From day to day of good is more depleted,
And unto dismal ruin seems ordained."
"Now go," he said, "for him most guilty of it
At a beast's tail behold I dragged along
Towards the valley where is no repentance.
Faster at every step the beast is going,
Increasing evermore until it smites him,
And leaves the body vilely mutilated.
Not long those wheels shall turn," and he uplifted
His eyes to heaven, "ere shall be clear to thee

That which my speech no farther can declare.
Now stay behind; because the time so precious
Is in this kingdom, that I lose too much
By coming onward thus abreast with thee."
As sometimes issues forth upon a gallop
A cavalier from out a troop that ride,
And seeks the honor of the first encounter,
So he with greater strides departed from us;
And on the road remained I with those two,
Who were such mighty marshals of the world.
And when before us he had gone so far
Mine eyes became to him such pursuivants
As was my understanding to his words,
Appeared to me with laden and living boughs
Another apple-tree, and not far distant,
From having but just then turned thitherward.
People I saw beneath it lift their hands,
And cry I know not what towards the leaves,
Like little children eager and deluded,
Who pray, and he they pray to doth not answer,
But, to make very keen their appetite,
Holds their desire aloft, and hides it not.
Then they departed as if undeceived;
And now we came unto the mighty tree
Which prayers and tears so manifold refuses.
"Pass farther onward without drawing near;
The tree of which Eve ate is higher up,
And out of that one has this tree been raised."
Thus said I know not who among the branches;
Whereat Virgilius, Statius, and myself
Went crowding forward on the side that rises.
"Be mindful," said he, "of the accursed ones

Formed of the cloud-rack, who inebriate
Combated Theseus with their double breasts;
And of the Jews who showed them soft in drinking,
Whence Gideon would not have them for companions,
When he tow'rds Midian the hills descended."
Thus, closely pressed to one of the two borders,
On passed we, hearing sins of gluttony,
Followed forsooth by miserable gains;
Then set at large upon the lonely road,
A thousand steps and more we onward went,
In contemplation, each without a word.
"What go ye thinking thus, ye three alone?"
Said suddenly a voice, whereat I started
As terrified and timid beasts are wont.
I raised my head to see who this might be,
And never in a furnace was there seen
Metals or glass so lucent and so red
As one I saw who said: "If it may please you
To mount aloft, here it behoves you turn;
This way goes he who goeth after peace."
His aspect had bereft me of my sight,
So that I turned me back unto my Teachers,
Like one who goeth as his hearing guides him.
And as, the harbinger of early dawn,
The air of May doth move and breathe out fragrance,
Impregnate all with herbage and with flowers,
So did I feel a breeze strike in the midst
My front, and felt the moving of the plumes
That breathed around an odor of ambrosia;

And heard it said: "Blessed are they whom grace
So much illumines, that the love of taste
Excites not in their breasts too great desire,
Hungering at all times so far as is just."

CANTO XXV

Now was it the ascent no hindrance brooked,
Because the sun had his meridian circle
To Taurus left, and night to Scorpio;
Wherefore as doth a man who tarries not,
But goes his way, whate'er to him appear,
If of necessity the sting transfix him,
In this wise did we enter through the gap,
Taking the stairway, one before the other,
Which by its narrowness divides the climbers.
And as the little stork that lifts its wing
With a desire to fly, and doth not venture
To leave the nest, and lets it downward droop,
Even such was I, with the desire of asking
Kindled and quenched, unto the motion coming
He makes who doth address himself to speak.
Not for our pace, though rapid it might be,
My Father sweet forbore, but said: "Let fly
The bow of speech thou to the barb hast drawn."
With confidence I opened then my mouth,
And I began: "How can one meagre grow
There where the need of nutriment applies not?"
"If thou wouldst call to mind how Meleager
Was wasted by the wasting of a brand,
This would not," said he, "be to thee so sour;
And wouldst thou think how at each tremulous motion
Trembles within a mirror your own image;

Line 11. With a desire to fly, and does not venture

That which seems hard would mellow seem to thee.
But that thou mayst content thee in thy wish
Lo Statius here; and him I call and pray
He now will be the healer of thy wounds."
"If I unfold to him the eternal vengeance,"
Responded Statius, "where thou present art,
Be my excuse that I can naught deny thee."
Then he began: "Son, if these words of mine
Thy mind doth contemplate and doth receive,
They 'll be thy light unto the How thou sayest.
The perfect blood, which never is drunk up
Into the thirsty veins, and which remaineth
Like food that from the table thou removest,
Takes in the heart for all the human members
Virtue informative, as being that
Which to be changed to them goes through the veins.
Again digest, descends it where 't is better
Silent to be than say; and then drops thence
Upon another's blood in natural vase.
There one together with the other mingles,
One to be passive meant, the other active
By reason of the perfect place it springs from;
And being conjoined, begins to operate,
Coagulating first, then vivifying
What for its matter it had made consistent.
The active virtue, being made a soul
As of a plant (in so far different,
This on the way is, that arrived already),
Then works so much, that now it moves and feels
Like a sea-fungus, and then undertakes
To organize the powers whose seed it is.
Now, Son, dilates and now distends itself

The virtue from the generator's heart,
Where nature is intent on all the members.
But how from animal it man becomes
Thou dost not see as yet; this is a point
Which made a wiser man than thou once err
So far, that in his doctrine separate
He made the soul from possible intellect,
For he no organ saw by this assumed.
Open thy breast unto the truth that 's coming,
And know that, just as soon as in the fœtus
The articulation of the brain is perfect,
The primal Motor turns to it well pleased
At so great art of nature, and inspires
A spirit new with virtue all replete,
Which what it finds there active doth attract
Into its substance, and becomes one soul,
Which lives, and feels, and on itself revolves.
And that thou less may wonder at my word,
Behold the sun's heat, which becometh wine,
Joined to the juice that from the vine distils.
Whenever Lachesis hath no more thread,
It separates from the flesh, and virtually
Bears with itself the human and divine;
The other faculties are voiceless all;
The memory, the intelligence, and the will
In action far more vigorous than before.
Without a pause it falleth of itself
In marvellous way on one shore or the other;
There of its roads it first is cognizant.
Soon as the place there circumscribeth it,
The virtue informative rays round about,
As, and as much as, in the living members.

And even as the air, when full of rain,
By alien rays that are therein reflected,
With divers colors shows itself adorned,
So there the neighboring air doth shape itself
Into that form which doth impress upon it
Virtually the soul that has stood still.
And then in manner of the little flame,
Which followeth the fire where'er it shifts,
After the spirit followeth its new form.
Since afterwards it takes from this its semblance,
It is called shade; and thence it organizes
Thereafter every sense, even to the sight.
Thence is it that we speak, and thence we laugh;
Thence is it that we form the tears and sighs,
That on the mountain thou mayhap hast heard.
According as impress us our desires
And other affections, so the shade is shaped,
And this is cause of what thou wonderest at."
And now unto the last of all the circles
Had we arrived, and to the right hand turned,
And were attentive to another care.
There the embankment shoots forth flames of fire,
And upward doth the cornice breathe a blast
That drives them back, and from itself sequesters.
Hence we must needs go on the open side,
And one by one; and I did fear the fire
On this side, and on that the falling down.
My Leader said: "Along this place one ought
To keep upon the eyes a tightened rein,
Seeing that one so easily might err."
"*Summae Deus clementiae*," in the bosom
Of the great burning chanted then I heard,

Which made me no less eager to turn round;
And spirits saw I walking through the flame;
Wherefore I looked, to my own steps and theirs
Apportioning my sight from time to time.
After the close which to that hymn is made,
Aloud they shouted, "*Virum non cognosco;*"
Then recommenced the hymn with voices low.
This also ended, cried they: "To the wood
Diana ran, and drove forth Helice
Therefrom, who had of Venus felt the poison."
Then to their song returned they; then the wives
They shouted, and the husbands who were chaste,
As virtue and the marriage vow imposes.
And I believe that them this mode sufficeth,
For all the time the fire is burning them;
With such care is it needful, and such food,
That the last wound of all should be closed up.

Line 136. And I believe that them this mode suffices,

CANTO XXVI

While on the brink thus one before the other
We went upon our way, oft the good Master
Said: "Take thou heed! suffice it that I warn
thee."
On the right shoulder smote me now the sun,
That, raying out, already the whole west
Changed from its azure aspect into white.
And with my shadow did I make the flame
Appear more red; and even to such a sign
Shades saw I many, as they went, give heed.
This was the cause that gave them a beginning
To speak of me; and to themselves began they
To say: "That seems not a factitious body!"
Then towards me, as far as they could come,
Came certain of them, always with regard
Not to step forth where they would not be burned.
"O thou who goest, not from being slower
But reverent perhaps, behind the others,
Answer me, who in thirst and fire am burning.
Nor to me only is thine answer needful;
For all of these have greater thirst for it
Than for cold water Ethiop or Indian.
Tell us how is it that thou makest thyself
A wall unto the sun, as if thou hadst not
Entered as yet into the net of death."
Thus one of them addressed me, and I straight
Should have revealed myself, were I not bent

On other novelty that then appeared.
For through the middle of the burning road
There came a people face to face with these,
Which held me in suspense with gazing at them.
There see I hastening upon either side
Each of the shades, and kissing one another
Without a pause, content with brief salute.
Thus in the middle of their brown battalions
Muzzle to muzzle one ant meets another
Perchance to spy their journey or their fortune.
No sooner is the friendly greeting ended,
Or ever the first footstep passeth onward,
Each one endeavors to outcry the other;
The new-come people: "Sodom and Gomorrah!"
The rest: "Into the cow Pasiphae enters,
So that the bull unto her lust may run!"
Then as the cranes, that to Riphæan mountains
Might fly in part, and part towards the sands,
These of the frost, those of the sun avoidant,
One folk is going, and the other coming,
And weeping they return to their first songs,
And to the cry that most befitteth them;
And close to me approached, even as before,
The very same who had entreated me,
Attent to listen in their countenance.
I, who their inclination twice had seen,
Began: "O souls secure in the possession,
Whene'er it may be, of a state of peace,
Neither unripe nor ripened have remained
My members upon earth, but here are with me
With their own blood and their articulations.

Line 38. Or ever the first footstep passes onward,

I go up here to be no longer blind;
A Lady is above, who wins this grace,
Whereby the mortal through your world I bring.
But as your greatest longing satisfied
May soon become, so that the Heaven may house you,
Which full of love is, and most amply spreads,
Tell me, that I again in books may write it,
Who are you, and what is that multitude
Which goes upon its way behind your backs?"
Not otherwise with wonder is bewildered
The mountaineer, and staring round is dumb,
When rough and rustic to the town he goes,
Than every shade became in its appearance;
But when they of their stupor were disburdened,
Which in high hearts is quickly quieted,
"Blessed be thou, who of our border-lands,"
He recommenced who first had questioned us,
"Experience freightest for a better life.
The folk that comes not with us have offended
In that for which once Cæsar, triumphing,
Heard himself called in contumely, 'Queen.'
Therefore they separate, exclaiming, 'Sodom!'
Themselves reproving, even as thou hast heard,
And add unto their burning by their shame.
Our own transgression was hermaphrodite;
But because we observed not human law,
Following like unto beasts our appetite,
In our opprobrium by us is read,
When we part company, the name of her
Who bestialized herself in bestial wood.
Now knowest thou our acts, and what our crime was;

Wouldst thou perchance by name know who we
are,
There is not time to tell, nor could I do it.
Thy wish to know me shall in sooth be granted;
I 'm Guido Guinicelli, and now purge me,
Having repented ere the hour extreme."
The same that in the sadness of Lycurgus
Two sons became, their mother re-beholding,
Such I became, but rise not to such height,
The moment I heard name himself the father
Of me and of my betters, who had ever
Practised the sweet and gracious rhymes of love;
And without speech and hearing thoughtfully
For a long time I went, beholding him,
Nor for the fire did I approach him nearer.
When I was fed with looking, utterly
Myself I offered ready for his service,
With affirmation that compels belief.
And he to me: "Thou leavest footprints such
In me, from what I hear, and so distinct,
Lethe cannot efface them, nor make dim.
But if thy words just now the truth have sworn,
Tell me what is the cause why thou displayest
In word and look that dear thou holdest me?"
And I to him: "Those dulcet lays of yours
Which, long as shall endure our modern fash-
ion,
Shall make forever dear their very ink!"
"O brother," said he, "he whom I point out,"
And here he pointed at a spirit in front,
"Was of the mother tongue a better smith.
Verses of love and proses of romance,

He mastered all; and let the foolish talk,
Who think the Lemosin surpasseth him.
To clamor more than truth they turn their faces,
And in this way establish their opinion,
Ere art or reason hath by them been heard.
Thus many ancients with Guittone did,
From cry to cry still giving him applause,
Until the truth has conquered with most persons.
Now, if thou hast such ample privilege
'T is granted thee to go unto the cloister
Wherein is Christ the abbot of the college,
To him repeat for me a Paternoster,
So far as needful to us of this world,
Where power of sinning is no longer ours."
Then, to give place perchance to one behind,
Whom he had near, he vanished in the fire
As fish in water going to the bottom.
I moved a little tow'rds him pointed out,
And said that to his name my own desire
And honorable place was making ready.
He of his own accord began to say:
Tan m' abellis vostre cortes deman,
Que jeu nom' puesc ni vueill a vos cobrire;
Jeu sui Arnaut, que plor e vai chantan;
Consiros vei la passada folor,
E vei jauzen lo jorn qu' esper denan.
Ara vus prec per aquella valor

Line 119. He mastered all; and let the idiots talk,
Line 120. Who think the Lemosin surpasses him.
Line 123. Ere art or reason has by them been heard.
Line 139. He of his own free will began to say:

Que vus condus al som de la scalina,
Sovenga vus a temprar ma dolor.[1]
Then hid him in the fire that purifies them.

[1] So pleases me your courteous demand,
I cannot and I will not hide me from you.
I am Arnaut, who weep and singing go ;
Contrite I see the folly of the past,
And joyous see the hoped-for day before me.
Therefore do I implore you, by that power
Which guides you to the summit of the stairs,
Be mindful to assuage my suffering!

CANTO XXVII

As when he vibrates forth his earliest rays,
In regions where his Maker shed his blood
(The Ebro falling under lofty Libra,
And waters in the Ganges burnt with noon),
So stood the Sun; hence was the day departing,
When the glad Angel of God appeared to us.
Outside the flame he stood upon the verge,
And chanted forth, "*Beati mundo corde*,"
In voice by far more living than our own.
Then: "No one farther goes, souls sanctified,
If first the fire bite not; within it enter,
And be not deaf unto the song beyond."
When we were close beside him thus he said;
Wherefore e'en such became I, when I heard him,
As he is who is put into the grave.
Upon my claspëd hands I straightened me,
Scanning the fire, and vividly recalling
The human bodies I had once seen burned.
Towards me turned themselves my good Conductors,
And unto me Virgilius said: "My son,
Here may indeed be torment, but not death.
Remember thee, remember! and if I
On Geryon have safely guided thee,
What shall I do now I am nearer God?
Believe for certain, shouldst thou stand a full
Millennium in the bosom of this flame,
It could not make thee bald a single hair.

And if perchance thou think that I deceive thee,
Draw near to it, and put it to the proof
With thine own hands upon thy garment's hem.
Now lay aside, now lay aside all fear,
Turn hitherward, and onward come securely;"
And I still motionless, and 'gainst my conscience!
Seeing me stand still motionless and stubborn,
Somewhat disturbed he said: "Now look thou, Son,
'Twixt Beatrice and thee there is this wall."
As at the name of Thisbe oped his lids
The dying Pyramus, and gazed upon her,
What time the mulberry became vermilion,
Even thus, my obduracy being softened,
I turned to my wise Guide, hearing the name
That in my memory evermore is welling.
Whereat he wagged his head, and said: "How now?
Shall we stay on this side?" then smiled as one
Doth at a child who 's vanquished by an apple.
Then into the fire in front of me he entered,
Beseeching Statius to come after me,
Who a long way before divided us.
When I was in it, into molten glass
I would have cast me to refresh myself,
So without measure was the burning there!
And my sweet Father, to encourage me,
Discoursing still of Beatrice went on,
Saying: "Her eyes I seem to see already!"
A voice, that on the other side was singing,
Directed us, and we, attent alone
On that, came forth where the ascent began.
"*Venite, benedicti Patris mei*,"

Sounded within a splendor, which was there
Such it o'ercame me, and I could not look.
"The sun departs," it added, "and night cometh;
Tarry ye not, but onward urge your steps,
So long as yet the west becomes not dark."
Straight forward through the rock the path ascended
In such a way that I cut off the rays
Before me of the sun, that now was low.
And of few stairs we yet had made assay,
Ere by the vanished shadow the sun's setting
Behind us we perceived, I and my Sages.
And ere in all its parts immeasurable
The horizon of one aspect had become,
And Night her boundless dispensation held,
Each of us of a stair had made his bed;
Because the nature of the mount took from us
The power of climbing, more than the delight.
Even as in ruminating passive grow
The goats, who have been swift and venturesome
Upon the mountain-tops ere they were fed,
Hushed in the shadow, while the sun is hot,
Watched by the herdsman, who upon his staff
Is leaning, and in leaning tendeth them;
And as the shepherd, lodging out of doors,
Passes the night beside his quiet flock,
Watching that no wild beast may scatter it,
Such at that hour were we, all three of us,
I like the goat, and like the herdsmen they,
Begirt on this side and on that by rocks.
Little could there be seen of things without;
But through that little I beheld the stars
More luminous and larger than their wont.

Thus ruminating, and beholding these,
Sleep seized upon me, — sleep, that oftentimes
Before a deed is done hath tidings of it.
It was the hour, I think, when from the East
First on the mountain Citherea beamed,
Who with the fire of love seems always burning;
Youthful and beautiful in dreams methought
I saw a lady walking in the meadow,
Gathering flowers; and singing she was saying:
"Know whosoever may my name demand
That I am Leah, and go moving round
My beauteous hands to make myself a garland.
To please me at the mirror, here I deck me,
But never doth my sister Rachel leave
Her looking-glass, and sitteth all day long.
To see her beauteous eyes as eager is she,
As I am to adorn me with my hands;
Her, seeing, and me, doing satisfies."
And now before the antelucan splendors
That unto pilgrims the more grateful rise,
As, home-returning, less remote they lodge,
The darkness fled away on every side,
And slumber with it; whereupon I rose,
Seeing already the great Masters risen.
"That apple sweet, which through so many branches
The care of mortals goeth in pursuit of,
To-day shall put in peace thy hungerings."
Speaking to me, Virgilius of such words
As these made use; and never were there gifts
That could in pleasantness compare with these.

Line 93. Before a deed is done has tidings of it.
Line 119. As these made use; and never were there guerdons

Such longing upon longing came upon me
To be above, that at each step thereafter
For flight I felt in me the pinions growing.
When underneath us was the stairway all
Run o'er, and we were on the highest step,
Virgilius fastened upon me his eyes,
And said: "The temporal fire and the eternal,
Son, thou hast seen, and to a place art come
Where of myself no farther I discern.
By intellect and art I here have brought thee;
Take thine own pleasure for thy guide henceforth;
Beyond the steep ways and the narrow art thou.
Behold the sun, that shines upon thy forehead;
Behold the grass, the flowerets, and the shrubs
Which of itself alone this land produces.
Until rejoicing come the beauteous eyes
Which weeping caused me to come unto thee,
Thou canst sit down, and thou canst walk among them.
Expect no more or word or sign from me;
Free and upright and sound is thy free-will,
And error were it not to do its bidding;
Thee o'er thyself I therefore crown and mitre!"

CANTO XXVIII

Eager already to search in and round
The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,
Which tempered to the eyes the new-born day,
Withouten more delay I left the bank,
Taking the level country slowly, slowly
Over the soil that everywhere breathes fragrance.
A softly-breathing air, that no mutation
Had in itself upon the forehead smote me
No heavier blow than of a gentle wind,
Whereat the branches, lightly tremulous,
Did all of them bow downward toward that side
Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain;
Yet not from their upright direction swayed,
So that the little birds upon their tops
Should leave the practice of each art of theirs;
But with full ravishment the hours of prime,
Singing, received they in the midst of leaves,
That ever bore a burden to their rhymes,
Such as from branch to branch goes gathering on
Through the pine forest on the shore of Chiassi,
When Eolus unlooses the Sirocco.
Already my slow steps had carried me
Into the ancient wood so far, that I
Could not perceive where I had entered it.
And lo! my further course a stream cut off,
Which tow'rd the left hand with its little waves

Bent down the grass that on its margin grew.
All waters that on earth most limpid are
Would seem to have within themselves some mixture
Compared with that which nothing doth conceal,
Although it moves on with a brown, brown current
Under the shade perpetual, that never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.
With feet I stayed, and with mine eyes I passed
Beyond the rivulet, to look upon
The great variety of the fresh may.
And there appeared to me (even as appears
Suddenly something that doth turn aside
Through very wonder every other thought)
A lady all alone, who went along
Singing and culling floweret after floweret,
With which her pathway was all painted over.
"Ah, beauteous lady, who in rays of love
Dost warm thyself, if I may trust to looks,
Which the heart's witnesses are wont to be,
May the desire come unto thee to draw
Near to this river's bank," I said to her,
"So much that I may hear what thou art singing.
Thou makest me remember where and what
Proserpina that moment was when lost
Her mother her, and she herself the Spring."
As turns herself, with feet together pressed
And to the ground, a lady who is dancing,
And hardly puts one foot before the other,
On the vermilion and the yellow flowerets
She turned towards me, not in other wise

Line 27. Bent down the grass that on its margin sprang.

Than maiden who her modest eyes casts down;
And my entreaties made to be content,
So near approaching, that the dulcet sound
Came unto me together with its meaning.
As soon as she was where the grasses are
Bathed by the waters of the beauteous river,
To lift her eyes she granted me the boon.
I do not think there shone so great a light
Under the lids of Venus, when transfixed
By her own son, beyond his usual custom!
Erect upon the other bank she smiled,
Bearing full many colors in her hands,
Which that high land produces without seed.
Apart three paces did the river make us;
But Hellespont, where Xerxes passed across
(A curb still to all human arrogance),
More hatred from Leander did not suffer
For rolling between Sestos and Abydos,
Than that from me, because it oped not then.
"Ye are new-comers; and because I smile,"
Began she, "peradventure, in this place
Elect to human nature for its nest,
Some apprehension keeps you marvelling;
But the psalm *Delectasti* giveth light
Which has the power to uncloud your intellect.
And thou who foremost art, and didst entreat me,
Speak, if thou wouldst hear more; for I came ready
To all thy questionings, as far as needful."
"The water," said I, "and the forest's sound,
Are combating within me my new faith
In something which I heard opposed to this."

Whence she: "I will relate how from its cause
Proceedeth that which maketh thee to wonder,
And purge away the cloud that smites upon thee.
The Good Supreme, sole in itself delighting,
Created man good, and this goodly place
Gave him as hansel of eternal peace.
By his default short while he sojourned here;
By his default to weeping and to toil
He changed his innocent laughter and sweet play.
That the disturbance which below is made
By exhalations of the land and water
(Which far as may be follow after heat)
Might not upon mankind wage any war,
This mount ascended tow'rds the heaven so high,
And is exempt, from there where it is locked.
Now since the universal atmosphere
Turns in a circuit with the primal motion
Unless the circle is broken on some side,
Upon this height, that all is disengaged
In living ether, doth this motion strike
And make the forest sound, for it is dense;
And so much power the stricken plant possesses
That with its virtue it impregns the air,
And this, revolving, scatters it around;
And yonder earth, according as 't is worthy
In self or in its clime, conceives and bears
Of diverse qualities the diverse trees;
It should not seem a marvel then on earth,
This being heard, whenever any plant
Without seed manifest there taketh root.
And thou must know, this holy table-land
In which thou art is full of every seed,

And fruit hath in it never gathered there.
The water which thou seest springs not from vein
Restored by vapor that the cold condenses,
Like to a stream that gains or loses breath;
But issues from a fountain safe and certain,
Which by the will of God as much regains
As it discharges, open on two sides.
Upon this side with virtue it descends,
Which takes away all memory of sin;
On that, of every good deed done restores it.
Here Lethe, as upon the other side
Eunoë, it is called; and worketh not
If first on either side it be not tasted.
This every other savor doth transcend;
And notwithstanding slaked so far may be
Thy thirst, that I reveal to thee no more,
I'll give thee a corollary still in grace,
Nor think my speech will be to thee less dear
If it spread out beyond my promise to thee.
Those who in ancient times have feigned in song
The Age of Gold and its felicity,
Dreamed of this place perhaps upon Parnassus.
Here was the human race in innocence;
Here evermore was Spring, and every fruit;
This is the nectar of which each one speaks."
Then backward did I turn me wholly round
Unto my Poets, and saw that with a smile
They had been listening to these closing words;
Then to the beautiful lady turned mine eyes.

Line 120. And fruit has in it never gathered there.

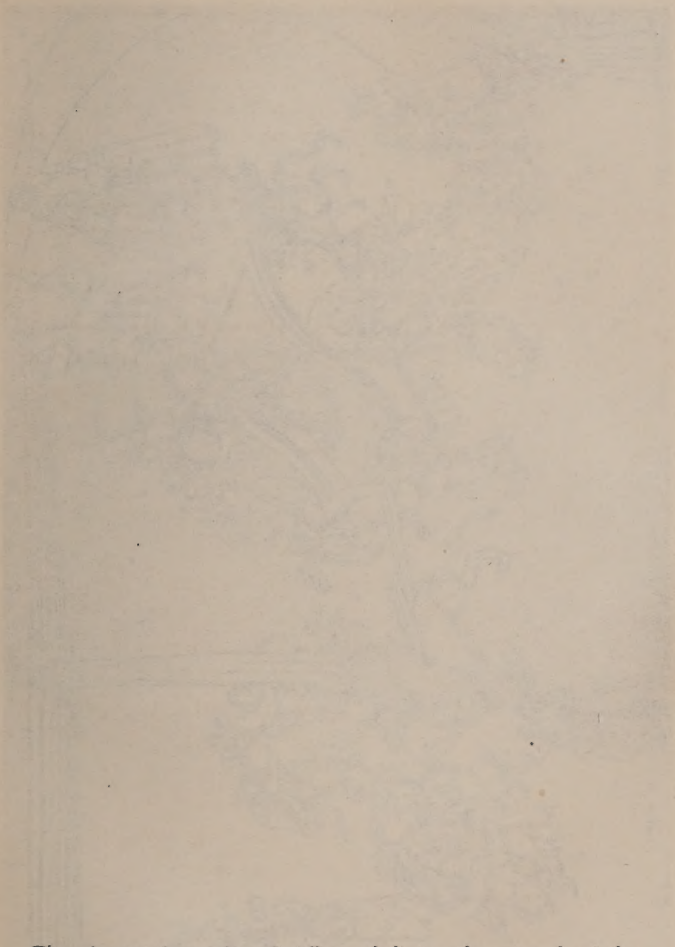
CANTO XXIX

Singing like unto an enamored lady
She, with the ending of her words, continued:
"*Beati quorum tecta sunt peccata.*"
And even as Nymphs, that wandered all alone
Among the sylvan shadows, sedulous
One to avoid and one to see the sun,
She then against the stream moved onward, going
Along the bank, and I abreast of her,
Her little steps with little steps attending.
Between her steps and mine were not a hundred,
When equally the margins gave a turn,
In such a way, that to the East I faced.
Nor even thus our way continued far
Before the lady wholly turned herself
Unto me, saying, "Brother, look and listen!"
And lo! a sudden lustre ran across
On every side athwart the spacious forest,
Such that it made me doubt if it were lightning.
But since the lightning ceases as it comes,
And that continuing brightened more and more,
Within my thought I said, "What thing is this?"
And a delicious melody there ran
Along the luminous air, whence holy zeal
Made me rebuke the hardihood of Eve;
For there where earth and heaven obedient were,
The woman only, and but just created,
Could not endure to stay 'neath any veil;

Underneath which had she devoutly stayed,
I sooner should have tasted those delights
Ineffable, and for a longer time.
While 'mid such manifold first-fruits I walked
Of the eternal pleasure all enrapt,
And still solicitous of more delights,
In front of us like an enkindled fire
Became the air beneath the verdant boughs,
And the sweet sound as singing now was heard.
O Virgins sacrosanct! if ever hunger,
Vigils, or cold for you I have endured,
The occasion spurs me their reward to claim!
Now Helicon must needs pour forth for me,
And with her choir Urania must assist me,
To put in verse things difficult to think.
A little farther on, seven trees of gold
In semblance the long space still intervening
Between ourselves and them did counterfeit;
But when I had approached so near to them
The common object, which the sense deceives,
Lost not by distance any of its marks,
The faculty that lends discourse to reason
Did apprehend that they were candlesticks,
And in the voices of the song "Hosanna!"
Above them flamed the harness beautiful,
Far brighter than the moon in the serene
Of midnight, at the middle of her month.
I turned me round, with admiration filled,
To good Virgilius, and he answered me
With visage no less full of wonderment.
Then back I turned my face to those high things,
Which moved themselves towards us so sedately,

They had been distanced by new-wedded brides.
The lady chid me: "Why dost thou burn only
So with affection for the living lights,
And dost not look at what comes after them?"
Then saw I people, as behind their leaders,
Coming behind them, garmented in white,
And such a whiteness never was on earth.
The water on my left flank was resplendent,
And back to me reflected my left side,
E'en as a mirror, if I looked therein.
When I upon my margin had such post
That nothing but the stream divided us,
Better to see I gave my steps repose;
And I beheld the flamelets onward go,
Leaving behind themselves the air depicted,
And they of trailing pennons had the semblance,
So that it overhead remained distinct
With sevenfold lists, all of them of the colors
Whence the sun's bow is made, and Delia's girdle.
These standards to the rearward longer were
Than was my sight; and, as it seemed to me,
Ten paces were the outermost apart.
Under so fair a heaven as I describe
The four and twenty Elders, two by two,
Came on incoronate with flower-de-luce.
They all of them were singing: "Blessed thou
Among the daughters of Adam art, and blessed
For evermore shall be thy loveliness."
After the flowers and other tender grasses
In front of me upon the other margin
Were disencumbered of that race elect,
Even as in heaven star followeth after star,

There came close after them four animals,
Incoronate each one with verdant leaf.
Plumed with six wings was every one of them,
The plumage full of eyes; the eyes of Argus
If they were living would be such as these.
Reader! to trace their forms no more I waste
My rhymes; for other spendings press me so,
That I in this cannot be prodigal.
But read Ezekiel, who depicteth them
As he beheld them from the region cold
Coming with cloud, with whirlwind, and with fire;
And such as thou shalt find them in his pages,
Such were they here; saving that in their plumage
John is with me, and differeth from him.
The interval between these four contained
A chariot triumphal on two wheels,
Which by a Griffin's neck came drawn along;
And upward he extended both his wings
Between the middle list and three and three,
So that he injured none by cleaving it.
So high they rose that they were lost to sight;
His limbs were gold, so far as he was bird,
And white the others with vermilion mingled.
Not only Rome with no such splendid car
E'er gladdened Africanus, or Augustus,
But poor to it that of the Sun would be,—
That of the Sun, which swerving was burnt up
At the importunate orison of Earth,
When Jove was so mysteriously just.
Three maidens at the right wheel in a circle
Came onward dancing; one so very red
That in the fire she hardly had been noted.



The chariot drawn by a Griffin symbolizing the triumph of the Church

The second was as if her flesh and bones
Had all been fashioned out of emerald;
The third appeared as snow but newly fallen.
And now they seemed conducted by the white,
Now by the red, and from the song of her
The others took their step, or slow or swift.
Upon the left hand four made holiday
Vested in purple, following the measure
Of one of them with three eyes in her head.
In rear of all the group here treated of
Two old men I beheld, unlike in habit,
But like in gait, each dignified and grave.
One showed himself as one of the disciples
Of that supreme Hippocrates, whom nature
Made for the animals she holds most dear;
Contrary care the other manifested,
With sword so shining and so sharp, it caused
Terror to me on this side of the river.
Thereafter four I saw of humble aspect,
And behind all an aged man alone
Walking in sleep with countenance acute.
And like the foremost company these seven
Were habited; yet of the flower-de-luce
No garland round about the head they wore,
But of the rose, and other flowers vermilion;
At little distance would the sight have sworn
That all were in a flame above their brows.
And when the car was opposite to me
Thunder was heard; and all that folk august
Seemed to have further progress interdicted,
There with the vanward ensigns standing still.

Comes to behold the people that are working
In other ships, and cheers them to well-doing,
Upon the left-hand border of the car,
When at the sound I turned of my own name,
Which of necessity is here recorded,
I saw the Lady, who erewhile appeared
Veiled underneath the angelic festival,
Direct her eyes to me across the river.
Although the veil, that from her head descended,
Encircled with the foliage of Minerva,
Did not permit her to appear distinctly,
In attitude still royally majestic
Continued she, like unto one who speaks,
And keeps his warmest utterance in reserve:
"Look at me well; in sooth I 'm Beatrice!
How didst thou deign to come unto the Mountain?
Didst thou not know that man is happy here?"
Mine eyes fell downward into the clear fountain.
But, seeing myself therein, I sought the grass,
So great a shame did weigh my forehead down.
As to the son the mother seems superb,
So she appeared to me; for somewhat bitter
Tasteth the savor of severe compassion.
Silent became she, and the Angels sang
Suddenly, "*In te, Domine, speravi:*"
But beyond *pedes meos* did not pass.
Even as the snow among the living rafters
Upon the back of Italy congeals,
Blown on and drifted by Sclavonian winds,
And then, dissolving, trickles through itself
Whene'er the land that loses shadow breathes,
So that it seems a fire that melts a taper;

E'en thus was I without a tear or sigh,
Before the song of those who sing forever
After the music of the eternal spheres.
But when I heard in their sweet melodies
Compassion for me, more than had they said,
"Oh wherefore, lady, dost thou thus consume him?"
The ice, that was about my heart congealed,
To air and water changed, and in my anguish
Through mouth and eyes came gushing from my breast.
She, on the right-hand border of the car
Still firmly standing, to those holy beings
Thus her discourse directed afterwards:
"Ye keep your watch in the eternal day,
So that nor night nor sleep can steal from you
One step the ages make upon their path;
Therefore my answer is with greater care,
That he may hear me who is weeping yonder,
So that the sin and dole be of one measure.
Not only by the work of those great wheels,
That destine every seed unto some end,
According as the stars are in conjunction,
But by the largess of celestial graces,
Which have such lofty vapors for their rain
That near to them our sight approaches not,
Such had this man become in his new life
Potentially, that every righteous habit
Would have made admirable proof in him;
But so much more malignant and more savage
Becomes the land untilled and with bad seed,

Line 96. "Oh wherefore, lady, dost thou thus upbraid him?"

The more good earthly vigor it possesses.
Some time did I sustain him with my look;
Revealing unto him my youthful eyes,
I led him with me turned in the right way.
As soon as ever of my second age
I was upon the threshold and changed life,
Himself from me he took and gave to others.
When from the flesh to spirit I ascended,
And beauty and virtue were in me increased,
I was to him less dear and less delightful;
And into ways untrue he turned his steps,
Pursuing the false images of good,
That never any promises fulfil;
Nor prayer for inspiration me availed,
By means of which in dreams and otherwise
I called him back, so little did he heed them.
So low he fell, that all appliances
For his salvation were already short,
Save showing him the people of perdition.
For this I visited the gates of death,
And unto him, who so far up hath led him,
My intercessions were with weeping borne.
God's lofty fiat would be violated,
If Lethe should be passed, and if such viands
Should tasted be, withouten any scot
Of penitence, that gushes forth in tears."

Line 140. And unto him, who so far up has led him,

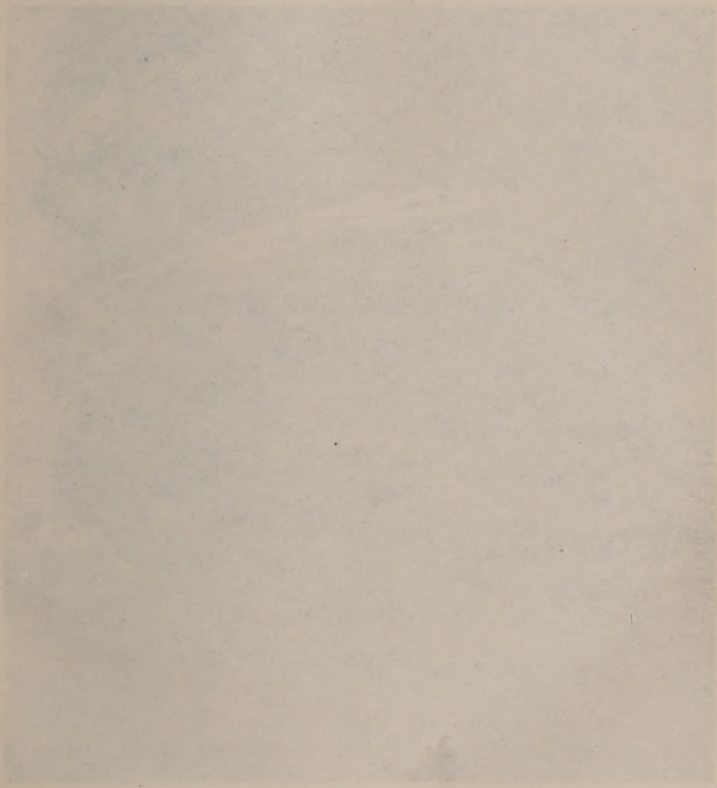
CANTO XXXI

"O THOU who art beyond the sacred river,"
Turning to me the point of her discourse,
That edgewise even had seemed to me so keen,
She recommenced, continuing without pause,
"Say, say if this be true; to such a charge,
Thy own confession needs must be conjoined."
My faculties were in so great confusion,
That the voice moved, but sooner was extinct
Than by its organs it was set at large.
Awhile she waited; then she said: "What thinkest?
Answer me; for the mournful memories
In thee not yet are by the waters injured."
Confusion and dismay together mingled
Forced such a Yes! from out my mouth, that sight
Was needful to the understanding of it.
Even as a cross-bow breaks, when 't is discharged,
Too tensely drawn the bowstring and the bow,
And with less force the arrow hits the mark,
So I gave way beneath that heavy burden,
Outpouring in a torrent tears and sighs,
And the voice flagged upon its passage forth.
Whence she to me: "In those desires of mine
Which led thee to the loving of that good,
Beyond which there is nothing to aspire to,
What trenches lying traverse or what chains
Didst thou discover, that of passing onward
Thou shouldst have thus despoiled thee of the hope?

And what allurements or what vantages
Upon the forehead of the others showed,
That thou shouldst turn thy footsteps unto them?"
After the heaving of a bitter sigh,
Hardly had I the voice to make response,
And with fatigue my lips did fashion it.
Weeping I said: "The things that present were
With their false pleasure turned aside my steps,
Soon as your countenance concealed itself."
And she: "Shouldst thou be silent, or deny
What thou confessest, not less manifest
Would be thy fault, by such a Judge 't is known.
But when from one's own cheeks comes bursting forth
The accusal of the sin, in our tribunal
Against the edge the wheel doth turn itself.
But still, that thou mayst feel a greater shame
For thy transgression, and another time
Hearing the Sirens thou mayst be more strong,
Cast down the seed of weeping and attend;
So shalt thou hear, how in an opposite way
My buried flesh should have directed thee.
Never to thee presented art or nature
Pleasure so great as the fair limbs wherein
I was enclosed, which scattered are in earth.
And if the highest pleasure thus did fail thee
By reason of my death, what mortal thing
Should then have drawn thee into its desire?
Thou oughtest verily at the first shaft
Of things fallacious to have risen up
To follow me, who was no longer such.
Thou oughtest not to have stooped thy pinions down
ward

To wait for further blows, or little girl,
Or other vanity of such brief use.
The callow birdlet waits for two or three,
But to the eyes of those already fledged,
In vain the net is spread or shaft is shot."
Even as children silent in their shame
Stand listening with their eyes upon the ground,
And conscious of their fault, and penitent;
So was I standing; and she said: "If thou
In hearing sufferest pain, lift up thy beard
And thou shalt feel a greater pain in seeing."
With less resistance is a robust holm
Uprooted, either by a native wind
Or else by that from regions of Iarbas,
Than I upraised at her command my chin;
And when she by the beard the face demanded,
Well I perceived the venom of her meaning.
And as my countenance was lifted up,
Mine eye perceived those creatures beautiful
Had rested from the strewing of the flowers;
And, still but little reassured, mine eyes
Saw Beatrice turned round towards the monster,
That is one person only in two natures.
Beneath her veil, beyond the margent green,
She seemed to me far more her ancient self
To excel, than others here, when she was here.
So pricked me then the thorn of penitence,
That of all other things the one which turned me
Most to its love became the most my foe.
Such self-conviction stung me at the heart
O'erpowered I fell, and what I then became
She knoweth who had furnished me the cause.

Then, when the heart restored my outward sense,
The lady I had found alone, above me
I saw, and she was saying, "Hold me, hold me."
Up to my throat she in the stream had drawn me,
And, dragging me behind her, she was moving
Upon the water lightly as a shuttle.
When I was near unto the blessed shore,
"*Asperges me*," I heard so sweetly sung,
Remember it I cannot, much less write it.
The beautiful lady opened wide her arms,
Embraced my head, and plunged me underneath,
Where I was forced to swallow of the water.
Then forth she drew me, and all dripping brought
Into the dance of the four beautiful,
And each one with her arm did cover me.
"We here are Nymphs, and in the Heaven are stars;
Ere Beatrice descended to the world,
We as her handmaids were appointed her.
We 'll lead thee to her eyes; but for the pleasant
Light that within them is, shall sharpen thine
The three beyond, who more profoundly look."
Thus singing they began; and afterwards
Unto the Griffin's breast they led me with them,
Where Beatrice was standing, turned towards us.
"See that thou dost not spare thine eyes," they said;
"Before the emeralds have we stationed thee,
Whence Love aforetime drew for thee his weapons."
A thousand longings, hotter than the flame,
Fastened mine eyes upon those eyes relucent,
That still upon the Griffin steadfast stayed.
As in a glass the sun, not otherwise
Within them was the twofold monster shining,



Dante and Beatrice

Now with the one, now with the other nature.
Think, Reader, if within myself I marvelled,
When I beheld the thing itself stand still,
And in its image it transformed itself.
While with amazement filled and jubilant,
My soul was tasting of the food, that while
It satisfies us makes us hunger for it,
Themselves revealing of the highest rank
In bearing, did the other three advance,
Singing to their angelic saraband.
"Turn, Beatrice, O turn thy holy eyes,"
Such was their song, "unto thy faithful one,
Who has to see thee ta'en so many steps.
In grace do us the grace that thou unveil
Thy face to him, so that he may discern
The second beauty which thou dost conceal."
O splendor of the living light eternal!
Who underneath the shadow of Parnassus
Hath grown so pale, or drunk so at its cistern,
He would not seem to have his mind encumbered
Striving to paint thee as thou didst appear,
Where the harmonious heaven o'ershadowed thee,
When in the open air thou didst unveil?

CANTO XXXII

So steadfast and attentive were mine eyes
In satisfying their decennial thirst,
That all my other senses were extinct,
And upon this side and on that they had
Walls of indifference, so the holy smile
Drew them unto itself with the old net;
When forcibly my sight was turned away
Towards my left hand by those goddesses,
Because I heard from them a "Too intently!"
And that condition of the sight which is
In eyes but lately smitten by the sun
Bereft me of my vision some short while;
But to the less when sight re-shaped itself,
I say the less in reference to the greater
Splendor from which perforce I had withdrawn,
I saw upon its right wing wheeled about
The glorious host, returning with the sun
And with the sevenfold flames upon their faces.
As underneath its shields, to save itself,
A squadron turns, and with its banner wheels,
Before the whole thereof can change its front,
That soldiery of the celestial kingdom
Which marched in the advance had wholly passed us
Before the chariot had turned its pole.
Then to the wheels the maidens turned themselves,
And the Griffin moved his burden benedight,
But so that not a feather of him fluttered.

The lady fair who drew me through the ford
Followed with Statius and myself the wheel
Which made its orbit with the lesser arc.
So passing through the lofty forest, vacant
By fault of her who in the serpent trusted,
Angelic music made our steps keep time.
Perchance as great a space had in three flights
An arrow loosened from the string o'erpassed,
As we had moved when Beatrice descended.
I heard them murmur all together, "Adam!"
Then circled they about a tree despoiled
Of blooms and other leafage on each bough.
Its tresses, which so much the more dilate
As higher they ascend, had been by Indians
Among their forests marvelled at for height.
"Blessed art thou, O Griffin, who dost not
Pluck with thy beak these branches sweet to taste,
Since appetite by this was turned to evil."
After this fashion round the tree robust
The others shouted; and the twofold creature:
"Thus is preserved the seed of all the just."
And turning to the pole which he had dragged,
He drew it close beneath the widowed bough,
And what was of it unto it left bound.
In the same manner as our trees (when downward
Falls the great light, with that together mingled
Which after the celestial Lasca shines)
Begin to swell, and then renew themselves,
Each one with its own color, ere the Sun
Harness his steeds beneath another star:
Less than of rose and more than violet
A hue disclosing, was renewed the tree

That had erewhile its boughs so desolate.
I never heard, nor here below is sung,
The hymn which afterward that people sang,
Nor did I bear the melody throughout.
Had I the power to paint how fell asleep
Those eyes compassionless, of Syrinx hearing,
Those eyes to which more watching cost so dear,
Even as a painter who from model paints
I would portray how I was lulled asleep;
He may, who well can picture drowsihood.
Therefore I pass to what time I awoke,
And say a splendor rent from me the veil
Of slumber, and a calling: "Rise, what dost thou?"
As to behold the apple-tree in blossom
Which makes the Angels greedy for its fruit,
And keeps perpetual bridals in the Heaven,
Peter and John and James conducted were,
And, overcome, recovered at the word
By which still greater slumbers have been broken,
And saw their school diminished by the loss
Not only of Elias, but of Moses,
And the apparel of their Master changed;
So I revived, and saw that piteous one
Above me standing, who had been conductress
Aforetime of my steps beside the river,
And all in doubt I said, "Where 's Beatrice?"
And she: "Behold her seated underneath
The leafage new, upon the root of it.
Behold the company that circles her;
The rest behind the Griffin are ascending
With more melodious song, and more profound."

And if her speech were more diffuse I know not,
Because already in my sight was she
Who from the hearing of aught else had shut me.
Alone she sat upon the very earth,
Left there as guardian of the chariot
Which I had seen the biform monster fasten.
Encircling her, a cloister made themselves
The seven Nymphs, with those lights in their hands
Which are secure from Aquilon and Auster.
"Short while shalt thou be here a forester,
And thou shalt be with me for evermore
A citizen of that Rome where Christ is Roman.
Therefore, for that world's good which liveth ill,
Fix on the car thine eyes, and what thou seest,
Having returned to earth, take heed thou write."
Thus Beatrice; and I, who at the feet
Of her commandments all devoted was,
My mind and eyes directed where she willed.
Never descended with so swift a motion
Fire from a heavy cloud, when it is raining
From out the region which is most remote,
As I beheld the bird of Jove descend
Down through the tree, rending away the bark,
As well as blossoms and the foliage new;
And he with all his might the chariot smote,
Whereat it reeled, like vessel in a tempest
Tossed by the waves, now starboard and now larboard.
Thereafter saw I leap into the body
Of the triumphal vehicle a Fox,
That seemed unfed with any wholesome food.

But for his hideous sins upbraiding him,
My Lady put him to as swift a flight
As such a fleshless skeleton could bear.
Then by the way that it before had come,
Into the chariot's chest I saw the Eagle
Descend, and leave it feathered with his plumes.
And such as issues from a heart that mourns,
A voice from Heaven there issued, and it said:
"My little bark, how badly art thou freighted!"
Methought, then, that the earth did yawn between
Both wheels, and I saw rise from it a Dragon,
Who through the chariot upward fixed his tail,
And as a wasp that draweth back its sting,
Drawing unto himself his tail malign,
Drew out the floor, and went his way rejoicing.
That which remained behind, even as with grass
A fertile region, with the feathers, offered
Perhaps with pure intention and benign,
Reclothed itself, and with them were reclothed
The pole and both the wheels so speedily,
A sigh doth longer keep the lips apart.
Transfigured thus the holy edifice
Thrust forward heads upon the parts of it,
Three on the pole and one at either corner.
The first were horned like oxen; but the four
Had but a single horn upon the forehead;
A monster such had never yet been seen!
Firm as a rock upon a mountain high,
Seated upon it, there appeared to me
A shameless whore, with eyes swift glancing round,
And, as if not to have her taken from him,
Upright beside her I beheld a giant;

And ever and anon they kissed each other.
But because she her wanton, roving eye
Turned upon me, her angry paramour
Did scourge her from her head unto her feet.
Then full of jealousy, and fierce with wrath,
He loosed the monster, and across the forest
Dragged it so far, he made of that alone
A shield unto the whore and the strange beast.

CANTO XXXIII

"*Deus, venerunt gentes,*" alternating
Now three, now four, melodious psalmody
The maidens in the midst of tears began;
And Beatrice, compassionate and sighing,
Listened to them with such a countenance,
That scarce more changed was Mary at the cross.
But when the other virgins place had given
For her to speak, uprisen to her feet
With color as of fire, she made response:
"*Modicum, et non videbitis me;*
Et iterum, my sisters predilect,
Modicum, et vos videbitis me."
Then all the seven in front of her she placed;
And after her, by beckoning only, moved
Me and the lady and the sage who stayed.
So she moved onward; and I do not think
That her tenth step was placed upon the ground,
When with her eyes upon mine eyes she smote,
And with a tranquil aspect, "Come more quickly,"
To me she said, "that, if I speak with thee,
To listen to me thou mayst be well placed."
As soon as I was with her as I should be,
She said to me: "Why, brother, dost thou not
Venture to question now, in coming with me?"
As unto those who are too reverential,
Speaking in presence of superiors,
Who drag no living utterance to their teeth,

It me befell, that without perfect sound
Began I: "My necessity, Madonna,
You know, and that which thereunto is good."
And she to me: "Of fear and bashfulness
Henceforward I will have thee strip thyself,
So that thou speak no more as one who dreams.
Know that the vessel which the serpent broke
Was, and is not; but let him who is guilty
Think that God's vengeance does not fear a sop.
Without an heir shall not forever be
The Eagle that left his plumes upon the car,
Whence it became a monster, then a prey;
For verily I see, and hence narrate it,
The stars already near to bring the time,
From every hindrance safe, and every bar,
Within which a Five-hundred, Ten, and Five,
One sent from God, shall slay the thievish woman
And that same giant who is sinning with her.
And peradventure my dark utterance,
Like Themis and the Sphinx, may less persuade thee,
Since, in their mode, it clouds the intellect;
But soon the facts shall be the Naiades
Who shall this difficult enigma solve,
Without destruction of the flocks and harvests.
Note thou; and even as by me are uttered
These words, so teach them unto those who live
That life which is a running unto death;
And bear in mind, whene'er thou writest them,
Not to conceal that thou hast seen the plant,
That twice already has been pillaged here.
Whoever pillages or shatters it,

With blasphemy of deed offendeth God,
Who made it holy for his use alone.
For biting that, in pain and in desire
Five thousand years and more the first-born soul
Craved Him, who punished in himself the bite.
Thy genius slumbers, if it deem it not
For special reason so preëminent
In height, and so inverted in its summit.
And if thy vain imaginings had not been
Water of Elsa round about thy mind,
And Pyramus to the mulberry, their pleasure
Thou by so many circumstances only
The justice of the interdict of God
Morally in the tree wouldst recognize.
But since I see it in thine intellect
Converted into stone and stained with sin,
So that the light of my discourse doth daze thee,
I will too, if not written, at least painted,
Thou bear it back within thee, for the reason
That cinct with palm the pilgrim's staff is borne."
And I: "As by a signet is the wax
Which does not change the figure stamped upon it,
My brain is now imprinted by yourself.
But wherefore so beyond my power of sight
Soars your desirable discourse, that aye
The more I strive, so much the more I lose it?"
"That thou mayst recognize," she said, "the school
Which thou hast followed, and mayst see how far
Its doctrine follows after my discourse,
And mayst behold your path from the divine
Distant as far as separated is
From earth the heaven that highest hastens on."

Whence her I answered: "I do not remember
That ever I estranged myself from you,
Nor have I conscience of it that reproves me."
"And if thou art not able to remember,"
Smiling she answered, "recollect thee now
That thou this very day hast drunk of Lethe;
And if from smoke a fire may be inferred,
Such an oblivion clearly demonstrates
Some error in thy will elsewhere intent.
Truly from this time forward shall my words
Be naked, so far as it is befitting
To lay them open unto thy rude gaze."
And more coruscant and with slower steps
The sun was holding the meridian circle,
Which, with the point of view, shifts here and there,
When halted (as he cometh to a halt,
Who goes before a squadron as its escort,
If something new he find upon his way)
The maidens seven at a dark shadow's edge,
Such as, beneath green leaves and branches black,
The Alp upon its frigid border wears.
In front of them the Tigris and Euphrates
Methought I saw forth issue from one fountain,
And slowly part, like friends, from one another.
"O light, O glory of the human race!
What stream is this which here unfolds itself
From out one source, and from itself withdraws?"
For such a prayer, 't was said unto me, "Pray
Matilda that she tell thee;" and here answered,
As one does who doth free himself from blame,
The beautiful lady: "This and other things

Were told to him by me; and sure I am
The water of Lethe has not hid them from him."
And Beatrice: "Perhaps a greater care,
Which oftentimes our memory takes away,
Hath made the vision of his mind obscure.
But Eunoë behold, that yonder riseth;
Lead him to it, and, as thou art accustomed,
Revive again the half-dead virtue in him."
Like gentle soul, that maketh no excuse,
But makes its own will of another's will
As soon as by a sign it is disclosed,
Even so, when she had taken hold of me,
The beautiful lady moved, and unto Statius
Said, in her womanly manner, "Come with him."
If, Reader, I possessed a longer space
For writing it, I yet would sing in part
Of the sweet draught that ne'er would satiate me;
But inasmuch as full are all the leaves
Made ready for this second canticle,
The curb of art no farther lets me go.
From the most holy water I returned
Regenerate, in the manner of new trees
That are renewed with a new foliage,
Pure and disposed to mount unto the stars.

Line 127. But Eunoë behold, that yonder rises;

NOTES

NOTES

CANTO I

1. The Mountain of Purgatory is a vast conical mountain, rising steep and high from the waters of the Southern Ocean, at a point antipodal to Mount Sion in Jerusalem. In canto III. 14, Dante speaks of it as

> The hill
> That highest tow'rds the heaven uplifts itself:

and in "Paradiso, XXVI. 139, as

> The mount that rises highest o'er the wave.

Around it run seven terraces, on which are punished severally the Seven Deadly Sins. Rough stairways, cut in the rock, lead up from terrace to terrace, and on the summit is the garden of the Terrestrial Paradise.

The Seven Sins punished in the Seven Circles are, — 1. Pride; 2. Envy; 3. Anger; 4. Sloth; 5. Avarice and Prodigality; 6. Gluttony; 7. Lust.

The threefold division of the "Purgatorio," marked only by more elaborate preludes, or by a natural pause in the action of the poem, is, — 1. From canto I. to canto IX.; 2. From canto IX. to canto XXVIII.; 3. From canto XXVIII. to the end. The first of these divisions describes the region lying outside the gate of Purgatory; the second, the Seven Circles of the mountain; and the third, the Terrestrial Paradise on its summit.

"Traces of belief in a Purgatory," says Mr. Alger, "Doctrine of a Future Life," p. 410, "early appear among the Christians. Many of the gravest Fathers of the first five centuries naturally conceived and taught — as is indeed intrinsically reasonable — that after death some souls will be punished for their sins until they are cleansed, and then will be released from pain. The Manichæans imagined that all souls, before returning to their native heaven, must be borne

first to the moon, where with good waters they would be washed pure from outward filth, and then to the sun, where they would be purged by good fires from every inward stain. After these lunar and solar lustrations, they were fit for the eternal world of light. But the conception of Purgatory as it was held by the early Christians, whether orthodox Fathers or heretical sects, was merely the just and necessary result of applying to the subject of future punishment the two ethical ideas that punishment should partake of degrees proportioned to guilt, and that it should be restorative. . . .

"Pope Gregory the Great, in the sixth century, — either borrowing some of the more objectionable features of the Purgatory doctrine previously held by the heathen, or else devising the same things himself from a perception of the striking adaptedness of such notions to secure an enviable power to the Church, — constructed, established, and gave working efficiency to the dogmatic scheme of Purgatory ever since firmly defended by the papal adherents as an integral part of the Roman Catholic system. The doctrine as matured and promulgated by Gregory, giving to the representatives of the Church an almost unlimited power over Purgatory, rapidly grew into favor with the clergy, and sank with general conviction into the hopes and fears of the laity."

9. The Muse "of the beautiful voice," who presided over eloquence and heroic verse.

11. The nine daughters of Pierus, king of Macedonia, called the Pierides. They challenged the Muses to a trial of skill in singing, and being vanquished were changed by Apollo into magpies. Ovid, "Metamorphoses," v., Maynwaring's translation:

> Beneath their nails
> Feathers they feel, and on their faces scales;
> Their horny beaks at once each other scare,
> Their arms are plumed, and on their backs they bear
> Pied wings, and flutter in the fleeting air.
> Chatt'ring, the scandal of the woods, they fly,
> And there continue still their clam'rous cry:
> The same their eloquence, as maids or birds,
> Now only noise, and nothing then but words.

15. The highest heaven.

19. The planet Venus.

20. Chaucer, "Knightes Tale:"

> The besy larke, the messager of day,
> Saleweth in hire song the morwe gray,
> And firy Phebus riseth up so bright,
> That all the orient laugheth of the sight.

23. The stars of the Southern Cross. Figuratively the four cardinal virtues, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance. See canto XXXI. 106:

> We here are Nymphs, and in the Heaven are stars.

The next line may be interpreted in the same figurative sense.

Humboldt, "Personal Narrative," II. 21, Miss Williams's translation, thus describes his first glimpse of the Southern Cross:

"The pleasure we felt on discovering the Southern Cross was warmly shared by such of the crew as had lived in the colonies. In the solitude of the seas, we hail a star as a friend from whom we have long been separated. Among the Portuguese and the Spaniards peculiar motives seem to increase this feeling; a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation, the form of which recalls the sign of the faith planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the New World.

"The two great stars which mark the summit and the foot of the Cross having nearly the same right ascension, it follows hence, that the constellation is almost perpendicular at the moment when it passes the meridian. This circumstance is known to every nation that lives beyond the tropics, or in the Southern hemisphere. It has been observed at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the Cross of the South is erect or inclined. It is a time-piece that advances very regularly near four minutes a day, and no other group of stars exhibits, to the naked eye, an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides exclaim in the savannahs of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, 'Midnight is past, the Cross begins to bend!' How often those words reminded us of that affecting scene, where Paul and Virginia, seated near the source of the river of Lataniers, conversed together for the last time, and where the old man,

at the sight of the Southern Cross, warns them that it is time to separate."

24. By the "primal people" Dante does not mean our first parents, but "the early races which inhabited Europe and Asia," says Mr. Barlow, "Study of Dante," and quotes in confirmation of his view the following passage from Humboldt's "Cosmos," II.:

"In consequence of the precession of the equinoxes, the starry heavens are continually changing their aspect from every portion of the earth's surface. The early races of mankind beheld in the far north the glorious constellations of the southern hemisphere rise before them, which, after remaining long invisible, will again appear in those latitudes after a lapse of thousands of years. . . . The Southern Cross began to become invisible in 52° 30′ north latitude 2900 years before our era, since, according to Galle, this constellation might previously have reached an altitude of more than 10°. When it disappeared from the horizon of the countries of the Baltic, the great Pyramid of Cheops had already been erected more than 500 years."

30. "Iliad," XVIII.: "The Pleiades, and the Hyades, and the strength of Orion, and the Bear, which likewise they call by the appellation of the Wain, which there turns round and watches Orion; and it alone is deprived of the baths of Oceanus."

31. Cato of Utica. "Pythagoras escapes, in the fabulous hell of Dante," says Sir Thomas Browne, "Urn Burial," IV., "among that swarm of philosophers, wherein, whilst we meet with Plato and Socrates, Cato is found in no lower place than Purgatory."

In the description of the shield of Æneas, "Æneid," VIII., Cato is represented as presiding over the good in the Tartarean realms: "And the good apart, Cato dispensing laws to them." This line of Virgil may have suggested to Dante the idea of making Cato the warden of Purgatory.

In the "Convito," IV. 28, he expresses the greatest reverence for him. Marcia returning to him in her widowhood, he says, "symbolizes the noble soul returning to God in old age." And continues: "What man on earth was more worthy to symbolize God than Cato? Surely none;" — ending the

chapter with these words: "In his name it is beautiful to close what I have had to say of the signs of nobility, because in him this nobility displays them all through all ages."

Here, on the shores of Purgatory, his countenance is adorned with the light of the four stars which are the four virtues, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance, and it is foretold of him that his garments will shine brightly on the last day. And here he is the symbol of Liberty, since, for her sake, to him "not bitter was death in Utica;" and the meaning of Purgatory is spiritual Liberty, or freedom from sin through purification, "the glorious liberty of the children of God." Therefore in thus selecting the "Divine Cato" for the guardian of this realm, Dante shows himself to have greater freedom than the critics, who accuse him of "a perverse theology in saving the soul of an idolater and suicide."

40. The "blind river" is Lethe, which by sound and not by sight had guided them through the winding cavern from the centre of the earth to the surface. "Inferno," XXXIV. 130.

42. His beard. Ford, "Lady's Trial:"

> Now the down
> Of softness is exchanged for plumes of age.

Dante uses the same expression, "Inferno," XX. 45, and Petrarca, who became gray at an early period, says:

> In such a tenebrous and narrow cage
> Were we shut up, and the accustomed plumes
> I changed betimes, and my first countenance.

52. Upon this speech of Virgil to Cato, Mr. Barlow, "Study of Dante," remarks: "The eighth book of the Tesoro of Brunetto Latini is headed, *Qui comincia la Rettorica che c' insegna a ben parlare, e di governare città e popoli.* In this art Dante was duly instructed by his loving master, and became the most able orator of his era in Italy. Giovanni Villani speaks of him as *retorico perfetto tanto in dittare e versificare come in aringhiera parlare.* But without this record and without acquaintance with the poet's political history, knowing nothing of his influence in debates and councils, nor of his credit at foreign courts, we might, from the occasional speeches in the 'Divina Commedia,' be fully assured of the

truth of what Villani has said, and that Dante's words and manner were always skilfully adapted to the purpose he had in view, and to the persons whom he addressed.

"Virgil's speech to the venerable Cato is a perfect specimen of persuasive eloquence. The sense of personal dignity is here combined with extreme courtesy and respect, and the most flattering appeals to the old man's well-known sentiments, his love of liberty, his love of rectitude, and his devoted attachment to Marcia, are interwoven with irresistible art; but though the resentment of Cato at the approach of the strangers is thus appeased, and he is persuaded to regard them with as much favor as the severity of his character permits, yet he will not have them think that his consent to their proceeding has been obtained by adulation, but simply by the assertion of power vouchsafed to them from on high,

> Ma se donna del Ciel ti muove e regge,
> Come tu di', non c' è mestier lusinga:
> Bastiti ben, che per lei mi richegge.

In this also the consistency of Cato's character is maintained; he is sensible of the flattery, but disowns its influence."

77. See "Inferno," v. 4.

78. See "Inferno," iv. 128. Also "Convito," iv. 28: "This the great poet Lucan shadows forth in the second book of his 'Pharsalia,' when he says that Marcia returned to Cato, and besought him and entreated him to take her back in his old age. And by this Marcia is understood the noble soul."

Lucan, "Pharsalia," ii., Rowe's translation:

> When lo! the sounding doors are heard to turn,
> Chaste Martia comes from dead Hortensius' urn.
> . . . . . .
> Forth from the monument the mournful dame
> With beaten breasts and locks dishevelled came;
> Then with a pale, dejected, rueful look,
> Thus pleasing to her former lord she spoke.
> . . . . . .
> "At length a barren wedlock let me prove,
> Give me the name without the joys of love;
> No more to be abandoned let me come,
> That Cato's wife may live upon my tomb."

95. A symbol of humility. Ruskin, "Modern Painters," III. 232, says: "There is a still deeper significance in the passage quoted, a little while ago, from Homer, describing Ulysses casting himself down on the *rushes* and the corn-giving land at the river shore, — the rushes and corn being to him only good for rest and sustenance, — when we compare it with that in which Dante tells us he was ordered to descend to the shore of the lake as he entered Purgatory, to gather a *rush*, and gird himself with it, it being to him the emblem not only of rest, but of humility under chastisement, the rush (or reed) being the only plant which can grow there; — 'no plant which bears leaves, or hardens its bark, can live on that shore, because it does not yield to the chastisement of its waves.' It cannot but strike the reader singularly how deep and harmonious a significance runs through all these words of Dante, — how every syllable of them, the more we penetrate it, becomes a seed of farther thought! For follow up this image of the girding with the reed, under trial, and see to whose feet it will lead us. As the grass of the earth, thought of as the herb yielding seed, leads us to the place where our Lord commanded the multitude to sit down by companies upon the green grass; so the grass of the waters, thought of as sustaining itself among the waters of affliction, leads us to the place where a stem of it was put into our Lord's hand for his sceptre; and in the crown of thorns, and the rod of reed, was foreshown the everlasting truth of the Christian ages, — that all glory was to be begun in suffering, and all power in humility."

115. Ruskin, "Modern Painters," III. 248: "There is only one more point to be noticed in the Dantesque landscape; namely, the feeling entertained by the poet towards the sky. And the love of mountains is so closely connected with the love of clouds, the sublimity of both depending much on their association, that, having found Dante regardless of the Carrara mountains as seen from San Miniato, we may well expect to find him equally regardless of the clouds in which the sun sank behind them. Accordingly, we find that his only pleasure in the sky depends on its 'white clearness,' — that turning into *bianco aspetto di celestro*, which is so pecu-

liarly characteristic of fine days in Italy. His pieces of pure pale light are always exquisite. In the dawn on the purgatorial mountain, first, in its pale white, he sees the *tremolar della marina*, — trembling of the sea; then it becomes vermilion; and at last, near sunrise, orange. These are precisely the changes of a calm and perfect dawn. The scenery of Paradise begins with 'day added to day,' the light of the sun so flooding the heavens that 'never rain nor river made lake so wide;' and throughout the Paradise all the beauty depends on spheres of light, or stars, never on clouds. But the pit of the Inferno is at first sight obscure, deep, and so *cloudy* that at its bottom nothing could be seen. When Dante and Virgil reach the marsh in which the souls of those who have been angry and sad in their lives are forever plunged, they find it covered with thick fog; and the condemned souls say to them,

> We once were sad,
> In the *sweet air*, *made gladsome by the sun*.
> Now in these murky settlings are we sad.

Even the angel crossing the marsh to help them is annoyed by this bitter marsh smoke, *fummo acerbo*, and continually sweeps it with his hand from before his face."

123. Some commentators interpret *Ove adorezza*, by "where the wind blows." But the blowing of the wind would produce an effect exactly opposite to that here described.

135. "Æneid," VI.: "When the first is torn off, a second of gold succeeds; and a twig shoots forth leaves of the same metal."

CANTO II

1. It was sunset at Jerusalem, night on the Ganges, and morning at the Mountain of Purgatory.

The sun being in Aries, the night would "come forth with the scales," or the sign of Libra, which is opposite Aries. These scales fall from the hand of night, or are not above the horizon by night, when the night exceeds, or is longer than the day.

7. Boccaccio, "Decamerone," Prologue to the Third Day, imitates this passage: "The Aurora, as the sun drew nigh, was already beginning to change from vermilion to orange."

31. Argument used in the sense of means, or appliances, as in "Inferno," xxxi. 55.

44. Cervantes says in "Don Quixote," part 1. ch. 12, that the student Crisostomo "had a face like a benediction."

57. Sackville, in his "Induction" to the "Mirror for Magistrates," says:

> Whiles Scorpio dreading Sagittarius' dart
> Whose bow prest bent in fight the string had slipped,
> Down slid into the ocean flood apart.

80. "Odyssey," xi., Buckley's translation: "But I, meditating in my mind, wished to lay hold of the soul of my departed mother. Thrice indeed I essayed it, and my mind urged me to lay hold of it, but thrice it flew from my hands, like unto a shadow, or even to a dream."

And "Æneid," vi., Davidson's translation: "There thrice he attempted to throw his arms around his neck; thrice the phantom, grasped in vain, escaped his hold, like the fleet gales, or resembling most a fugitive dream."

91. Casella was a Florentine musician and friend of Dante, who here speaks to him with so much tenderness and affection as to make us regret that nothing more is known of him. Milton alludes to him in his Sonnet to Mr. H. Lawes:

> Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
> Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing
> Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

98. The first three months of the year of Jubilee, 1300. Milman, "History of Latin Christianity," vi. 285, thus describes it: "All Europe was in a frenzy of religious zeal. Throughout the year the roads in the remotest parts of Germany, Hungary, Britain, were crowded with pilgrims of all ages, of both sexes. A Savoyard above one hundred years old determined to see the tombs of the Apostles before he died. There were at times two hundred thousand strangers at Rome. During the year (no doubt the calculations were loose and vague) the city was visited by millions of pilgrims. At one

time, so vast was the press both within and without the walls, that openings were broken for ingress and egress. Many people were trampled down, and perished by suffocation. . . . Lodgings were exorbitantly dear, forage scarce; but the ordinary food of man, bread, meat, wine, and fish, was sold in great plênty and at moderate prices. The oblations were beyond calculation. It is reported by an eye-witness that two priests stood with rakes in their hands sweeping the uncounted gold and silver from the altars. Nor was this tribute, like offerings or subsidies for Crusades, to be devoted to special uses, the accoutrements, provisions, freight of armies. It was entirely at the free and irresponsible disposal of the pope. Christendom of its own accord was heaping at the pope's feet this extraordinary custom; and receiving back the gift of pardon and everlasting life."

See also "Inferno," XVIII. note 29.

100. The seashore of Ostia at the mouth of the Tiber, where the souls of those who were saved assembled, and were received by the Celestial Pilot, who transported them to the island of Purgatory. Minutius Felix, a Roman lawyer of the third century, makes it the scene of his "Octavius," and draws this pleasant picture of the sands and the sea. Reeves's translation, p. 37:

"It was vacation-time, and that gave me aloose from my business at the bar; for it was the season after the summer's heat, when autumn promised fair, and put on the face of temperate. We set out, therefore, in the morning early, and as we were walking upon the seashore, and a kindly breeze fanned and refreshed our limbs, and the yielding sand softly submitted to our feet and made it delicious travelling, Cæcilius on a sudden espied the statue of Serapis, and, according to the vulgar mode of superstition, raised his hand to his mouth, and paid his adoration in kisses. Upon which Octavius, addressing himself to me, said: 'It is not well done, my brother Marcus, thus to leave your inseparable companion in the depth of vulgar darkness, and to suffer him, in so clear a day, to stumble upon stones; stones, indeed, of figure, and anointed with oil, and crowned; but stones, however, still they are; — for you cannot but be sensible that your permitting so foul an error in your friend

redounds no less to your disgrace than his.' This discourse of his held us through half the city; and now we began to find ourselves upon the free and open shore. There the gently washing waves had spread the extremest sands into the order of an artificial walk; and as the sea always expresses some roughness in his looks, even when the winds are still, although he did not roll in foam and angry surges to the shore, yet were we much delighted, as we walked upon the edges of the water, to see the crisping, frizzly waves glide in snaky folds, one while playing against our feet, and then again retiring and lost in the devouring ocean. Softly, then, and calmly as the sea about us, we travelled on, and kept upon the brim of the gently declining shore, beguiling the way with our stories."

107. Compare Milton's "amorous descant," "Paradise Lost," IV. 603.

112. This is the first line of the second *canzone* of the "Convito."

CANTO III

15. So in "Paradiso," XXVI. 139:

> The mount that rises highest o'er the wave.

27. The tomb of Virgil is on the promontory of Pausillippo, overlooking the Bay of Naples. The inscription upon it is:

> Mantua me genuit: Calabri rapuere: tenet nunc
> Parthenope: cecini pascua, rura, duces.

"The epitaph," says Eustace, "Classical Tour," I. 499, "which, though not genuine, is yet ancient, was inscribed by order of the Duke of Pescolangiano, then proprietor of the place, on a marble slab placed in the side of the rock opposite the entrance of the tomb, where it still remains."

Forsyth, "Italy," p. 378, says: "*Virgil's tomb* is so called, I believe, on the single authority of Donatus. Donatus places it at the right distance from Naples, but on the wrong side of the city; and even there he omits the grotto of Posilipo, which not being so deep in his time as the two last

excavations have left it, must have opened precisely at his tomb. Donatus, too, gives, for Virgil's own composition, an epitaph on the cliff now rejected as a forgery. And who is this Donatus? — an obscure grammarian, or rather his counterfeit. The structure itself resembles a ruined pigeon-house, where the numerous *columbaria* would indicate a family sepulchre: but who should repose in the tomb of Virgil, but Virgil alone? Visitors of every nation, kings and princes, have scratched their names on the stucco of this apocryphal ruin, but the poet's awful name seems to have deterred them from versifying here."

37. Be satisfied with knowing that a thing is, without asking why it is. These were distinguished in scholastic language as the *Demonstratio quia*, and the *Demonstratio propter quid*.

47. Lerici is on the Riviera di Levante, near Spezia; Turbia on the Riviera di Ponente, near Nice. Of this region, Mr. Ruskin, "Modern Painters," III. 243, says:

"The similes by which he illustrates the steepness of that ascent are all taken from the Riviera of Genoa, now traversed by a good carriage road under the name of the Cornice; but as this road did not exist in Dante's time, and the steep precipices and promontories were then probably traversed by foot-paths, which, as they necessarily passed in many places over crumbling and slippery limestone, were doubtless not a little dangerous, and as in the manner they commanded the bays of sea below, and lay exposed to the full blaze of the southeastern sun, they corresponded precisely to the situation of the path by which he ascends above the purgatorial sea, the image could not possibly have been taken from a better source for the fully conveying his idea to the reader: nor, by the way, is there reason to discredit, in *this* place, his powers of climbing; for, with his usual accuracy, he has taken the angle of the path for us, saying it was considerably more than forty-five. Now a continuous mountain slope of forty-five degrees is already quite unsafe either for ascent or descent, except by zigzag paths; and a greater slope than this could not be climbed, straightforward, but by help of crevices or jags in the rock, and great physical exertion besides."

Mr. Norton, "Travel and Study," p. 1, thus describes the Riviera: "The Var forms the geographical boundary between France and Italy; but it is not till Nice is left behind, and the first height of the Riviera is surmounted, that the real Italy begins. Here the hills close round at the north, and suddenly, as the road turns at the top of a long ascent, the Mediterranean appears far below, washing the feet of the mountains that form the coast, and stretching away to the southern horizon. The line of the shore is of extraordinary beauty. Here an abrupt cliff rises from the sea; here bold and broken masses of rock jut out into it; here the hills, their gray sides terraced for vineyards, slope gently down to the water's edge; here they stretch into little promontories covered with orange and olive trees.

"One of the first of these promontories is that of Capo Sant' Ospizio. A close grove of olives half conceals the old castle on its extreme point. With the afternoon sun full upon it, the trees palely glimmering as their leaves move in the light air, the sea so blue and smooth as to be like a darker sky, and not even a ripple upon the beach, it seems as if this were the very home of summer and of repose. It is remote and secluded from the stir and noise of the world. No road is seen leading to it, and one looks down upon the solitary castle and wonders what stories of enchantment and romance belong to a ruin that appears as if made for their dwelling-place. It is a scene out of that Italy which is the home of the imagination, and which becomes the Italy of memory.

"As the road winds down to the sea, it passes under a high isolated peak, on which stands Esa, built as a city of refuge against pirates and Moors. A little farther on,

> Its Roman strength Turbia showed
> In ruins by the mountain road,

not only recalling the ancient times, when it was the boundary city of Italy and Gaul, and when Augustus erected his triumphal arch within it, but associated also with Dante and the steep of Purgatory. Beneath lies Monaco, glowing 'like a gem' on its oval rock, the sea sparkling around it, and the long western rays of the sinking sun lingering on its little

palace, clinging to its church belfry and its gray wall, as if loath to leave them."

In the Casa Magni, on the seashore near Lerici, Shelley once lived. He was returning thither from Leghorn, when he perished in a sudden storm at sea.

67. After they had gone a mile, they were still a stone's throw distant.

82. See "Convito," I. 10.

112. Manfredi, king of Apulia and Sicily, was a natural son of the Emperor Frederick the Second. He was slain at the battle of Benevento, in 1265; one of the great and decisive battles of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the Guelph or Papal forces being commanded by Charles of Anjou, and the Ghibellines or Imperialists by Manfredi.

Malaspina, "Storia," ch. 187, thus describes his death and burial: "Manfredi, being left with few followers, behaved like a valiant gentleman who preferred to die in battle rather than to escape with shame. And putting on his helmet, which had on it a silver eagle for a crest, this eagle fell on the saddle-bow before him; and seeing this he was greatly disturbed, and said in Latin to the barons who were near him, '*Hoc est signum Dei;* for this crest I fastened on with my own hands in such a way that it could not fall.' But he was not discouraged, and took heart, and went into battle like any other baron, without the royal insignia, in order not to be recognized. But short while it lasted, for his forces were already in flight; and they were routed and Manfredi slain in the middle of the enemy; and they were driven into the town by the soldiers of King Charles, for it was now night, and they lost the city of Benevento. And many of Manfredi's barons were made prisoners, among whom were the Count Giordano, Messer Piero Asino degli Uberti, and many others, whom King Charles sent captive into Provence, and there had them put to death in prison; and he imprisoned many other Germans in different parts of the kingdom. And a few days afterwards the wife of Manfredi and his children and his sister, who were in Nocera de' Sardini in Apulia, were taken prisoners by Charles; these died in prison. And for more than three days they made search after Manfredi;

for he could not be found, nor was it known if he were dead, or a prisoner, or had escaped; because he had not worn his royal robes in the battle. And afterwards he was recognized by one of his own camp-followers, from certain marks upon his person, in the middle of the battle-field; and he threw him across an ass, and came shouting, 'Who will buy Manfredi?' for which a baron of the king beat him with a cane. And the body of Manfredi being brought to King Charles, he assembled all the barons who were prisoners, and asked each one if that was Manfredi; and timidly they answered yes. Count Giordano smote himself in the face with his hands, weeping and crying, 'O my lord!' whereupon he was much commended by the French, and certain Bretons besought that he might have honorable burial. Answered the king and said, 'I would do it willingly, if he were not excommunicated;' and on that account he would not have him laid in consecrated ground, but he was buried at the foot of the bridge of Benevento, and each one of the army threw a stone upon his grave, so that a great pile was made. But afterwards, it is said, by command of the Pope, the Bishop of Cosenza took him from that grave, and sent him out of the kingdom, because it was Church land. And he was buried by the river Verde, at the confines of the kingdom and the Campagna. This battle was on a Friday, the last day of February, in the year one thousand two hundred and sixty-five."

Villani, who in his account of the battle copies Malaspina almost literally, gives in another chapter, VI. 46, the following portrait of Manfredi; but it must be remembered that Villani was a Guelph, and Manfredi a Ghibelline.

"King Manfredi had for his mother a beautiful lady of the family of the Marquises of Lancia in Lombardy, with whom the Emperor had an intrigue, and was beautiful in person, and like his father and more than his father was given to dissipation of all kinds. He was a musician and singer, delighted in the company of buffoons and courtiers and beautiful concubines, and was always clad in green; he was generous and courteous, and of good demeanor, so that he was much beloved and gracious; but his life was wholly epicurean, hardly

caring for God or the saints, but for the delights of the body. He was an enemy of holy Church, and of priests and monks, confiscating churches as his father had done; and a wealthy gentleman was he, both from the treasure which he inherited from the Emperor, and from King Conrad, his brother, and from his own kingdom, which was ample and fruitful, and which, so long as he lived, notwithstanding all the wars he had with the Church, he kept in good condition, so that it rose greatly in wealth and power, both by sea and by land."

113. Constance, wife of the Emperor Henry the Sixth.

115. His daughter Constance, who was married to Peter of Aragon, and was the mother of Frederic of Sicily and of James of Aragon.

124. The Bishop of Cosenza and Pope Clement the Fourth.

131. The name of the river Verde reminds one of the old Spanish ballad, particularly when one recalls the fact that Manfredi had in his army a band of Saracens:

> Rio Verde, Rio Verde,
> Many a corpse is bathed in thee,
> Both of Moors and eke of Christians,
> Slain with swords most cruelly.

132. Those who died "in contumely of holy Church," or under excommunication, were buried with extinguished and inverted torches.

CANTO IV

6. Plato's doctrine of three souls: the Vegetative in the liver; the Sensitive in the heart; and the Intellectual in the brain. See "Convito," IV. 7.

15. See "Convito," II. 14, quoted "Paradiso," XIV. note 86.

25. Sanleo, a fortress on a mountain in the duchy of Urbino; Noli, a town in the Genoese territory, by the seaside; Bismantova, a mountain in the duchy of Modena.

36. Like Christian going up the hill Difficulty in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress:" "I looked then after Christian

to see him go up the hill, where I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and knees, because of the steepness of the place."

43. More than forty-five degrees.

61. If the sun were in Gemini, or if we were in the month of May, you would see the sun still farther to the north.

64. *Rubecchio* is generally rendered red or ruddy. But Jacopo dalla Lana says: "*Rubecchio* in the Tuscan tongue signifies an indented mill-wheel." This interpretation certainly renders the image more distinct. The several signs of the Zodiac are so many cogs in the great wheel; and the wheel is an image which Dante more than once applies to the celestial bodies.

71. The Ecliptic. See "Inferno," XVII. note 107.

73. This, the Mountain of Purgatory; and that, Mount Zion.

83. The Seven Stars of Ursa Major, the North Star.

109. Compare Thomson's description of the "pleasing land of drowsy-head," in the "Castle of Indolence:"

> And there a season atween June and May,
> Half prankt with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
> A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
> No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

123. "He loved also in life," says Arrivabene, "Commento Storico," 584, a certain Belacqua, an excellent maker of musical instruments.

Benvenuto da Imola says of him: "He was a Florentine who made guitars and other musical instruments. He carved and ornamented the necks and heads of the guitars with great care, and sometimes also played. Hence Dante, who delighted in music, knew him intimately." This seems to be all that is known of Belacqua.

133. "Measure for Measure," II. 2:

> True prayers,
> That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
> Ere sunrise; prayers from preserved souls,
> From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
> To nothing temporal.

NOTES

CANTO V

1. There is an air of reality about this passage, like some personal reminiscence of street gossip, which gives perhaps a little credibility to the otherwise incredible anecdotes of Dante told by Sacchetti and others; — such as those of the ass-driver whom he beat, and the blacksmith whose tools he threw into the street for singing his verses amiss, and the woman who pointed him out to her companions as the man who had been in Hell and brought back tidings of it.

38. Some editions read in this line *mezza notte*, midnight, instead of *prima notte*, early nightfall.

Of meteors Brunetto Latini, "Trésor," I. pt. 3, ch. 107, writes: "Likewise it often comes to pass that a dry vapor, when it has mounted so high that it takes fire from the heat which is above, falls, when thus kindled, towards the earth, until it is spent and extinguished, whence some people think it is a dragon or a star which falls."

Milton, "Paradise Lost," IV. 556, describing the flight of Uriel, says:

> Swift as a shooting star
> In Autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fired
> Impress the air, and show the mariner
> From what point of his compass to beware
> Impetuous winds.

66. Shakespeare's "war 'twixt will and will not," and "letting I dare not wait upon I would."

67. This is Jacopo del Cassero of Fano, in the region between Romagna and the kingdom of Naples, then ruled by Charles de Valois (Charles Lackland). He was waylaid and murdered at Oriago, between Venice and Padua, by Azzone the Third of Este.

74. Leviticus, XVII. 2: "The life of the flesh is in the blood."

75. Among the Paduans, who are called Antenori, because their city was founded by Antenor of Troy. Brunetto Latini, "Trésor," I. ch. 39, says: "Then Antenor and Priam departed thence, with a great company of people, and went

to the Marca Trevisana, not far from Venice, and there they built another city which is called Padua, where lies the body of Antenor, and his sepulchre is still there."

79. La Mira is on the Brenta, or one of its canals, in the fen-lands between Padua and Venice.

88. Buonconte was a son of Guido di Montefeltro, and lost his life in the battle of Campaldino in the Val d' Arno. His body was never found; Dante imagines its fate.

Ruskin, "Modern Painters," III. 252, remarks:

"Observe, Buonconte, as he dies, crosses his arms over his breast, pressing them together, partly in his pain, partly in prayer. His body thus lies by the river shore, as on a sepulchral monument, the arms folded into a cross. The rage of the river, under the influence of the evil demon, *unlooses this cross*, dashing the body supinely away, and rolling it over and over by bank and bottom. Nothing can be truer to the action of a stream in fury than these lines. And how desolate is it all! The lonely flight, — the grisly wound, 'pierced in the throat,' — the death, without help or pity, — only the name of Mary on the lips, — and the cross folded over the heart. Then the rage of the demon and the river, — the noteless grave, — and, at last, even she who had been most trusted forgetting him,

Giovanna nor none else have care for me.

There is, I feel assured, nothing else like it in all the range of poetry; a faint and harsh echo of it, only, exists in one Scottish ballad, 'The Twa Corbies.'"

89. The wife of Buonconte.

92. Ampère, "Voyage Dantesque," p. 241, thus speaks of the battle of Campaldino: "In this plain of Campaldino, now so pleasant and covered with vineyards, took place, on the 11th of June, 1289, a rude combat between the Guelphs of Florence and the *fuorusciti* Ghibellines, aided by the Aretines. Dante fought in the front rank of the Florentine cavalry; for it must needs be that this man, whose life was so complete, should have been a soldier, before being a theologian, diplomatist, and poet. He was then twenty-four years of age. He himself described this battle in a letter, of

which only a few lines remain. 'At the battle of Campaldino,' he says, 'the Ghibelline party was routed and almost wholly slain. I was there, a novice in arms; I had great fear, and at last great joy, on account of the divers chances of the fight.' One must not see in this phrase the confession of cowardice, which could have no place in a soul tempered like that of Alighieri. The only fear he had was lest the battle should be lost. In fact, the Florentines at first seemed beaten; their infantry fell back before the Aretine cavalry; but this first advantage of the enemy was its destruction, by dividing its forces. These were the vicissitudes of the battle to which Dante alludes, and which at first excited his fears, and then caused his joy."

96. The Convent of Camaldoli, thus described by Forsyth, "Italy," p. 117:

"We now crossed the beautiful vale of Prato Vecchio, rode round the modest arcades of the town, and arrived at the lower convent of Camaldoli, just at shutting of the gates. The sun was set and every object sinking into repose, except the stream which roared among the rocks, and the convent-bells which were then ringing the 'Angelus.'

"This monastery is secluded from the approach of woman in a deep, narrow, woody dell. Its circuit of dead walls, built on the conventual plan, gives it an aspect of confinement and defence; yet this is considered as a privileged retreat, where the rule of the order relaxes its rigor, and no monks can reside but the sick or the superannuated, the dignitary or the steward, the apothecary or the bead-turner. Here we passed the night, and next morning rode up by the steep traverses to the Santo Eremo, where Saint Romualdo lived and established

> de' tacenti cenobiti il coro,
> L' arcane penitenze, ed i digiuni
> Al Camaldoli suo.

"The Eremo is a city of hermits, walled round, and divided into streets of low, detached cells. Each cell consists of two or three naked rooms, built exactly on the plan of the Saint's own tenement, which remains just as Romualdo left it eight hundred years ago; now too sacred and too damp for a mortal tenant.

"The unfeeling Saint has here established a rule which anticipates the pains of Purgatory. No stranger can behold without emotion a number of noble, interesting young men bound to stand erect chanting at choir for eight hours a day; their faces pale, their heads shaven, their beards shaggy, their backs raw, their legs swollen, and their feet bare. With this horrible institute the climate conspires in severity, and selects from society the best constitutions. The sickly novice is cut off in one or two winters, the rest are subject to dropsy, and few arrive at old age."

97. Where the Archiano loses its name by flowing into the Arno.

104. Epistle of Jude, 9: "Yet Michael the archangel, when contending with the Devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, The Lord rebuke thee."

And Jeremy Taylor, speaking of the pardon of sin, says: "And while it is disputed between Christ and Christ's enemy who shall be Lord, the pardon fluctuates like the wave, striving to climb the rock, and is washed off like its own retinue, and it gets possession by time and uncertainty, by difficulty and the degrees of a hard progression."

109. Brunetto Latini, "Trésor," I. ch. 107: "Then arise vapors like unto smoke, and mount aloft in air, where little by little they gather and grow, until they become dark and dense, so that they take away the sight of the sun; and these are the clouds; but they never are so dark as to take away the light of day; for the sun shines through them, as if it were a candle in a lantern, which shines outwardly, though it cannot itself be seen. And when the cloud has waxed great, so that it can no longer support the abundance of water, which is there as vapor, it must needs fall to earth, and that is the rain."

112. In Ephesians, II. 2, the evil spirit is called "the prince of the power of the air."

Compare also "Inferno," XXIII. 16,

> If anger be on evil will engrafted,

and "Inferno," XXXI. 55,

For where the argument of intellect
Is added unto evil will and power,
No rampart can the people make against it.

116. This Bratomagno is the same as the Prato Vecchio mentioned in note 96. The "great yoke" is the ridge of the Apennines.

Dr. Barlow, "Study of the Divine Comedy," p. 199, has this note on the passage:

"When rain falls from the upper region of the air, we observe at a considerable altitude a thin light veil, or a hazy turbidness; as this increases, the lower clouds become diffused in it, and form a uniform sheet. Such is the *stratus* cloud described by Dante (v. 115) as covering the valley from Pratomagno to the ridge on the opposite side above Camaldoli. This cloud is a widely extended horizontal sheet of vapor, increasing from below, and lying on or near the earth's surface. It is properly the cloud of night, and first appears about sunset, usually in autumn; it comprehends creeping mists and fogs which ascend from the bottom of valleys, and from the surface of lakes and rivers, in consequence of air colder than that of the surface descending and mingling with it, and from the air over the adjacent land cooling down more rapidly than that over the water, from which increased evaporation is taking place."

118. Milton, "Paradise Lost," IV. 500:

As Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That bring May-flowers.

126. His arms crossed upon his breast.

134. Ampère, "Voyage Dantesque," 255: "Who was this unhappy and perhaps guilty woman? The commentators say that she was of the family of Tolomei, illustrious at Siena. Among the different versions of her story there is one truly terrible. The outraged husband led his wife to an isolated castle in the Maremma of Siena, and there shut himself up with his victim, waiting his vengeance from the poisoned atmosphere of this solitude. Breathing with her the air which was killing her, he saw her slowly perish. This funeral tête-à-tête found him always impassive, until, according to

the expression of Dante, the Maremma had unmade what he had once loved. This melancholy story might well have no other foundation than the enigma of Dante's lines, and the terror with which this enigma may have struck the imaginations of his contemporaries.

"However this may be, one cannot prevent an involuntary shudder, when, showing you a pretty little brick palace [at Siena], they say, 'That is the house of the Pia.'"

Benvenuto da Imola gives a different version of the story, and says that by command of the husband she was thrown from the window of her palace into the street, and died of the fall.

Bandello, the Italian Novelist, part I. novella 12, says that the narrative is true, and gives minutely the story of the lovers, with such embellishments as his imagination suggested.

Ugo Foscolo, "Edinburgh Review," XXIX. 458, speaks thus:

"Shakespeare unfolds the character of his persons, and presents them under all the variety of forms which they can naturally assume. He surrounds them with all the splendor of his imagination, and bestows on them that full and minute reality which his creative genius could alone confer. Of all tragic poets, he most amply develops character. On the other hand, Dante, if compared not only to Virgil, the most sober of poets, but even to Tacitus, will be found never to employ more than a stroke or two of his pencil, which he aims at imprinting almost insensibly on the hearts of his readers. Virgil has related the story of Eurydice in two hundred verses; Dante, in sixty verses, has finished his masterpiece, — the tale of Francesca da Rimini. The history of Desdemona has a parallel in the following passage of Dante. Nello della Pietra had espoused a lady of noble family at Sienna, named Madonna Pia. Her beauty was the admiration of Tuscany, and excited in the heart of her husband a jealousy, which, exasperated by false reports and groundless suspicions, at length drove him to the desperate resolution of Othello. It is difficult to decide whether the lady was quite innocent; but so Dante represents her. Her husband brought her into the Maremma, which, then as now, was a district

destructive to health. He never told his unfortunate wife the reason of her banishment to so dangerous a country. He did not deign to utter complaint or accusation. He lived with her alone, in cold silence, without answering her questions, or listening to her remonstrances. He patiently waited till the pestilential air should destroy the health of this young lady. In a few months she died. Some chroniclers, indeed, tell us, that Nello used the dagger to hasten her death. It is certain that he survived her, plunged in sadness and perpetual silence. Dante had, in this incident, all the materials of an ample and very poetical narrative. But he bestows on it only four verses."

For a description of the Maremma, see "Inferno," XIII. note 9.

Also Rogers, "Italy," near the end:

> Where the path
> Is lost in rank luxuriance, and to breathe
> Is to inhale distemper, if not death;
> Where the wild boar retreats, when hunters chafe,
> And, when the day-star flames, the buffalo herd
> Afflicted plunge into the stagnant pool,
> Nothing discerned amid the water-leaves,
> Save here and there the likeness of a head,
> Savage, uncouth; where none in human shape
> Come, save the herdsman, levelling his length
> Of lance with many a cry, or Tartar-like
> Urging his steed along the distant hill,
> As from a danger.

CANTO VI

1. Zara was a game of chance, played with three dice.

13. Messer Benincasa of Arezzo, who, while Vicario del Podestà, or Judge, in Siena, sentenced to death a brother and a nephew of Ghino di Tacco for highway robbery. He was afterwards an Auditor of the Ruota in Rome, where, says Benvenuto, "one day as he sat in the tribunal, in the midst of a thousand people, Ghino di Tacco appeared like Scævola, terrible and nothing daunted; and having seized Benincasa, he plunged his dagger into his heart, leaped from the balcony,

and disappeared in the midst of the crowd stupefied with terror."

14. This terrible Ghino di Tacco was a nobleman of Asinalunga in the territory of Siena; one of those splendid fellows, who, from some real or imaginary wrong done them, take to the mountains and highways to avenge themselves on society. He is the true type of the traditionary stage bandit, the magnanimous melodramatic hero, who utters such noble sentiments and commits such atrocious deeds.

Benvenuto is evidently dazzled and fascinated by him, and has to throw two Romans into the scale to do him justice. His account is as follows:

"Reader, I would have thee know that Ghino was not, as some write, so infamous as to be a great assassin and highway robber. For this Ghino di Tacco was a wonderful man, tall, muscular, black-haired, and strong; as agile as Scævola, as prudent and liberal as Papirius Cursor. He was of the nobles of La Fratta, in the county of Siena; who, being forcibly banished by the Counts of Santafiore, held the noble castle of Radicofani against the Pope. With his marauders he made many and great prizes, so that no one could go safely to Rome or elsewhere through those regions. Yet hardly any one fell into his hands, who did not go away contented, and love and praise him. . . . If a merchant were taken prisoner, Ghino asked him kindly how much he was able to give him; and if he said five hundred pieces of gold, he kept three hundred for himself, and gave back two hundred, saying, 'I wish you to go on with your business and to thrive.' If it were a rich and fat priest, he kept his handsome mule, and gave him a wretched horse. And if it were a poor scholar, going to study, he gave him some money, and exhorted him to good conduct and proficiency in learning."

Boccaccio, "Decamerone," x. 2, relates the following adventure of Ghino di Tacco and the Abbot of Cligni:

"Ghino di Tacco was a man famous for his bold and insolent robberies, who being banished from Siena, and at utter enmity with the Counts di Santa Fiore, caused the town of Radicofani to rebel against the Church, and lived there

whilst his gang robbed all who passed that way. Now when Boniface the Eighth was pope, there came to court the Abbot of Cligni, reputed to be one of the richest prelates in the world, and having debauched his stomach with high living, he was advised by his physicians to go to the baths of Siena, as a certain cure. And, having leave from the Pope, he set out with a goodly train of coaches, carriages, horses, and servants, paying no respect to the rumors concerning this robber. Ghino was apprised of his coming, and took his measures accordingly; when, without the loss of a man, he enclosed the abbot and his whole retinue in a narrow defile, where it was impossible for them to escape. This being done, he sent one of his principal fellows to the abbot with his service, requesting the favor of him to alight and visit him at his castle. Upon which the abbot replied, with a great deal of passion, that he had nothing to do with Ghino, but that his resolution was to go on, and he would see who dared to stop him. 'My Lord,' quoth the man, with a great deal of humility, 'you are now in a place where all excommunications are kicked out of doors; then please to oblige my master in this thing; it will be your best way.' Whilst they were talking together, the place was surrounded with highwaymen, and the abbot, seeing himself a prisoner, went with a great deal of ill will with the fellow to the castle, followed by his whole retinue, where he dismounted, and was lodged, by Ghino's appointment, in a poor, dark little room, whilst every other person was well accommodated according to his respective station, and the carriages and all the horses taken exact care of. This being done, Ghino went to the abbot, and said, 'My Lord, Ghino, whose guest you are, requests the favor of you to let him know whither you are going, and upon what account?' The abbot was wise enough to lay all his haughtiness aside for the present, and satisfied him with regard to both. Ghino went away at hearing this, and, resolving to cure him without a bath, he ordered a great fire to be kept constantly in his room, coming to him no more till next morning, when he brought him two slices of toasted bread, in a fine napkin, and a large glass of his own rich white wine, saying to him, 'My Lord, when Ghino was young,

he studied physic, and he declares that the very best medicine for a pain in the stomach is what he has now provided for you, of which these things are to be the beginning. Then take them, and have a good heart.' The abbot, whose hunger was much greater than was his will to joke, ate the bread, though with a great deal of indignation, and drank the glass of wine; after which he began to talk a little arrogantly, asking many questions, and demanding more particularly to see this Ghino. But Ghino passed over part of what he said as vain, and the rest he answered very courteously, declaring that Ghino meant to make him a visit very soon, and then left him. He saw him no more till next morning, when he brought him as much bread and wine as before, and in the same manner. And thus he continued during many days, till he found the abbot had eaten some dried beans, which he had left purposely in the chamber, when he inquired of him, as from Ghino, how he found his stomach? The abbot replied, 'I should be well enough were I out of this man's clutches. There is nothing I want now so much as to eat, for his medicines have had such an effect upon me, that I am fit to die with hunger.' Ghino, then, having furnished a room with the abbot's own goods, and provided an elegant entertainment, to which many people of the town were invited, as well as the abbot's own domestics, went the next morning to him, and said, 'My Lord, now you find yourself recovered, it is time for you to quit this infirmary.' So he took him by the hand, and led him into the chamber, leaving him there with his own people; and as he went out to give orders about the feast, the abbot was giving an account how he had led his life in that place, whilst they declared that they had been used by Ghino with all possible respect. When the time came, they sat down and were nobly entertained, but still without Ghino's making himself known. But after the abbot had continued some days in that manner, Ghino had all the goods and furniture brought into a large room, and the horses were likewise led into the court-yard which was under it, when he inquired how his Lordship now found himself, or whether he was yet able to ride. The abbot made answer that he was strong enough, and his stomach perfectly well,

and that he only wanted to quit this man. Ghino then brought him into the room where all his goods were, showing him also to the window, that he might take a view of his horses, when he said, 'My Lord, you must understand it was no evil disposition, but his being driven a poor exile from his own house, and persecuted with many enemies, that forced Ghino di Tacco, whom I am, to be a robber upon the highways, and an enemy to the court of Rome. You seem, however, to be a person of honor; as, therefore, I have cured you of your pain in your stomach, I do not mean to treat you as I would do another person that should fall into my hands, that is, to take what I please, but I would have you consider my necessity, and then give me what you will yourself. Here is all that belongs to you; the horses you may see out of the window: take either part or the whole, just as you are disposed, and go or stay, as is most agreeable to you.' The abbot was surprised to hear a highwayman talk in so courteous a manner, which did not a little please him; so, turning all his former passion and resentment into kindness and good will, he ran with a heart full of friendship to embrace him: 'I protest solemnly that to procure the friendship of such an one as I take you to be, I would undergo more than what you have already made me suffer. Cursed be that evil fortune which has thrown you into this way of life!' So, taking only a few of his most necessary things, and also of his horses, and leaving all the rest, he came back to Rome. The Pope had heard of the abbot's being a prisoner, and though he was much concerned at it, yet, upon seeing him, he inquired what benefit he had received from the baths? The abbot replied, with a smile, 'Holy Father, I found a physician much nearer, who has cured me excellently well;' and he told him the manner of it, which made the Pope laugh heartily, when, going on with his story, and moved with a truly generous spirit, he requested of his Holiness one favor. The Pope, imagining he would ask something else, freely consented to grant it. Then said the abbot, 'Holy Father, what I mean to require is, that you would bestow a free pardon on Ghino di Tacco, my doctor, because, of all people of worth that I ever met with, he certainly is most to be

esteemed, and the damage he does is more the fault of fortune than himself. Change but his condition, and give him something to live upon, according to his rank and station, and I dare say you will have the same opinion of him that I have.' The Pope, being of a noble spirit, and a great encourager of merit, promised to do so, if he was such a person as he reported, and, in the mean time, gave letters of safe-conduct for his coming thither. Upon that assurance, Ghino came to court, when the Pope was soon convinced of his worth, and reconciled to him, giving him the priory of an hospital, and creating him a knight. And there he continued as a friend and loyal servant to the Holy Church, and to the Abbot of Cligni, as long as he lived."

15. Cione de' Tarlati of Pietramala, who, according to the "Ottimo," after the fight at Bibbiena, being pursued by the enemy, endeavored to ford the Arno, and was drowned. Others interpret the line differently, making him the pursuing party. But as he was an Aretine, and the Aretines were routed in this battle, the other rendering is doubtless the true one.

17. Federigo Novello, son of Ser Guido Novello of Casentino, slain by one of the Bostoli. "A good youth," says Benvenuto, "and therefore Dante makes mention of him."

The Pisan who gave occasion to Marzucco to show his fortitude was Marzucco's own son, Farinata degli Scoringiani. He was slain by Beccio da Caproni, or, as Benvenuto asserts, declaring that Boccaccio told him so, by Count Ugolino. His father, Marzucco, who had become a Franciscan friar, showed no resentment at the murder, but went with the other friars to his son's funeral, and in humility kissed the hand of the murderer, extorting from him the exclamation, "Thy patience overcomes my obduracy." This was an example of Christian forgiveness which even that vindictive age applauded.

19. Count Orso was a son of Napoleone d' Acerbaja, and was slain by his brother-in-law (or uncle) Alberto.

22. Pierre de la Brosse was the secretary of Philip le Bel of France, and suffered at his hands a fate similar to that which befell Pier della Vigna at the court of Frederick the

Second. See "Inferno," XIII. note 58. Being accused by Marie de Brabant, the wife of Philip, of having written love-letters to her, he was condemned to death by the king in 1276. Benvenuto thinks that during his residence in Paris Dante learned the truth of the innocence of Pierre de la Brosse.

30. In "Æneid," VI.: "Cease to hope that the decrees of the gods are to be changed by prayers."

37. The *apex juris*, or top of judgment; the supreme decree of God. "Measure for Measure," II. 2:

> How could you be,
> If He who is the top of judgment should
> But judge you as you are?

51. Virgil's "Bucolics," Eclogue I.: "And now the high tops of the villages smoke afar, and larger shadows fall from the lofty mountains."

74. This has generally been supposed to be Sordello the Troubadour. But is it he? Is it Sordello the Troubadour, or Sordello the Podestà of Verona? or are they one and the same person? After much research, it is not easy to decide the question, and to

> Single out
> Sordello, compassed murkily about
> With ravage of six long sad hundred years.

Yet as far as it is possible to learn it from various conflicting authorities,

> Who will may hear Sordello's story told.

Dante, in his treatise "De Vulgari Eloquio," I. 15, speaks of Sordello of Mantua as "a man so choice in his language that not only in his poems, but in whatever way he spoke, he abandoned the dialect of his province." But here there is no question of the Provençal in which Sordello the Troubadour wrote, but only of Italian dialects in comparison with the universal and cultivated Italian, which Dante says "belongs to all the Italian cities, and seems to belong exclusively to none." In the same treatise, II. 13, he mentions a certain Gotto of Mantua as the author of many good songs; and this Gotto is supposed to be Sordello, as Sordello was

born at Goïto in the province of Mantua. But would Dante in the same treatise allude to the same person under different names? Is not this rather the Sordel de Goï, mentioned by Raynouard, "Poésies des Troubadours," v. 445?

In the old Provençal manuscript quoted by Raynouard, "Poésies des Troubadours," v. 444, Sordello's biography is thus given:

"Sordello was a Mantuan of Sirier, son of a poor knight, whose name was Sir El Cort. And he delighted in learning songs and in making them, and rivalled the good men of the court as far as possible, and wrote love-songs and satires. And he came to the court of the Count of Saint Boniface, and the Count honored him greatly, and by way of pastime (*a forma de solatz*) he fell in love with the wife of the Count, and she with him. And it happened that the Count quarrelled with her brothers, and became estranged from her. And her brothers, Sir Icellis and Sir Albrics, persuaded Sir Sordello to run away with her; and he came to live with them in great content. And afterwards he went into Provence, and received great honor from all good men, and from the Count and Countess, who gave him a good castle and a gentlewoman for his wife."

Citing this passage, Millot, "Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours," II. 80, goes on to say:

"This is all that our manuscripts tell us of Sordello. According to Agnelli and Platina, historians of Mantua, he was of the house of the Visconti of that city; valiant in deeds of arms, famous in jousts and tournaments, he won the love of Beatrice, daughter of Ezzelin da Romano, Lord of the Marca Trevigiana, and married her; he governed Mantua as Podestà and Captain-General; and though son-in-law of the tyrant Ezzelin, he always opposed him, being a great lover of justice.

"We find these facts cited by Crescimbeni, who says that Sordello was the lord of Goïto; but as they are not applicable to our poet, we presume they refer to a warrior of the same name, and perhaps of a different family.

"Among the pieces of Sordello, thirty-four in number, there are some fifteen songs of gallantry, though Nostrodamus says that all his pieces turn only upon philosophic subjects."

Nostrodamus's account, as given by Crescimbeni, "Volgar Poesia," II. 105, is as follows:

"Sordello was a Mantuan poet, who surpassed in Provençal song Calvo, Folchetto of Marseilles, Lanfranco Cicala, Percival Dorio, and all the other Genoese and Tuscan poets, who took far greater delight in our Provençal tongue, on account of its sweetness, than in their own maternal language. This poet was very studious, and exceeding eager to know all things, and as much as any one of his nation excellent in learning as well as in understanding and in prudence. He wrote several beautiful songs, not indeed of love, for not one of that kind is found among his works, but on philosophic subjects. Raymond Belinghieri, the last Count of Provence of that name, in the last days of his life (the poet being then but fifteen years of age), on account of the excellence of his poetry and the rare invention shown in his productions, took him into his service, as Pietro di Castelnuovo, himself a Provençal poet, informs us. He also wrote various satires in the same language, and among others one in which he reproves all the Christian princes; and it is composed in the form of a funeral song on the death of Blancasso."

In the "Histoire Littéraire de la France," XIX. 452, Emériс David, after discussing the subject at length, says:

"Who, then, is this Sordello, haughty and superb, like a lion in repose, — this Sordello, who, in embracing Virgil, gives rise to this sudden explosion of the patriotic sentiments of Dante? Is it a singer of love and gallantry? Impossible. This Sordello is the old Podestà of Mantua, as decided a Ghibelline as Dante himself; and Dante utters before him sentiments which he well knows the zealous Ghibelline will share. And what still more confirms our judgment is that Sordello embraces the knees of Virgil, exclaiming, 'O glory of the Latians,' etc. In this admiration, in this love of the Latin tongue, we still see the Podestà, the writer of Latin; we do not see the Troubadour."

Benvenuto calls Sordello a "noble and prudent knight," and "a man of singular virtue in the world, though of impenitent life," and tells a story he has heard of him and Cunizza, but does not vouch for it. "Ezzelino," he says, "had a

sister greatly addicted to the pleasures of love, concerning whom much is said in the ninth Canto of 'Paradiso.' She, being enamoured of Sordello, had cautiously contrived that he should visit her at night by a back door near the kitchen of her palace at Verona. And as there was in the street a dirty slough in which the swine wallowed, and puddles of filthy water, so that the place would seem in no way suspicious, he caused himself to be carried by her servant to the door where Cunizza stood ready to receive him. Ezzelino having heard of this, one evening, disguised as a servant, carried Sordello, and brought him back. Which done, he discovered himself to Sordello, and said, 'Enough; abstain in future from doing so foul a deed in so foul a place.' Sordello, terrified, humbly besought pardon; promising never more to return to his sister. But the accursed Cunizza again enticed him into his former error. Wherefore, fearing Ezzelino, the most formidable man of his time, he left the city. But Ezzelino, as some say, afterwards had him put to death."

He says, moreover, that Dante places Sordello alone and separate from the others, like Saladin in "Inferno," IV. 129, on account of his superiority, or because he wrote a book entitled "The Treasure of Treasures;" and that Sordello was a Mantuan of the village of Goïto, — "beautiful of person, valiant of spirit, gentle of manner."

Finally, Quadrio, "Storia d' ogni Poesia," II. 130, easily cuts the knot which no one can untie; but unfortunately he does not give his authorities. He writes:

"Sordello, native of Goïto (Sordel de Goi), a village in the Mantuan territory, was born in 1184, and was the son of a poor knight named El Cort." He then repeats the story of Count Saint Boniface, and of Sordello's reception by Count Raymond in Provence, and adds: "Having afterwards returned to Italy, he governed Mantua with the title of Regent and Captain-General; and was opposed to the tyrant Ezzelino, being a great lover of justice, as Agnelli writes. Finally he died, very old and full of honor, about 1280. He wrote not only in Provençal, but also in our own common Italian tongue; and he was one of those poets who avoided the dialect of his own province, and used the good,

choice language, as Dante affirms in his book of 'Volgar Eloquenza.'"

If the reader is not already sufficiently confused, he can easily become so by turning to Tiraboschi, "Storia della Letteratura Italiana," IV. 360, where he will find the matter thoroughly discussed, in sixteen solid pages, by the patient librarian of Modena, who finally gives up in despair and calls on the Royal Academy for help;

> But that were overbold; —
> Who would has heard Sordello's story told.

76. Before Dante's time Fra Guittone had said, in his famous "Letter to the Florentines:" "O queen of cities, court of justice, school of wisdom, mirror of life, and mould of manners, whose sons were kings, reigning in every land, or were above all others, who art no longer queen but servant, oppressed and subject to tribute! no longer court of justice, but cave of robbers, and school of all folly and madness, mirror of death and mould of felony, whose great strength is stripped and broken, whose beautiful face is covered with foulness and shame; whose sons are no longer kings but vile and wretched servants, held, wherever they go, in opprobrium and derision by others."

See also Petrarca, "Canzone," XVI., Lady Dacre's translation, beginning:

> O my own Italy! though words are vain
> The mortal wounds to close,
> Unnumbered, that thy beauteous bosom stain,
> Yet may it soothe my pain
> To sigh for the Tiber's woes,
> And Arno's wrongs, as on Po's saddened shore
> Sorrowing I wander and my numbers pour.

And Filicaja's sonnet:

> Italy! Italy! thou who 'rt doomed to wear
> The fata. gift of beauty, and possess
> The dower funest of infinite wretchedness,
> Written upon thy forehead by despair;
> Ah! would that thou wert stronger, or less fair,
> That they might fear thee more, or love thee less,
> Who in the splendor of thy loveliness
> Seem wasting, yet to mortal combat dare!

Then from the Alps I should not see descending
Such torrents of armed men, nor Gallic horde
Drinking the wave of Po, distained with gore,
Nor should I see thee girded with a sword
Not thine, and with the stranger's arm contending,
Victor or vanquished, slave for evermore.

89. Gibbon, "Decline and Fall," ch. XLIV., says:

"The vain titles of the victories of Justinian are crumbled into dust; but the name of the legislator is inscribed on a fair and everlasting monument. Under his reign, and by his care, the civil jurisprudence was digested in the immortal works of the Code, the Pandects, and the Institutes; the public reason of the Romans has been silently or studiously transfused into the domestic institutions of Europe, and the laws of Justinian still command the respect or obedience of independent nations. Wise or fortunate is the prince who connects his own reputation with the honor and interest of a perpetual order of men."

92. Mark, XII. 17: "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's."

And in the "Vision of Piers Ploughman," 563:

Reddite Caesari, quod God,
That *Caesari* bifalleth.
Et quae sunt Dei Deo,
Or ellis ye don ille.

97. Albert, son of the Emperor Rudolph, was the second of the house of Hapsburg who bore the title of King of the Romans. He was elected in 1298, but never went to Italy to be crowned. He came to an untimely and violent death, by the hand of his nephew John, in 1308. This is the judgment of Heaven to which Dante alludes.

His successor was Henry of Luxembourg, Dante's "divine and triumphant Henry," who, in 1311, was crowned at Milan with the Iron Crown of Lombardy, *il Sacro Chiodo*, as it is sometimes called, from the plate of iron with which the crown is lined, being, according to tradition, made from a nail of the Cross. In 1312, he was again crowned with the Golden Crown at Rome, and died in the following year. "But the end of his career drew on," says Milman, "Latin Christianity," VI. 520. "He had now advanced, at the head of an army which his enemies dared not meet in the field,

towards Siena. He rode still, seemingly in full vigor and activity. But the fatal air of Rome had smitten his strength. A carbuncle had formed under his knee; injudicious remedies inflamed his vitiated blood. He died at Buonconvento, in the midst of his awestruck army, on the festival of St. Bartholomew. Rumors of foul practice, of course, spread abroad; a Dominican monk was said to have administered poison in the Sacrament, which he received with profound devotion. His body was carried in sad state, and splendidly interred at Pisa.

"So closed that empire, in which, if the more factious and vulgar Ghibellines beheld their restoration to their native city, their triumph, their revenge, their sole administration of public affairs, the nobler Ghibellinism of Dante foresaw the establishment of a great universal monarchy necessary to the peace and civilization of mankind. The ideal sovereign of Dante's famous treatise on Monarchy was Henry of Luxembourg. Neither Dante nor his time can be understood but through this treatise. The attempt of the Pope to raise himself to a great pontifical monarchy had manifestly ignominiously failed: the Ghibelline is neither amazed nor distressed at this event. It is now the turn of the Imperialist to unfold his noble vision. 'An universal monarchy is absolutely necessary for the welfare of the world;' and this is part of his singular reasoning: 'Peace' (says the weary exile, the man worn out in cruel strife, the wanderer from city to city, each of those cities more fiercely torn by faction than the last), 'universal Peace is the first blessing of mankind. The angels sang, not riches or pleasures, but peace on earth: peace the Lord bequeathed to his disciples. For peace One must rule. Mankind is most like God when at unity, for God is One; therefore under a monarchy. Where there is parity, there must be strife; where strife, judgment; the judge must be a third party intervening with supreme authority.' Without monarchy can be no justice, nor even liberty; for Dante's monarch is no arbitrary despot, but a constitutional sovereign; he is the Roman law impersonated in the Emperor; a monarch who should leave all the nations, all the free Italian cities, in possession of their rights and old municipal institutions."

106. The two noble families of Verona, the Montagues and Capulets, whose quarrels have been made familiar to the English-speaking world by "Romeo and Juliet:"

> Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
> By thee, old Capulet and Montague,
> Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets,
> And made Verona's ancient citizens
> Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
> To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
> Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.

107. Families of Orvieto.

111. Santafiore is in the neighborhood of Siena, and much infested with banditti.

112. The state of Rome in Dante's time is thus described by Mr. Norton, "Travel and Study," pp. 246–248:

"On the slope of the Quirinal Hill, in the quiet enclosure of the convent of Saint Catherine of Siena, stands a square, brick tower, seven stories high. It is a conspicuous object in any general view of Rome; for there are few other towers so tall, and there is not a single spire or steeple in the city. It is the Torre delle Milizie. It was begun by Pope Gregory the Ninth, and finished near the end of the thirteenth century by his vigorous and warlike successor, Boniface the Eighth. Many such towers were built for the purposes of private warfare, in those times when the streets of Rome were the fighting-places of its noble families; but this is, perhaps, the only one that now remains undiminished in height and unaltered in appearance. It was a new building when Dante visited Rome; and it is one of the very few edifices that still preserve the aspect they then presented. The older ruins have been greatly changed in appearance, and most of the structures of the Middle Ages have disappeared, in the vicissitudes of the last few centuries. The Forum was then filled with a confused mass of ruins and miserable dwellings, with no street running through their intricacies. The Capitol was surrounded with uneven battlemented walls, and bore the character and look of an irregular citadel. Saint Peter's was a low basilica; the Colosseum had suffered little from the attacks of popes or princes,

neither the Venetian nor the Farnese palace having as yet been built with stones from its walls; and centuries were still to pass before Michael Angelo, Bernini, and Borromini were to stamp its present character upon the face of the modern city. The siege and burning of Rome by Robert Guiscard, in 1084, may be taken as the dividing-line between the city of the emperors and the city of the popes, between ancient and modern Rome. . . . Rome was in a state of too deep depression, its people were too turbulent and unsettled, to have either the spirit or the opportunity for great works. There was no established and recognized authority, no regular course of justice. There was not even any strong force, rarely any overwhelming violence, which for a time at least could subdue opposition, and organize a steady, and consequently a beneficent tyranny. The city was continually distracted by petty personal quarrels, and by bitter family feuds. Its obscure annals are full of bloody civil victories and defeats, — victories which brought no gain to those who won them, defeats which taught no lesson to those who lost them. The breath of liberty never inspired with life the dead clay of Rome; and though for a time it might seem to kindle some vital heat, the glow soon grew cold, and speedily disappeared. The records of Florence, Siena, Bologna, and Perugia are as full of fighting and bloodshed as those of Rome; but their fights were not mere brawls, nor were their triumphs always barren. Even the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, which were like the coming of the spring after a long winter, making the earth to blossom, and gladdening the hearts of men, — the centuries which elsewhere in Italy, and over the rest of Europe, gave birth to the noblest mediæval Art, when every great city was adorning itself with the beautiful works of the new architecture, sculpture, and painting, — even these centuries left scarcely any token of their passage over Rome. The sun, breaking through the clouds that had long hidden it, shone everywhere but here. While Florence was building her Cathedral and her Campanile, and Orvieto her matchless Duomo, — while Pisa was showing her piety and her wealth in her Cathedral, her Camposanto, her Baptistery, and her Tower, — while Siena was beginning a church greater and

more magnificent in design than her shifting fortune would permit her to complete, —Rome was building neither cathedral nor campanile, but was selling the marbles of her ancient temples and tombs to the builders of other cities, or quarrying them for her own mean uses."

118. This recalls Pope's "Universal Prayer,"

> Father of all! in every age,
> In every clime, adored,
> By saint, by savage, and by sage,
> Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

125. Not the great Roman general who took Syracuse, after Archimedes had defended it so long with his engines and burning-glasses, but a descendant of his, who in the civil wars took part with Pompey and was banished by Cæsar. Pope's "Essay on Man," IV. 257:

> And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
> Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

127. Of the state of Florence, Napier writes, "Florentine History," I. 122:

"It was not the simple movement of one great body against another; not the force of a government in opposition to the people; not the struggle of privilege and democracy, of poverty and riches, or starvation and repletion; but one universal burst of unmitigated anarchy. In the streets, lanes, and squares, in the courts of palaces and humbler dwellings, were heard the clang of arms, the screams of victims, and the gush of blood: the bow of the bridegroom launched its arrows into the very chambers of his young bride's parents and relations, and the bleeding son, the murdered brother, or the dying husband were the evening visitors of Florentine maids and matrons, and aged citizens. Every art was practised to seduce and deceive, and none felt secure even of their nearest and dearest relatives. In the morning a son left his paternal roof with undiminished love, and returned at evening a corpse, or the most bitter enemy! Terror and death were triumphant; there was no relaxation, no peace by day or night: the crash of the stone, the twang of the bow, the whizzing shaft, the jar of the trembling mangonel from tower and turret, were the dismal

music of Florence, not only for hours and days, but months and years. Doors, windows, the jutting galleries and roofs, were all defended, and yet all unsafe: no spot was sacred, no tenement secure: in the dead of night, the most secret chambers, the very hangings, even the nuptial bed itself, were often known to conceal an enemy.

"Florence in those days was studded with lofty towers; most of the noble families possessed one or more, at least two hundred feet in height, and many of them far above that altitude. These were their pride, their family citadels; and jealously guarded; glittering with arms and men, and instruments of war. Every connecting balcony was alive with soldiers; the battle raged above and below, within and without; stones rained in showers, arrows flew thick and fast on every side; the *seraglj*, or barricades, were attacked and defended by chosen bands armed with lances and boar-spears; foes were in ambush at every corner, watching the bold or heedless enemy; confusion was everywhere triumphant, a demon seemed to possess the community, and the public mind, reeling with hatred, was steady only in the pursuit of blood. Yet so accustomed did they at last become to this fiendish life, that one day they fought, the next caroused together in drunken gambols, foe with foe, boasting of their mutual prowess; nor was it until after nearly five years of reciprocal destruction, that, from mere lassitude, they finally ceased thus to mangle each other, and, as it were for relaxation, turned their fury on the neighboring states."

147. Upon this subject Napier, "Florentine History," II. 626, remarks:

"A characteristic, and, if discreetly handled, a wise regulation of the Florentines, notwithstanding Dante's sarcasms, was the periodical revision of their statutes and ordinances, a weeding out, as it were, of the obsolete and contradictory, and a substitution of those which were better adapted to existing circumstances and the forward movement of man. There are certain fundamental laws necessarily permanent and admitted by all communities, as there are certain moral and theological truths acknowledged by all religions; but these broad frames or outlines are commonly filled up with

a thick network of subordinate regulations, that cover them like cobwebs, and often impede the march of improvement. The Florentines were early aware of this, and therefore revised their laws and institutions more or less frequently and sometimes factiously, according to the turbulent or tranquil condition of the times; but in 1394, after forty years' omission, an officer was nominated for that purpose, but whether permanently or not is doubtful."

CANTO VII

6. See canto III. note 7.

28. Limbo, "Inferno," IV. 25, the "foremost circle that surrounds the abyss."

> There, in so far as I had power to hear,
> Were lamentations none, but only sighs,
> Which tremulous made the everlasting air.
> And this was caused by sorrow without torment
> Which the crowds had, that many were and great
> Of infants and of women and of men.

34. The three Theological Virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

36. The four Cardinal Virtues, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance.

44. John, XII. 35: "Then Jesus said unto them, Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth."

70. In the Middle Ages the longing for rest and escape from danger, which found its expression in cloisters, is expressed in poetry by descriptions of flowery, secluded meadows, suggesting the classic meadows of asphodel. Dante has given one already in the Inferno, and gives another here.

Compare with these the following from "The Miracles of Our Lady," by Gonzalo de Bercéo, a monk of Calahorra, who lived in the thirteenth century, and is the oldest of the Castilian poets whose name has come down to us:

I, Gonzalo de Bercéo, in the gentle summer-tide,
Wending upon a pilgrimage, came to a meadow's side ;
All green was it and beautiful, with flowers far and wide,
A pleasant spot, I ween, wherein the traveller might abide.
Flowers with the sweetest odors filled all the sunny air,
And not alone refreshed the sense, but stole the mind from care ;
On every side a fountain gushed, whose waters pure and fair
Ice-cold beneath the summer sun, but warm in winter were.
There on the thick and shadowy trees, amid the foliage green,
Were the fig and the pomegranate, the pear and apple seen,
And other fruits of various kinds, the tufted leaves between ;
None were unpleasant to the taste and none decayed, I ween.
The verdure of the meadow green, the odor of the flowers,
The grateful shadows of the trees, tempered with fragrant showers,
Refreshed me in the burning heat of the sultry noontide hours ;
Oh, one might live upon the balm and fragrance of those bowers.
Ne'er had I found on earth a spot that had such power to please,
Such shadows from the summer sun, such odors on the breeze ;
I threw my mantle on the ground, that I might rest at ease,
And stretched upon the greensward lay in the shadow of the trees.
There, soft reclining in the shade, all cares beside me flung,
I heard the soft and mellow notes that through the woodland rung
Ear never listened to a strain, from instrument or tongue,
So mellow and harmonious as the songs above me sung.

See also Brunetto Latini, "Tesoretto," XIX.; the "Vision of Piers Ploughman;" Gower's "Confessio Amantis," VIII., etc.

73. Of this description Ruskin, "Modern Painters," III. 228, remarks:

"Now, almost in the opening of the Purgatory, as there at the entrance of the Inferno, we find a company of great ones resting in a grassy place. But the idea of the grass now is very different. The word now used is not 'enamel,' but 'herb,' and instead of being merely green, it is covered with flowers of many colors. With the usual mediæval accuracy, Dante insists on telling us precisely what these colors were, and how bright; which he does by naming the actual pigments used in illumination, — 'Gold, and fine silver, and cochineal, and white lead, and Indian wood, serene and lucid, and fresh emerald, just broken, would have been excelled, as less is by greater, by the flowers and grass of the place." It is evident that the 'emerald' here means the emerald green of the illuminators; for a fresh emerald is no brighter than

one which is not fresh, and Dante was not one to throw away his words thus. Observe, then, we have here the idea of the growth, life, and variegation of the 'green herb,' as opposed to the smalto of the Inferno; but the colors of the variegation are illustrated and defined by the reference to actual pigments; and, observe, because the other colors are rather bright, the blue ground (Indian wood, indigo?) is sober; lucid, but serene; and presently two angels enter, who are dressed in the green drapery, but of a paler green than the grass, which Dante marks, by telling us that it was 'the green of leaves just budded.'

"In all this, I wish the reader to observe two things: first, the general carefulness of the poet in defining color, distinguishing it precisely as a painter would (opposed to the Greek carelessness about it); and, secondly, his regarding the grass for its greenness and variegation, rather than, as a Greek would have done, for its depth and freshness. This greenness or brightness, and variegation, are taken up by later and modern poets, as the things intended to be chiefly expressed by the word 'enamelled;' and, gradually, the term is taken to indicate any kind of bright and interchangeable coloring; there being always this much of propriety about it, when used of greensward, that such sward is indeed, like enamel, a coat of bright color on a comparatively dark ground; and is thus a sort of natural jewelry and painter's work, different from loose and large vegetation. The word is often awkwardly and falsely used, by the later poets, of all kinds of growth and color; as by Milton of the flowers of Paradise showing themselves over its wall; but it retains, nevertheless, through all its jaded inanity, some half-unconscious vestige of the old sense, even to the present day."

80. Dryden, "Eleonora," 144:

> 'T is like the Milky Way, all over bright,
> But sown so thick with stars, 't is undistinguish'd light.
> . . . . . .
> As in perfumes compos'd with art and cost,
> 'T is hard to say what scent is uppermost;
> Nor this part musk or civet can we call,
> Or amber, but a rich result of all.

Shelley, "Epipsychidion," 92:

> A warm shade
> Of unentangled intermixture, made
> By Love, of light and motion.

82. The old church hymn attributed to Arminius or Hermann, Count of Vehringen, in the eleventh century, beginning:

> Salve Regina, mater misericordiae
> Vita, dulcedo et spes nostra, salve.

94. Rudolph of Hapsburg, first Emperor of the house of Austria, was crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1273. "It is related," says Voltaire, "Annales de l'Empire," 1. 303, "that, as the imperial sword, which they pretended was that of Charlemagne, could not be found, several lords made this defect in the formalities a pretext for not taking the oath of allegiance. He seized a crucifix; *This is my sceptre*, he said, and all paid homage to him. This single act of firmness made him respectable, and the rest of his conduct showed him to be worthy of the Empire."

He would not go to Rome to be crowned, and took so little interest in Italian affairs that Italy became almost independent of the Empire, which seems greatly to disturb the mind of Dante. He died in 1291.

100. Ottocar the Second, king of Bohemia, who is said to have refused the imperial crown. He likewise refused to pay homage to Rudolph, whom he used to call his *maître d'hôtel*, declaring he had paid his wages and owed him nothing. Whereupon Rudolph attacked and subdued him.

According to Voltaire, "Annales de l'Empire," 1. 306, "he consented to pay homage to the Emperor as his liege lord, in the island of Kamberg in the middle of the Danube, under a tent whose curtains should be closed to spare him public mortification. Ottocar presented himself covered with gold and jewels; Rudolph, by way of superior pomp, received him in his simplest dress; and in the middle of the ceremony the curtains of the tent fell, and revealed to the eyes of the people and of the armies, that lined the Danube, the proud Ottocar on his knees, with his hands clasped in

the hands of his conqueror, whom he had often called his *maître d'hôtel*, and whose Grand Seneschal he now became. This story is accredited, and it is of little importance whether it be true or not."

But the wife was not quiet under this humiliation, and excited him to revolt against Rudolph. He was again overcome, and killed in battle in 1278.

Carlyle's account ("Frederick the Great," I. 132) of Ottocar's paying homage to Rudolph is as follows:

"Ottocar quitted Prag with a resplendent retinue, to come into the Danube country, and do homage to 'my domestic' that once was. He bargained that the sad ceremony should be at least private; on an island in the Danube, between the two retinues or armies; and in a tent, so that only official select persons might see it. The island is called *Camberg* (near Vienna, I conclude), in the middle of the Donau River: there Ottocar accordingly knelt; he in great pomp of tailorage, Rudolf in mere buff jerkin, practical leather and iron; — hide it, charitable canvas, from all but a few! Alas, precisely at this moment, the treacherous canvas rushes down, — hung so on purpose, thinks Ottocar; and it is a tent indeed, but a tent without walls; and all the world sees me in this scandalous plight."

101. This Winceslaus, says the "Ottimo," was "most beautiful among all men; but was not a man of arms; he was a meek and humble ecclesiastic, and did not live long." Why Dante accuses him of living in luxury and ease does not appear.

103. Philip the Third of France, surnamed the Bold (1270–1285). Having invaded Catalonia, in a war with Peter the Third of Aragon, both by land and sea, he was driven back, and died at Perpignan during the retreat.

104. He with the benign aspect, who rests his cheek upon his hand, is Henry of Navarre, surnamed the Fat, and brother of "Good King Thibaut," "Inferno," XXII. 52. An old French chronicle quoted by Philalethes says, that, "though it is a general opinion that fat men are of a gentle and benign nature, nevertheless this one was very harsh."

109. Philip the Fourth of France, surnamed the Fair, son

of Philip the Third, and son-in-law of Henry of Navarre (1285–1314).

112. Peter the Third of Aragon (1276–1285), the enemy of Charles of Anjou and competitor with him for the kingdom of Sicily. He is counted among the Troubadours, and when Philip the Bold invaded his kingdom, Peter launched a song against him, complaining that the "flower-de-luce kept him sorrowing in his house," and calling on the Gascons for aid.

113. Charles of Anjou, king of Sicily and Naples (1265). Villani, VII. 1, thus describes him: "This Charles was wise and prudent, and valiant in arms, and rough, and much feared and redoubted by all the kings of the world; magnanimous and of a high spirit; steadfast in carrying on every great enterprise, firm in every adversity, and true to every promise, speaking little and doing much. He laughed but little; was chaste as a monk, catholic, harsh in judgment, and of a fierce countenance; large and muscular in person, with an olive complexion and a large nose, and looked the king more than any other lord. He sat up late at night, and slept little, and was in the habit of saying that a great deal of time was lost in sleeping. He was generous to his knights, but eager to acquire land, lordship, and money wherever he could, to furnish means for his enterprises and wars. In courtiers, minstrels, and players he never took delight."

Yet this is the monarch whose tyranny in Sicily brought about the bloody revenge of the Sicilian Vespers; which in turn so roused the wrath of Charles that he swore that, "if he could live a thousand years, he would go on razing the cities, burning the lands, torturing the rebellious slaves. He would leave Sicily a blasted, barren, uninhabited rock, as a warning to the present age, an example to the future."

A pleasant story is told by Boccaccio of Charles d'Anjou and the daughters of Messer Neri degli Uberti, "Ginevra la bella" and "Gotta la bionda." See "Decamerone," giorno x. novella 6.

116. Philip the Third of Aragon left four sons, Alfonso, James, Frederick, and Peter. Whether the stripling here spoken of is Alfonso or Peter does not appear.

121. Chaucer, "Wif of Bathes Tale:"

> Wel can the wise poet of Florence,
> That highte Dant, speken of this sentence:
> Lo, in swiche maner rime is Dantes tale.
> Ful selde up riseth by his branches smale
> Prowesse of man, for God of his goodnesse
> Wol that we claime of him our gentillesse:
> For of our elders may we nothing claime
> But temporel thing, that man may hurt and maime.

124. It must be remembered that these two who are singing together in this Valley of Princes were deadly foes on earth; and one had challenged the other to determine their quarrel by single combat.

"The wager of battle between the kings," says Milman, "Latin Christianity," VI. 168, "which maintained its solemn dignity up almost to the appointed time, ended in a pitiful comedy, in which Charles of Anjou had the ignominy of practising base and disloyal designs against his adversary; Peter, that of eluding the contest by craft, justifiable only as his mistrust of his adversary was well or ill grounded, but much too cunning for a frank and generous knight. He had embarked with his knights for the South of France; he was cast back by tempests on the shores of Spain. He set off with some of his armed companions, crossed the Pyrenees undiscovered, appeared before the gates of Bordeaux, and summoned the English Seneschal. To him he proclaimed himself to be the king of Aragon, demanded to see the lists, rode down them in slow state, obtained an attestation that he had made his appearance within the covenanted time, and affixed his solemn protest against the palpable, premeditated treachery of his rival, which made it unsafe for him to remain longer at Bordeaux. Charles, on his part, was furious that Peter had thus broken through the spider's web of his policy. He was in Bordeaux when Peter appeared under the walls, and had challenged him in vain. Charles presented himself in full armor on the appointed day, summoned Peter to appear, proclaimed him a recreant and a dastardly craven, unworthy of the name of knight."

Charles of Anjou, Peter the Third of Aragon, and Philip the Third of France, all died in the same year, 1285.

126. These kingdoms being badly governed by his son and successor, Charles the Second, called the Lame.

128. Daughters of Raymond Bérenger the Fifth, Count of Provence; the first married to Saint Louis of France, and the second to his brother, Charles of Anjou.

129. Constance, daughter of Manfredi of Apulia, and wife of Peter the Third of Aragon.

131. Henry the Third (1216–1272), of whom Hume says: "This prince was noted for his piety and devotion, and his regular attendance on public worship; and a saying of his on that head is much celebrated by ancient writers. He was engaged in a dispute with Louis the Ninth of France, concerning the preference between sermons and masses; he maintained the superiority of the latter, and affirmed that he would rather have one hour's conversation with a friend than hear twenty of the most elaborate discourses pronounced in his praise."

Dickens, "Child's History of England," ch. xv., says of him: "He was as much of a king in death as he had ever been in life. He was the mere pale shadow of a king at all times."

His "better issue" was Edward the First, called, on account of his amendment and establishment of the laws, the English Justinian, and less respectfully Longshanks, on account of the length of his legs. "His legs had need to be strong," says the authority just quoted, "however long, and this they were; for they had to support him through many difficulties on the fiery sands of Syria, where his small force of soldiers fainted, died, deserted, and seemed to melt away. But his prowess made light of it, and he said, 'I will go on, if I go on with no other follower than my groom.'"

134. The Marquis of Monferrato, a Ghibelline, was taken prisoner by the people of Alessandria in Piedmont, in 1290, and, being shut up in a wooden cage, was exhibited to the public like a wild beast. This he endured for eighteen months, till death released him. A bloody war was the consequence, between Alessandria and the Marquis's provinces of Monferrato and Canavese.

135. The city of Alessandria is in Piedmont, between the

Tanaro and the Bormida, and not far from their junction. It was built by the Lombard League, to protect the country against the Emperor Frederick, and named in honor of Pope Alexander the Third, a protector of the Guelphs. It is said to have been built in a single year, and was called in derision, by the Ghibellines, Alessandria della Paglia (of the Straw); either from the straw used in the bricks, or more probably from the supposed insecurity of a city built in so short a space of time.

CANTO VIII

1. Apollonius Rhodius, "Argonautica," III. 302:

> It was the hour when every traveller
> And every watchman at the gate of towns
> Begins to long for sleep, and drowsiness
> Is falling even on the mother's eyes
> Whose child is dead.

Also Byron, "Don Juan," III. 108:

> Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
> Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
> When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
> Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
> As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
> Seeming to weep the dying day's decay.
> Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
> Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!

4. The word "pilgrim" is here used by Dante in a general sense, meaning any traveller.

6. Gray, "Elegy:"

> The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

13. An evening hymn of the Church, sung at complines, or the latest service of the day:

> Te lucis ante terminum,
> Rerum creator, poscimus
> Ut pro tua clementia
> Sis presul ad custodiam.

Procul recedant somnia
Et noxium phantasmata,
Hostemque nostrum comprime,
Ne polluantur corpora.

Presta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito
Regnans per omne saeculum.

This hymn would seem to have no great applicability to disembodied spirits; and perhaps may have the same reference as the last petition in the Lord's Prayer, canto XI. 19:

Our virtue, which is easily o'ercome,
Put not to proof with the old Adversary,
But thou from him who spurs it so, deliver.
This last petition verily, dear Lord,
Not for ourselves is made, who need it not,
But for their sake who have remained behind us.

21. Dante thinks the meaning of what follows very easy to penetrate. The commentators have found it uncommonly difficult.

26. Genesis, III. 24: "And he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

27. Justice tempered with mercy, say the commentators.

28. Green, the color of hope, which is the distinguishing virtue of Purgatory. On the symbolism of colors, Mrs. Jameson, "Sacred and Legendary Art," Introduction, says:

"In very early Art we find colors used in a symbolical or mystic sense, and, until the ancient principles and traditions were wholly worn out of memory or set aside by the later painters, certain colors were appropriated to certain subjects and personages, and could not arbitrarily be applied or misapplied. In the old specimens of stained glass we find these significations scrupulously attended to. Thus:

"WHITE, represented by the diamond or silver, was the emblem of light, religious purity, innocence, virginity, faith, joy, and life. Our Saviour wears white after his resurrection. In the judge it indicated integrity; in the rich man, humility;

in the woman, chastity. It was the color consecrated to the Virgin, who, however, never wears white except in pictures of the Assumption.

"RED, the ruby, signified fire, divine love, the Holy Spirit, heat, or the creative power, and royalty. White and red roses expressed love and innocence, or love and wisdom, as in the garland with which the angel crowns Saint Cecilia. In a bad sense, red signified blood, war, hatred, and punishment. Red and black combined were the colors of Purgatory and the Devil.

"BLUE, or the sapphire, expressed heaven, the firmament, truth, constancy, fidelity. Christ and the Virgin wear the red tunic and the blue mantle, as signifying heavenly love and heavenly truth.[1] The same colors were given to Saint John the Evangelist, with this difference, — that he wore the blue tunic and the red mantle; in later pictures the colors are sometimes red and green.

"YELLOW, or gold, was the symbol of the sun; of the goodness of God; initiation, or marriage; faith, or fruitfulness. Saint Joseph, the husband of the Virgin, wears yellow. In pictures of the Apostles, Saint Peter wears a yellow mantle over a blue tunic. In a bad sense, yellow signifies inconstancy, jealousy, deceit; in this sense it is given to the traitor Judas, who is generally habited in dirty yellow.

"GREEN, the emerald, is the color of spring; of hope, particularly hope in immortality; and of victory, as the color of the palm and the laurel.

"VIOLET, the amethyst, signified love and truth; or passion and suffering. Hence it is the color often worn by the martyrs. In some instances our Saviour, after his resurrection, is habited in a violet, instead of a blue mantle. The Virgin also wears violet after the crucifixion. Mary Magdalene, who as patron saint wears the red robe, as penitent wears violet and blue, the colors of sorrow and of constancy. In the devotional representation of her by Timoteo della Vite, she wears red and green, the colors of love and hope.

"GRAY, the color of ashes, signified mourning, humility,

[1] In the Spanish schools the color of our Saviour's mantle is generally a deep rich violet.

and innocence accused; hence adopted as the dress of the Franciscans (the Gray Friars); but it has since been changed for a dark rusty brown.

"BLACK expressed the earth, darkness, mourning, wickedness, negation, death; and was appropriate to the Prince of Darkness. In some old illuminated Manuscripts, Jesus, in the Temptation, wears a black robe. White and black together signified purity of life, and mourning or humiliation; hence adopted by the Dominicans and the Carmelites."

50. It was not so dark that on a near approach he could not distinguish objects indistinctly visible at a greater distance.

53. Nino de' Visconti of Pisa, nephew of Count Ugolino, and Judge of Gallura in Sardinia. Dante had known him at the siege of Caprona, in 1290, where he saw the frightened garrison march out under safeguard. "Inferno," XXI. 95. It was this "gentle Judge," who hanged Friar Gomita for peculation. "Inferno," XXII. 82.

71. His daughter, still young and innocent.

75. His widow married Galeazzo de' Visconti of Milan, "and much discomfort did this woman suffer with her husband," says the "Ottimo," "so that many a time she wished herself a widow."

79. "Hamlet," IV. 5:

> His obscure funeral,
> No trophy, sword, or hatchment o'er his grave.

80. The Visconti of Milan had for their coat of arms a viper; and being on the banner, it led the Milanese to battle.

81. The arms of Gallura. "According to Fara, a writer of the sixteenth century," says Valéry, "Voyage en Corse et en Sardaigne," II. 37, "the elegant but somewhat chimerical historian of Sardinia, Gallura is a Gallic colony; its arms are a cock; and one might find some analogy between the natural vivacity of its inhabitants and that of the French." Nino thinks it would look better on a tombstone than a viper.

89. These three stars are the *Alphae* of Euridanus, of the Ship, and of the Golden Fish; allegorically, if any allegory

be wanted, the three Theological Virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity. The four morning stars, the Cardinal Virtues of active life, are already set. These announce the evening and the life contemplative.

100. Compare this with Milton's description of the serpent, "Paradise Lost," IX. 434, 496:

> Nearer he drew, and many a walk travérsed
> Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;
> Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen,
> Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers
> Imbordered on each bank.
> . . . . . .
> Not with indented wave,
> Prone on the ground, as since; but on his rear,
> Circular base of rising folds, that towered
> Fold above fold, a surging maze! his head
> Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
> With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
> Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
> Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape
> And lovely; never since of serpent-kind
> Lovelier, not those that in Illyria changed
> Hermione and Cadmus, or the god
> In Epidaurus; nor to which transformed
> Ammonian Jove or Capitoline was seen. —
> He with Olympias, this with her who bore
> Scipio, the height of Rome. With tract oblique
> At first, as one who sought access, but feared
> To interrupt, sidelong he works his way.
> As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought,
> Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
> Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail;
> So varied he, and of his tortuous train
> Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve.
> . . . . Oft he bowed
> His turret crest, and sleek enamelled neck,
> Fawning; and licked the ground whereon she trod.

114. In original *al sommo smalto*, to the highest enamel; referring either to the Terrestrial Paradise, enamelled with flowers, or to the highest heaven enamelled with stars. The azure-stone, *pierre d'azur*, or lapis lazuli, is perhaps a fair equivalent for the *smalto*, particularly if the reference be to the sky.

116. The valley in Lunigiana, through which runs the

Magra, dividing the Genoese and Tuscan territories. "Paradiso," IX. 89:

> The Magra, that with journey short
> Doth from the Tuscan part the Genoese.

118. Currado or Conrad Malaspina, father of Marcello Malaspina, who six years later sheltered Dante in his exile, as foreshadowed in line 136. It was from the convent of the Corvo, overlooking the Gulf of Spezia, in Lunigiana, that Frate Ilario wrote the letter describing Dante's appearance in the cloister. See Illustrations at the end of vol. IX.

131. Pope Boniface the Eighth.

134. Before the sun shall be seven times in Aries, or before seven years are passed.

137. Ecclesiastes, XII. 11: "The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies."

139. With this canto ends the first day in Purgatory, as indicated by the description of evening at the beginning, and the rising of the stars in line 89. With it closes also the first subdivision of this part of the poem, indicated, as the reader will not fail to notice, by the elaborate introduction of the next canto.

CANTO IX

1. "Dante begins this canto," says Benvenuto da Imola, "by saying a thing that was never said or imagined by any other poet, which is, that the aurora of the moon is the concubine of Tithonus. Some maintain that he means the aurora of the sun; but this cannot be, if we closely examine the text." This point is elaborately discussed by the commentators. I agree with those who interpret the passage as referring to a lunar aurora. It is still evening; and the hour is indicated a few lines lower down.

To Tithonus was given the gift of immortality, but not of perpetual youth. As Tennyson makes him say:

> The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
> The vapors weep their burthen to the ground,

Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-haired shadow roaming like a dream
The ever-silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

2. "Don Quixote," I. 2: "Scarcely had ruddy Phœbus spread the golden tresses of his beauteous hair over the face of the wide and spacious earth, and scarcely had the painted little birds, with the sweet and mellifluous harmony of their serrated tongues, saluted the approach of rosy Aurora, when, quitting the soft couch of her jealous husband, she disclosed herself to mortals through the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon."

5. As the sun was in Aries, and it was now the fourth day after the full moon, the Scorpion would be rising in the dawn which precedes the moon.

Of the scorpion Ovid says:

Dum loquor, elatae metuendus acumine caudae
Scorpios in virides praecipitatur aquas.
"Fastorum," lib. IV. 163.

8. This indicates the time to be two hours and a half after sunset, or half-past eight o'clock. Two hours of the ascending night are passed, and the third is half over.

This circumstantial way of measuring the flight of time is Homeric. "Iliad," x. 250: "Let us be going, then, for the night declines fast, and the morning is near. And the stars have already far advanced, and the greater portion of the night, by two parts, has gone by, but the third portion still remains."

10. Namely, his body.

12. Virgil, Sordello, Dante, Nino, and Conrad. And here Dante falls upon the grass and sleeps till dawn. There is a long pause of rest and sleep between this line and the next, which makes the whole passage doubly beautiful. The narrative recommences like the twitter of early birds just beginning to stir in the woods.

14. For the tragic story of Tereus, changed to a lapwing,

Philomela to a nightingale, and Procne to a swallow, see Ovid, "Metamorphoses," VI.:

> Now, with drawn sabre and impetuous speed,
> In close pursuit he drives Pandion's breed;
> Whose nimble feet spring with so swift a force
> Across the fields, they seem to wing their course.
> And now, on real wings themselves they raise,
> And steer their airy flight by different ways;
> One to the woodland's shady covert hies,
> Around the smoky roof the other flies;
> Whose feathers yet the marks of murder stain,
> Where stamped upon her breast the crimson spots remain.
> Tereus, through grief and haste to be revenged,
> Shares the like fate, and to a bird is changed;
> Fixed on his head the crested plumes appear,
> Long is his beak, and sharpened like a spear;
> Thus armed, his looks his inward mind display,
> And, to a lapwing turned, he fans his way.

See also Gower, "Confessio Amantis," V.:

> And of her suster Progne I finde
> How she was torned out of kinde
> Into a swalwe swift of wing,
> Which eke in winter lith swouning.
> There as she may no thing be sene,
> And whan the world is woxe grene
> And comen is the somer tide,
> Then fleeth she forth and ginneth to chide
> And chitereth out in her langage
> What falshede is in mariage,
> And telleth in a maner speche
> Of Tereus the spouse breche.

18. Pope, "Temple of Fame," 7:

> What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
> While purer slumbers spread their golden wings.

22. Mount Ida.

30. To the region of fire. Brunetto Latini, "Trésor," ch. CXIII., says: "After the environment of the air is seated the fourth element; this is an orb of fire, which extends to the moon and surrounds this atmosphere in which we are. And know that above the fire is in the first place the moon, and the other stars, which are all of the nature of fire."

37. To prevent Achilles from going to the siege of Troy,

his mother Thetis took him from Chiron, the Centaur, and concealed him in female attire in the court of Lycomedes, king of Scyros.

53. As Richter says: "The hour when sleep is nigh unto the soul."

55. Lucia, the Enlightening Grace of heaven. "Inferno," II. 97.

58. Nino and Conrad.

63. Ovid uses a like expression:

> Sleep and the god together went away.

94. The first stair is Confession; the second, Contrition; and the third, Penance.

97. Purple and black. See "Inferno," v. note 89.

105. The gate of Paradise is thus described by Milton, "Paradise Lost," III. 501:

> Far distant he describes,
> Ascending by degrees magnificent
> Up to the wall of heaven, a structure high;
> At top whereof, but far more rich, appeared
> The work as of a kingly palace gate,
> With frontispiece of diamond and gold
> Imbellished; thick with sparkling orient gems
> The portal shone, inimitable on earth
> By model or by shading pencil drawn.
> The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
> Angels ascending and descending, bands
> Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
> To Padan-Aram in the field of Luz,
> Dreaming by night under the open sky,
> And waking cried, "This is the gate of heaven."
> Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
> There always, but drawn up to heaven sometimes
> Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flowed
> Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
> Who after came from earth sailing arrived,
> Wafted by angels; or flew o'er the lake,
> Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.

112. The Seven Sins, which are punished in the seven circles of Purgatory; Pride, Envy, Anger, Sloth, Avarice, Gluttony, Lust.

118. The golden key is the authority of the confessor; the silver, his knowledge.

132. Luke, IX. 62: "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." And XVII. 32: "Remember Lot's wife."

Boethius, "De Consolatione Philosophiae," lib. III. met. 12:

> Heu! noctis prope terminos
> Orpheus Erydicen suam
> Vidit, perdidit, occidit.
> Vos haec fabula respicit,
> Quicumque in superum diem
> Mentem ducere quaeritis,
> Nam qui Tartareum in specus
> Victus lumina flexerit,
> Quicquid praecipuum trahit,
> Perdit, dum videt inferos.

136. Milton, "Paradise Lost," II. 879:

> On a sudden open fly
> With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
> The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
> Harsh thunder.

138. When Cæsar robbed the Roman treasury on the Tarpeian Hill, the tribune Metellus strove to defend it; but Cæsar, drawing his sword, said to him, "It is easier to do this than to say it."

Lucan, "Pharsalia," III.:

> The tribune with unwilling steps withdrew,
> While impious hands the rude assault renew:
> The brazen gates with thundering strokes resound,
> And the Tarpeian mountain rings around.
> At length the sacred storehouse, open laid,
> The hoarded wealth of ages past displayed;
> There might be seen the sums proud Carthage sent,
> Her long impending ruin to prevent.
> There heaped the Macedonian treasures shone,
> What great Flaminius and Æmilius won
> From vanquished Philip and his hapless son.
> There lay, what flying Pyrrhus lost, the gold
> Scorned by the patriot's honesty of old:
> Whate'er our parsimonious sires could save,
> What tributary gifts rich Syria gave;
> The hundred Cretan cities' ample spoil;
> What Cato gathered from the Cyprian isle.
> Riches of captive kings by Pompey borne,
> In happier days, his triumph to adorn,

From utmost India and the rising morn ;
Wealth infinite, in one rapacious day,
Became the needy soldiers' lawless prey :
And wretched Rome, by robbery laid low,
Was poorer than the bankrupt Cæsar now.

140. The hymn of Saint Ambrose, universally known in the churches as the "Te Deum."

144. Thomson, "Hymn:"

In swarming cities vast
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear
At solemn pauses through the swelling bass,
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.

CANTO X

1. In this canto is described the First Circle of Purgatory, where the sin of Pride is punished.

14. It being now Easter Monday, and the fourth day after the full moon, the hour here indicated would be four hours after sunrise. And as the sun was more than two hours high when Dante found himself at the gate of Purgatory (canto IX. 44), he was an hour and a half in this needle's eye.

30. Which was so steep as to allow of no ascent; *dritto di salita* being used in the sense of right of way.

32. Polycletus, the celebrated Grecian sculptor, among whose works one, representing the body-guard of the king of Persia, acquired such fame for excellence as to be called "the Rule."

33. With this description of the sculptures on the wall of Purgatory compare that of the shield which Vulcan made for Achilles, "Iliad," XVIII. 484, Buckley's translation:

"On it he wrought the earth, and the heaven, and the sea, the unwearied sun, and the full moon. On it also he represented all the constellations with which the heaven is crowned, the Pleiades, the Hyades, and the strength of Orion, and the Bear, which they also call by the appellation of the Wain,

which there revolves, and watches Orion; but it alone is free from the baths of the ocean.

"In it likewise he wrought two fair cities of articulate speaking men. In the one, indeed, there were marriages and feasts; and they were conducting the brides from their chambers through the city with brilliant torches, and many a bridal song was raised. The youthful dancers were wheeling round, and among them pipes and lyres uttered a sound; and the women standing, each at her portals, admired. And people were crowded together in an assembly, and there a contest had arisen; for two men contended for the ransom-money of a slain man: the one affirmed that he had paid all, appealing to the people; but the other denied, averring that he had received naught: and both wished to find an end of the dispute before a judge. The people were applauding both, supporters of either party, and the heralds were keeping back the people; but the elders sat upon polished stones, in a sacred circle, and the pleaders held in their hands the staves of the clear-voiced heralds; with these then they arose, and alternately pleaded their cause. Moreover, in the midst lay two talents of gold, to give to him who should best establish his claim among them. But round the other cities sat two armies of people glittering in arms; and one of two plans was agreeable to them, either to waste it, or to divide all things into two parts, — the wealth, whatever the pleasant city contained within it. They, however, had not yet complied, but were secretly arming themselves for an ambuscade. Meanwhile, their beloved wives and young children kept watch, standing above, and among them the men whom old age possessed. But they (the younger men) advanced; but Mars was their leader, and Pallas Minerva, both golden, and clad in golden dresses, beautiful and large, along with their armor, radiant all round, and indeed like gods; but the people were of humbler size. But when they now had reached a place where it appeared fit to lay an ambuscade, by a river, where there was a watering-place for all sorts of cattle, there then they settled, clad in shining steel. There, apart from the people, sat two spies, watching when they might perceive the sheep and crooked-horned oxen. These, however, soon

advanced, and two shepherds accompanied them, amusing themselves with their pipes, for they had not yet perceived the stratagem. Then they, discerning them, ran in upon them, and immediately slaughtered on all sides the herds of oxen, and the beautiful flocks of snow-white sheep; and slew the shepherds besides. But they, when they heard the great tumult among the oxen, previously sitting in front of the assembly, mounting their nimble-footed steeds, pursued; and soon came up with them. Then, having marshalled themselves, they fought a battle on the banks of the river, and wounded one another with their brazen spears. Among them mingled Discord and Tumult, and destructive Fate, holding one alive recently wounded, another unwounded, but a third, slain, she drew by her feet through the battle; and had the garment around her shoulders crimsoned with the gore of men. But they turned about, like living mortals, and fought, and drew away the slaughtered bodies of each other.

"On it he also placed a soft fallow field, rich glebe, wide, thrice-ploughed; and in it many ploughmen drove hither and thither, turning round their teams. But when, returning, they reached the end of the field, then a man, advancing, gave into their hands a cup of very sweet wine; but they turned themselves in series, eager to reach the other end of the fallow. But it was all black behind, similar to ploughed land, which indeed was a marvel beyond all others.

"On it likewise he placed a field of deep corn, where reapers were cutting, having sharp sickles in their hands. Some handfuls fell one after the other upon the ground along the furrow, and the binders of sheaves tied others with bands. Three binders followed the reapers, while behind them boys gathering the handfuls, and bearing them in their arms, continually supplied them; and among them the master stood by the swath in silence, holding a sceptre, delighted in heart. But apart, beneath an oak, servants were preparing a banquet, and, sacrificing a huge ox, they ministered; while women sprinkled much white barley on the meat, as a supper for the reapers.

"On it likewise he placed a vineyard, heavily laden with grapes, beautiful, golden; but the clusters throughout were

black; and it was supported throughout by silver poles. Round it he drew an azure trench, and about it a hedge of tin; but there was only one path to it, by which the gatherers went when they collected the vintage. Young virgins and youths, of tender minds, bore the luscious fruit in woven baskets, in the midst of whom a boy played sweetly on a shrill harp; and with tender voice sang gracefully to the chord; while they, beating the ground in unison with dancing and shouts, followed, skipping with their feet.

"In it he also wrought a herd of oxen with horns erect. But the kine were made of gold and of tin, and rushed out with a lowing from the stall to the pasture, beside a murmuring stream, along the breeze-waving reeds. Four golden herdsmen accompanied the oxen, and nine dogs, swift of foot, followed. But two terrible lions detained the bull, roaring among the foremost oxen, and he was dragged away, loudly bellowing, and the dogs and youths followed for a rescue. They indeed, having torn off the skin of the great ox, lapped up his entrails and black blood; and the shepherds vainly pressed upon them, urging on their fleet dogs. These, however, refused to bite the lions, but, standing very near, barked, and shunned them.

"On it illustrious Vulcan also formed a pasture in a beautiful grove full of white sheep, and folds, and covered huts and cottages.

"Illustrious Vulcan likewise adorned it with a dance, like unto that which, in wide Gnossus, Dædalus contrived for fair-haired Ariadne. There danced youths and alluring virgins, holding each other's hands at the wrist. These wore fine linen robes, but those were dressed in well-woven tunics, shining as with oil; these also had beautiful garlands, and those wore golden swords, hanging from silver belts. Sometimes, with skilful feet, they nimbly bounded round; as when a potter, sitting, shall make trial of a wheel fitted to his hands, whether it will run: and at other times again they ran back to their places through one another. But a great crowd surrounded the pleasing dance, amusing themselves; and among them two tumblers, beginning their songs, spun round through the midst.

"But in it he also formed the vast strength of the river Oceanus, near the last border of the well-formed shield."

See also Virgil's description of the shield of Æneas, "Æneid," VIII., and of the representations on the walls of the Temple of Juno at Carthage, "Æneid," I. Also the description of the Temple of Mars, in Statius, "Thebaid," VII., and that of the tomb of the Persian queen in the "Alexandreis" of Philip Gualtier, noticed in Mr. Sumner's article, "Atlantic Monthly," XVI. 754. And finally "the noble kerving and the portreitures" of the temples of Venus, Mars, and Diana, in Chaucer's "Knightes Tale:"

Why shulde I not as wel eke tell you all
The portreiture that was upon the wall
Within the temple of mighty Mars the Rede?
. . . . . .

First on the wall was peinted a forest,
In which ther wonneth neyther man ne best;
With knotty, knarry, barrein trees old,
Of stubbes sharpe, and hidous to behold;
In which ther ran a romble and a swough,
As though a storme shuld bresten every bough.
And, dounward from an hill, under a bent,
Ther stood the temple of Mars Armipotent,
Wrought all of burned stele; of which th' entree
Was longe and streite, and gastly for to see;
And therout came a rage and swiche a vise,
That it made all the gates for to rise.
The northern light in at the dore shone;
For window, on the wall, ne was ther none,
Thurgh which men mighten any light discerne.
The dore was all of athamant eterne;
Yclenched, overthwart and endelong,
With yren tough. And, for to make it strong,
Every piler the temple to sustene
Was tonne-gret, of yren bright and shene.
Ther saw I, first, the derke imagining
Of felonie, and alle the compassing;
The cruel ire, red as any glede;
The pikepurse; and eke the pale drede;
The smiler, with the knif under the cloke;
The shepen brenning, with the blake smoke;
The treson of the mordring in the bedde;
The open werre, with woundes all bebledde;
Conteke, with blody knif and sharp menace:
All full of chirking was that sory place.

The sleer of himself, yet, saw I there,
His herte-blood hath bathed all his here,
The naïle ydriven in the shode anyght,
The colde deth, with mouth gaping upright.

40. Luke, I. 28: "And the angel came in unto her and said, Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee."

44. Luke, I. 38: "And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

57. 2 Samuel, VI. 6, 7: "And when they came to Nachon's threshing-floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God."

65. 2 Samuel, VI. 14: "And David danced before the Lord with all his might; and David was girded with a linen ephod."

65. 2 Samuel, VI. 16: "And as the ark of the Lord came into the city of David, Michal, Saul's daughter, looked through a window and saw King David leaping and dancing before the Lord; and she despised him in her heart."

73. This story of Trajan is told in nearly the same words, though in prose, in the "Fiore di Filosofi," a work attributed to Brunetto Latini. See Nannucci, "Manuale della Letteratura del Primo Secolo," III. 291. It may be found also in the "Legenda Aurea," in the "Cento Novelle Antiche," novella 67, and in the "Life of Saint Gregory," by Paulus Diaconus.

As told by Ser Brunetto the story runs thus: "Trajan was a very just emperor, and one day, having mounted his horse to go into battle with his cavalry, a woman came and seized him by the foot, and, weeping bitterly, asked him and besought him to do justice upon those who had without cause put to death her son, who was an upright young man. And he answered and said, 'I will give thee satisfaction when I return.' And she said, 'And if thou dost not return?' And he answered, 'If I do not return, my successor will give thee satisfaction.' And she said, 'How do I know that? and

suppose he do it, what is it to thee if another do good? Thou art my debtor, and according to thy deeds shalt thou be judged; it is a fraud for a man not to pay what he owes; the justice of another will not liberate thee, and it will be well for thy successor if he shall liberate himself.' Moved by these words the Emperor alighted, and did justice, and consoled the widow, and then mounted his horse, and went to battle, and routed his enemies. A long time afterwards Saint Gregory, hearing of this justice, saw his statue, and had him disinterred, and found that he was all turned to dust, except his bones and his tongue, which was like that of a living man. And by this Saint Gregory knew his justice, for this tongue had always spoken it; so that then he wept very piteously through compassion, praying God that he would take this soul out of Hell, knowing that he had been a Pagan. Then God, because of these prayers, drew that soul from pain, and put it into glory. And thereupon the angel spoke to Saint Gregory, and told him never to make such a prayer again, and God laid upon him as a penance either to be two days in Purgatory, or to be always ill with fever and side-ache. Saint Gregory as the lesser punishment chose the fever and side-ache (*male di fianco*)."

75. Gregory's "great victory" was saving the soul of Trajan by prayer.

124. Jeremy Taylor says: "As the silk-worm eateth itself out of a seed to become a little worm; and there feeding on the leaves of mulberries, it grows till its coat be off, and then works itself into a house of silk; then, casting its pearly seeds for the young to breed, it leaveth its silk for man, and dieth all white and winged in the shape of a flying creature: so is the progress of souls."

127. Gower, "Confessio Amantis," I.:

> The proude vice of veingloire
> Remembreth nought of purgatoire.

And Shakespeare, "King Henry the Eighth," III. 2:

> I have ventured,
> Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
> This many summers in a sea of glory.

CANTO XI

3. The angels, the first creation or effects of the divine power.

6. Wisdom of Solomon, VII. 25: "For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty." In the Vulgate: *Vapor est enim virtutis Dei.*

45. See "Inferno," XII. note 2.

58. Or Italian. The speaker is Omberto Aldobrandeschi, Count of Santafiore, in the Maremma of Siena. "The Counts of Santafiore were, and are, and almost always will be at war with the Sienese," says the "Ottimo." In one of these wars Omberto was slain, at the village of Campagnatico. "The author means," continues the same commentator, "that he who cannot carry his head high should bow it down like a bulrush."

79. Vasari, "Lives of the Painters," Mrs. Foster's translation, I. 103, says:

"At this time there lived in Rome — to omit nothing relative to art that may be worthy of commemoration — a certain Oderigi of Agobbio, an excellent miniature-painter of those times, with whom Giotto lived on terms of close friendship; and who was, therefore, invited by the pope to illuminate many books for the library of the palace: but these books have in great part perished in the lapse of time. In my book of ancient drawings I have some few remains from the hand of this artist, who was certainly a clever man, although much surpassed by Franco of Bologna, who executed many admirable works in the same manner, for the same pontiff (and which were also destined for the library of the palace), at the same time with those of Oderigi. From the hand of Franco also, I have designs, both in painting and illuminating, which may be seen in my book above cited; among others are an eagle, perfectly well done, and a lion tearing up a tree, which is most beautiful."

81. The art of illuminating manuscripts, which was called in Paris *alluminare*, was in Italy called *miniare*. Hence

Oderigi is called by Vasari a *miniatore*, or miniature-painter.

83. Franco Bolognese was a pupil of Oderigi, who perhaps alludes to this fact in claiming a part of the honor paid to the younger artist.

94. Of Cimabue, Vasari, "Lives of the Painters," Mrs. Foster's translation, I. 35, says:

"The overwhelming flood of evils by which unhappy Italy had been submerged and devastated had not only destroyed whatever could properly be called buildings, but, a still more deplorable consequence, had totally exterminated the artists themselves, when, by the will of God, in the year 1240, Giovanni Cimabue, of the noble family of that name, was born, in the city of Florence, to give the first light to the art of painting. This youth, as he grew up, being considered by his father and others to give proof of an acute judgment and a clear understanding, was sent to Santa Maria Novella to study letters under a relation, who was then master in grammar to the novices of that convent. But Cimabue, instead of devoting himself to letters, consumed the whole day in drawing men, horses, houses, and other various fancies, on his books and different papers, — an occupation to which he felt himself impelled by nature; and this natural inclination was favored by fortune, for the governors of the city had invited certain Greek painters to Florence, for the purpose of restoring the art of painting, which had not merely degenerated, but was altogether lost. These artists, among other works, began to paint the Chapel of the Gondi, situate next the principal chapel, in Santa Maria Novella, the roof and walls of which are now almost entirely destroyed by time, — and Cimabue, often escaping from the school, and having already made a commencement in the art he was so fond of, would stand watching those masters at their work, the day through. Judging from these circumstances, his father, as well as the artists themselves, concluded him to be well endowed for painting, and thought that much might be hoped from his future efforts, if he were devoted to that art. Giovanni was accordingly, to his no small satisfaction, placed with those masters. From this time he labored incessantly, and was so

far aided by his natural powers that he soon greatly surpassed his teachers both in design and coloring. For these masters, caring little for the progress of art, had executed their works, as we now see them, not in the excellent manner of the ancient Greeks, but in the rude modern style of their own day. Wherefore, though Cimabue imitated his Greek instructors, he very much improved the art, relieving it greatly from their uncouth manner, and doing honor to his country by the name he acquired, and by the works which he performed. Of this we have evidence in Florence from the pictures which he painted there; as, for example, the front of the altar of Santa Cecilia, and a picture of the Virgin, in Santa Croce, which was, and is still, attached to one of the pilasters on the right of the choir."

95. Shakespeare, "Troilus and Cressida," III. 3:

> The present eye praises the present object:
> Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
> That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
> Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
> Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee;
> And still it might, and yet it may again,
> If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
> And case thy reputation in thy tent.

Cimabue died in 1300. His epitaph is:

> Credidit ut Cimabos picturae castra tenere,
> Sic tenuit vivens, nunc tenet astra poli.

Vasari, "Lives of the Painters," I. 93:

"The gratitude which the masters in painting owe to Nature, — who is ever the truest model of him who, possessing the power to select the brightest parts from her best and loveliest features, employs himself unweariedly in the reproduction of these beauties, — this gratitude, I say, is due, in my judgment, to the Florentine painter Giotto, seeing that he alone, — although born amidst incapable artists, and at a time when all good methods in art had long been entombed beneath the ruins of war, — yet, by the favor of Heaven, he, I say, alone succeeded in resuscitating Art, and restoring her to a path that may be called the true one. And it was in truth a great marvel, that from so rude and inapt an age Giotto should have

had strength to elicit so much, that the art of design, of which the men of those days had little, if any knowledge, was by his means effectually recalled into life. The birth of this great man took place in the hamlet of Vespignano, fourteen miles from the city of Florence, in the year 1276. His father's name was Bondone, a simple husbandman, who reared the child, to whom he had given the name of Giotto, with such decency as his condition permitted. The boy was early remarked for extreme vivacity in all his childish proceedings, and for extraordinary promptitude of intelligence; so that he became endeared, not only to his father, but to all who knew him in the village and around it. When he was about ten years old, Bondone gave him a few sheep to watch, and with these he wandered about the vicinity, — now here and now there. But, induced by Nature herself to the arts of design, he was perpetually drawing on the stones, the earth, or the sand, some natural object that came before him, or some fantasy that presented itself to his thoughts. It chanced one day that the affairs of Cimabue took him from Florence to Vespignano, when he perceived the young Giotto, who, while his sheep fed around him, was occupied in drawing one of them from the life, with a stone slightly pointed, upon a smooth, clean piece of rock, — and that without any teaching whatever but such as Nature herself had imparted. Halting in astonishment, Cimabue inquired of the boy if he would accompany him to his home, and the child replied, he would go willingly, if his father were content to permit it. Cimabue therefore requesting the consent of Bondone, the latter granted it readily, and suffered the artist to conduct his son to Florence, where, in a short time, instructed by Cimabue and aided by Nature, the boy not only equalled his master in his own manner, but became so good an imitator of Nature that he totally banished the rude Greek manner, restoring art to the better path adhered to in modern times, and introducing the custom of accurately drawing living persons from nature, which had not been used for more than two hundred years. Or, if some had attempted it, as said above, it was not by any means with the success of Giotto. Among the portraits by this artist, and which still remain, is one of his contemporary and intimate friend, Dante Alighieri, who

was no less famous as a poet than Giotto as a painter, and whom Messer Giovanni Boccaccio has lauded so highly in the introduction to his story of Messer Forese da Rabatta, and of Giotto the painter himself. This portrait is in the chapel of the palace of the Podestà in Florence; and in the same chapel are the portraits of Ser Brunetto Latini, master of Dante, and of Messer Corso Donati, an illustrious citizen of that day."

Pope Benedict the Ninth, hearing of Giotto's fame, sent one of his courtiers to Tuscany, to propose to him certain paintings for the Church of Saint Peter. "The messenger," continues Vasari, "when on his way to visit Giotto, and to inquire what other good masters there were in Florence, spoke first with many artists in Siena, — then, having received designs from them, he proceeded to Florence, and repaired one morning to the workshop where Giotto was occupied with his labors. He declared the purpose of the Pope, and the manner in which that Pontiff desired to avail himself of his assistance; and, finally, requested to have a drawing, that he might send it to his Holiness. Giotto, who was very courteous, took a sheet of paper and a pencil dipped in a red color, then, resting his elbow on his side, to form a sort of compass, with one turn of the hand he drew a circle, so perfect and exact that it was a marvel to behold. This done, he turned smiling to the courtier, saying, 'Here is your drawing.' 'Am I to have nothing more than this?' inquired the latter, conceiving himself to be jested with. 'That is enough and to spare,' returned Giotto; 'send it with the rest, and you will see if it will be recognized.' The messenger, unable to obtain anything more, went away very ill satisfied, and fearing that he had been fooled. Nevertheless, having despatched the other drawings to the Pope, with the names of those who had done them, he sent that of Giotto also, relating the mode in which he had made his circle, without moving his arm and without compasses; from which the Pope, and such of the courtiers as were well versed in the subject, perceived how far Giotto surpassed all the other painters of his time. This incident, becoming known, gave rise to the proverb, still used in relation to people of dull wits, — *Tu sei più tondo che l'O di Giotto;* the significance of which consists in the double

meaning of the word 'tondo,' which is used in the Tuscan for slowness of intellect and heaviness of comprehension, as well as for an exact circle. The proverb has besides an interest from the circumstance which gave it birth. . . .

"It is said that Giotto, when he was still a boy, and studying with Cimabue, once painted a fly on the nose of a figure on which Cimabue himself was employed, and this so naturally, that, when the master returned to continue his work, he believed it to be real, and lifted his hand more than once to drive it away before he should go on with the painting."

Boccaccio, "Decamerone," VI. 5, tells this tale of Giotto:

"As it often happens that fortune hides under the meanest trades in life the greatest virtues, which has been proved by Pampinea; so are the greatest geniuses found frequently lodged by Nature in the most deformed and misshapen bodies, which was verified in two of our own citizens, as I am now going to relate. For the one, who was called Forese da Rabatta, being a little deformed mortal, with a flat Dutch face, worse than any of the family of the Baronci, yet was he esteemed by most men a repository of the civil law. And the other, whose name was Giotto, had such a prodigious fancy, that there was nothing in Nature, the parent of all things, but he could imitate it with his pencil so well, and draw it so like, as to deceive our very senses, imagining that to be the very thing itself which was only his painting: therefore, having brought that art again to light, which had lain buried for many ages under the errors of such as aimed more to captivate the eyes of the ignorant than to please the understandings of those who were really judges, he may be deservedly called one of the lights and glories of our city, and the rather as being master of his art, notwithstanding his modesty would never suffer himself to be so esteemed; which honor, though rejected by him, displayed itself in him with the greater lustre, as it was so eagerly usurped by others less knowing than himself, and by many also who had all their knowledge from him. But though his excellence in his profession was so wonderful, yet as to his person and aspect he had no way the advantage of Signor Forese. To come then to my story. These two

worthies had each his country-seat at Mugello, and Forese being gone thither in the vacation-time, and riding upon an unsightly steed, chanced to meet there with Giotto, who was no better equipped than himself, when they returned together to Florence. Travelling slowly along, as they were able to go no faster, they were overtaken by a great shower of rain, and forced to take shelter in a poor man's house, who was well known to them both; and as there was no appearence of the weather's clearing up, and each being desirous of getting home that night, they borrowed two old, rusty cloaks, and two rusty hats, and they proceeded on their journey. After they had gotten a good part of their way, thoroughly wet, and covered with dirt and mire, which their two shuffling steeds had thrown upon them, and which by no means improved their looks, it began to clear up at last, and they, who had hitherto said but little to each other, now turned to discourse together; whilst Forese, riding along and listening to Giotto, who was excellent at telling a story, began at last to view him attentively from head to foot, and, seeing him in that wretched, dirty pickle, without having any regard to himself he fell a laughing, and said, 'Do you suppose, Giotto, if a stranger were to meet with you now, who had never seen you before, that he would imagine you to be the best painter in the world, as you really are?' Giotto readily replied, 'Yes, sir, I believe he might think so, if, looking at you at the same time, he would ever conclude that you had learned your A, B, C.' At this Forese was sensible of his mistake, finding himself well paid in his own coin."

Another story of Giotto may be found in Sacchetti, novella 75.

97. Probably Dante's friend, Guido Cavalcanti, "Inferno," x. note 63; and Guido Guinicelli, "Purgatorio," xxvi. note 92, whom he calls

> The father
> Of me and of my betters, who had ever
> Practised the sweet and gracious rhymes of love.

99. Some commentators suppose that Dante here refers to himself. He more probably is speaking only in general terms, without particular reference to any one.

103. Ben Jonson, "Ode on the Death of Sir H. Morison:"

> It is not growing like a tree
> In bulk, doth make men better be;
> Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
> To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear;
> A lily of a day
> Is fairer far in May,
> Although it fall and die that night;
> It was the plant and flower of light.

105. The babble of childhood; *pappo* for *pane*, bread, and *dindi* for *danari*, money.

Halliwell, "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words:" "DINDERS, small coins of the Lower Empire, found at Wroxeter."

Grazzini, "Novelle, Seconda Cena," novella 2.

"He never could forget certain words which he had learned as a child, such as saying *babbo* and *mamma* for father and mother, calling bread *pappo*, and wine *bombo*, and money *dindi*."

108. The revolution of the fixed stars, according to the Ptolemaic theory, which was also Dante's, was thirty-six thousand years.

109. "Who goes so slowly," interprets the "Ottimo."

112. At the battle of Monte Aperto. See "Inferno," x. note 86.

118. Henry Vaughan, "Sacred Poems:"

> O holy hope and high humility,
> High as the heavens above;
> These are your walks, and you have showed them me
> To kindle my cold love!

And Milton, "Samson Agonistes," 185:

> Apt words have power to swage
> The tumors of a troubled mind.

121. A haughty and ambitious nobleman of Siena, who led the Sienese troops at the battle of Monte Aperto. Afterwards, when the Sienese were routed by the Florentines at the battle of Colle in the Val d' Elsa ("Purgatorio," XXII. note 115), he was taken prisoner "and his head was cut off," says Villani, VII. 31, "and carried through all the camp fixed

upon a lance. And well was fulfilled the prophecy and revelation which the Devil had made to him, by means of necromancy, but which he did not understand, for the Devil, being constrained to tell how he would succeed in that battle, mendaciously answered, and said: 'Thou shalt go forth and fight, thou shalt conquer not die in the battle, and thy head shall be the highest in the camp.' And he, believing from these words that he should be victorious, and believing he should be lord over all, did not put a stop after 'not' (*vincerai no, morrai*, thou shalt conquer not, thou shalt die). And therefore it is great folly to put faith in the Devil's advice. This Messer Provenzano was a great man in Siena after his victory at Monte Aperto, and led the whole city, and all the Ghibelline party of Tuscany made him their chief, and he was very presumptuous in his will."

The humility which saved him was his seating himself at a little table in the public square of Siena, called the Campo, and begging money of all passers to pay the ransom of a friend who had been taken prisoner by Charles of Anjou, as here narrated by Dante.

138. Spenser, "Faery Queene," VI. canto 7, stanza 22:

> He, therewith much abashed and affrayd,
> Began to tremble every limbe and vaine.

141. A prophecy of Dante's banishment and poverty and humiliation.

CANTO XII

1. In the first part of this canto the same subject is continued, with examples of pride humbled, sculptured on the pavement, upon which the Proud are doomed to gaze as they go with their heads bent down beneath their heavy burdens,

> So that they may behold their evil ways.

"Iliad," XIII. 700: "And Ajax, the swift son of Oïleus, never at all stood apart from the Telamonian Ajax; but as in a fallow field two dark bullocks, possessed of equal spirit, drag the compacted plough, and much sweat breaks out

about the roots of their horns, and the well-polished yoke alone divides them, stepping along the furrow, and the plough cuts up the bottom of the soil, so they, joined together, stood very near to each other."

3. In Italy a pedagogue is not only a teacher, but literally a leader of children, and goes from house to house collecting his little flock, which he brings home again after school.

Galatians, III. 24: "The law was our schoolmaster (παιδαγωγός) to bring us unto Christ."

9. This alludes to his humility and the assuaging of the tumor of his pride, spoken of in canto XI. 119.

17. Tombs under the pavement in the aisles of churches, in contradistinction to those built aloft against the walls.

25. The reader will not fail to mark the artistic structure of the passage from this to the sixty-third line. First, there are four stanzas beginning, "I saw;" then four beginning, "O;" then four beginning, "Displayed;" and then a stanza which resumes and unites them all.

27. Luke, X. 18: "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven."

Milton, "Paradise Lost," I. 44:

> Him the Almighty Power
> Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
> With hideous ruin and combustion, down
> To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
> In adamantine chains and penal fire,
> Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

28. "Iliad," I. 403: "Him of a hundred hands, whom the gods call Briareus, and all men Ægæon." "Inferno," XXI. note 98.

He was struck by the thunderbolt of Jove, or by a shaft of Apollo, at the battle of Flegra. "Ugly medley of sacred and profane, of revealed truth and fiction!" exclaims Venturi.

31. Thymbræus, a surname of Apollo, from his temple in Thymbra.

34. Nimrod, who "began to be a mighty one in the earth," and his "tower whose top may reach unto heaven."

Genesis XI. 8: "So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth; and they left off to

build the city. Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth, and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth."

See also "Inferno," xxxi. note 77.

36. Lombardi proposes in this line to read "together" instead of "proud;" which Biagioli thinks is "changing a beautiful diamond for a bit of lead; and stupid is he who accepts the change."

37. Among the Greek epigrams is one on Niobe, which runs as follows:

> This sepulchre within it has no corse;
> This corse without here has no sepulchre,
> But to itself is sepulchre and corse.

Ovid, "Metamorphoses," vi., Croxall's translation:

> Widowed and childless, lamentable state!
> A doleful sight, among the dead she sate;
> Hardened with woes, a statue of despair,
> To every breath of wind unmoved her hair;
> Her cheek still reddening, but its color dead,
> Faded her eyes, and set within her head.
> No more her pliant tongue its motion keeps,
> But stands congealed within her frozen lips.
> Stagnate and dull, within her purple veins,
> Its current stopped, the lifeless blood remains.
> Her feet their usual offices refuse,
> Her arms and neck their graceful gestures lose:
> Action and life from every part are gone,
> And even her entrails turn to solid stone;
> Yet still she weeps, and whirled by stormy winds,
> Borne through the air, her native country finds;
> There fixed, she stands upon a bleaky hill,
> There yet her marble cheeks eternal tears distil.

39. Homer, "Iliad," xxiv. 604, makes them but twelve. "Twelve children perished in her halls, six daughters and six blooming sons; these Apollo slew from his silver bow, enraged with Niobe; and those Diana, delighting in arrows, because she had deemed herself equal to the beautiful-cheeked Latona. She said that Latona had borne only two, but she herself had borne many; nevertheless those, though but two, exterminated all these."

But Ovid, "Metamorphoses," VI., says:

> Seven are my daughters of a form divine,
> With seven fair sons, an indefective line.

40. 1 Samuel, XXXI. 4, 5: "Then said Saul unto his armor-bearer, Draw thy sword and thrust me through therewith, lest these uncircumcised come and thrust me through and abuse me. But his armor-bearer would not, for he was sore afraid; therefore Saul took a sword, and fell upon it. And when his armor-bearer saw that Saul was dead, he fell likewise upon his sword, and died with him."

42. 2 Samuel, I. 21: "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you."

43. Arachne, daughter of Idmon, the dyer of Colophon. Ovid, "Metamorphoses," VI.:

> One at the loom so excellently skilled,
> That to the goddess she refused to yield.
> Low was her birth, and small her native town,
> She from her art alone obtained renown.
> . . . . . .
> Nor would the work, when finished, please so much,
> As, while she wrought, to view each graceful touch;
> Whether the shapeless wool in balls she wound,
> Or with quick motion turned the spindle round,
> Or with her pencil drew the neat design,
> Pallas her mistress shone in every line.
> This the proud maid with scornful air denies,
> And even the goddess at her work defies;
> Disowns her heavenly mistress every hour,
> Nor asks her aid, nor deprecates her power.
> Let us, she cries, but to a trial come,
> And if she conquers, let her fix my doom.

It was rather an unfair trial of skill, at the end of which Minerva, getting angry, struck Arachne on the forehead with her shuttle of box-wood.

> The unhappy maid, impatient of the wrong,
> Down from a beam her injured person hung;
> When Pallas, pitying her wretched state,
> At once prevented and pronounced her fate:
> "Live; but depend, vile wretch!" the goddess cried,
> "Doomed in suspense forever to be tied;
> That all your race, to utmost date of time,
> May feel the vengeance and detest the crime."

Then, going off, she sprinkled her with juice
Which leaves of baneful aconite produce.
Touched with the poisonous drug, her flowing hair
Fell to the ground and left her temples bare:
Her usual features vanished from their place,
Her body lessened all, but most her face.
Her slender fingers, hanging on each side
With many joints, the use of legs supplied;
A spider's bag the rest, from which she gives
A thread, and still by constant weaving lives.

46. In the revolt of the Ten Tribes. 1 Kings, XII. 18: "Then King Rehoboam sent Adoram, who was over the tribute; and all Israel stoned him with stones, that he died; therefore King Rehoboam made speed to get him up to his chariot, to flee to Jerusalem."

50. Amphiaraüs, the soothsayer, foreseeing his own death if he went to the Theban war, concealed himself, to avoid going. His wife Eriphyle, bribed by a "golden necklace set with diamonds," betrayed to her brother Adrastus his hiding-place, and Amphiaraüs, departing, charged his son Alcmæon to kill Eriphyle as soon as he heard of his death.

Ovid, "Metamorphoses," IX.:

The son shall bathe his hands in parent's blood,
And in one act be both unjust and good.

Statius, "Thebaid," II. 355, Lewis's translation:

Fair Eriphyle the rich gift beheld,
And her sick breast with secret envy swelled.
Not the late omens and the well-known tale
To cure her vain ambition aught avail.
O had the wretch by self-experience known
The future woes, and sorrows not her own!
But fate decrees her wretched spouse must bleed,
And the son's frenzy clear the mother's deed.

53. Isaiah, XXXVII. 38: "And it came to pass, as he was worshipping in the house of Nisroch his god, that Adrammelech and Sharezer, his sons, smote him with the sword; and they escaped into the land of Armenia, and Esar-haddon, his son, reigned in his stead."

56. Herodotus, book I. ch. 214, Rawlinson's translation: "Tomyris, when she found that Cyrus paid no heed to her advice, collected all the forces of her kingdom, and

gave him battle. Of all the combats in which the barbarians have engaged among themselves, I reckon this to have been the fiercest. . . . The greater part of the army of the Persians was destroyed, and Cyrus himself fell, after reigning nine and twenty years. Search was made among the slain, by order of the queen, for the body of Cyrus, and when it was found, she took a skin, and, filling it full of human blood, she dipped the head of Cyrus in the gore, saying, as she thus insulted the corse, 'I live and have conquered thee in fight, and yet by thee am I ruined; for thou tookest my son with guile; but thus I make good my threat, and give thee thy fill of blood.' Of the many different accounts which are given of the death of Cyrus, this which I have followed appears to me most worthy of credit."

59. After Judith had slain Holofernes. Judith, xv. 1: "And when they that were in the tents heard, they were astonished at the thing that was done. And fear and trembling fell upon them, so that there was no man that durst abide in the sight of his neighbor, but, rushing out all together, they fled into every way of the plain and of the hill country. . . . Now when the children of Israel heard it, they all fell upon them with one consent, and slew them unto Chobai."

61. This tercet unites the "I saw," "O," and "Displayed," of the preceding passage, and binds the whole as with a selvage.

67. Ruskin, "Modern Painters, III. 19: "There was probably never a period in which the influence of art over the minds of men seemed to depend less on its merely *imitative* power than the close of the thirteenth century. No painting or sculpture at that time reached more than a rude resemblance of reality. Its despised perspective, imperfect chiaroscuro, and unrestrained flights of fantastic imagination, separated the artist's work from Nature by an interval which there was no attempt to disguise, and little to diminish. And yet, at this very period, the greatest poet of that, or perhaps of any other age, and the attached friend of its greatest painter, who must over and over again have held full and free conversation with him respecting the objects of his art,

speaks in the following terms of painting, supposed to be carried to its highest perfection:

> Qual di pennel fu maestro, e di stile
> Che ritraesse l'ombre, e i tratti, ch' ivi
> Mirar farieno uno ingegno sottile.
> Morti li morti, e i vivi parean vivi:
> Non vide me' di me, chi vide il vero,
> Quant' io calcai, fin che chinato givi.

Dante has here clearly no other idea of the highest art than that it should bring back, as in a mirror or vision, the aspect of things past or absent. The scenes of which he speaks are, on the pavement, forever represented by angelic power, so that the souls which traverse this circle of the rock may see them, as if the years of the world had been rolled back, and they again stood beside the actors in the moment of action. Nor do I think that Dante's authority is absolutely necessary to compel us to admit that such art as this *might* indeed be the highest possible. Whatever delight we may have been in the habit of taking in pictures, if it were but truly offered to us to remove at our will the canvas from the frame, and in lieu of it to behold, fixed forever, the image of some of those mighty scenes which it has been our way to make mere themes for the artist's fancy, — if, for instance, we could again behold the Magdalene receiving her pardon at Christ's feet, or the disciples sitting with him at the table of Emmaus, — and this not feebly nor fancifully, but as if some silver mirror, that had leaned against the wall of the chamber, had been miraculously commanded to retain forever the colors that had flashed upon it for an instant, — would we not part with our picture, Titian's or Veronese's though it might be?"

81. The sixth hour of the day, or noon of the second day.

102. Florence is here called ironically "the well guided" or well governed. Rubaconte is the name of the most easterly of the bridges over the Arno, and takes its name from Messer Rubaconte, who was Podestà of Florence in 1236, when this bridge was built. Above it on the hill stands the church of San Miniato. This is the hill which Michael Angelo fortified in the siege of Florence. In early times it was climbed by stairways.

105. In the good old days, before any one had falsified the ledger of the public accounts, or the standard of measure. In Dante's time a certain Messer Niccola tore out a leaf from the public records, to conceal some villainy of his; and a certain Messer Durante, a custom-house officer, diminished the salt-measure by one stave. This is again alluded to, "Paradiso," XVI. 105.

110. Matthew, v. 3: "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

It must be observed that all the Latin lines in Dante should be chanted with an equal stress on each syllable, in order to make them rhythmical.

CANTO XIII

1. The Second Circle, or Cornice, where is punished the sin of Envy; of which Saint Augustine says: "Envy is the hatred of another's felicity; in respect of superiors, because they are not equal to them; in respect of inferiors, lest they should be equal to them; in respect of equals, because they are equal to them. Through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and the death of Christ."

9. The livid color of Envy.

14. The military precision with which Virgil faces to the right is Homeric. Biagioli says that Dante expresses it "after his own fashion, that is, entirely new and different from mundane custom."

16. Boethius, "Consolatione Philosophiae," v. met. 2:

> Him the Sun, then, rightly call, —
> God who sees and lightens all.

29. John, II. 3: "And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine."

Examples are first given of the virtue opposite the vice here punished. These are but "airy tongues that syllable men's names;" and it must not be supposed that the persons alluded to are actually passing in the air.

33. The name of Orestes is here shouted on account of the proverbial friendship between him and Pylades. When

Orestes was condemned to death, Pylades tried to take his place, exclaiming, "I am Orestes."

36. Matthew, v. 44: "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

39. See canto XIV. 147.

42. The next stairway leading from the second to the third circle.

51. The Litany of All Saints.

70. Belamy, "Treatise on Falconry," p. 34, says:

"Before the invention of the hood, in order to blindfold the hawks, falconers had recourse to an operation termed *sealing*, or *seeling*, which was performed by passing a needle and thread through the upper and under eyelid, by means of which they were brought together and secured, — the bird being thus, as occasion served, deprived of its sight."

92. Latian for Italian.

109. A Sienese lady living in banishment at Colle, where from a tower she witnessed the battle between her townsmen and the Florentines. "Sapia hated the Sienese," says Benvenuto, "and placed herself at a window not far from the field of battle, waiting the issue with anxiety, and desiring the rout and ruin of her own people. Her desires being verified by the entire discomfiture of the Sienese, and the death of their captain" (Provenzan Salvani, see canto XI. note 121), "exultant and almost beside herself, she lifted her bold face to heaven, and cried, 'Now, O God, do with me what thou wilt, do me all the harm thou canst; now my prayers are answered, and I die content.'"

110. Gower, "Confessio Amantis," II.:

> Whan I have sene another blithe
> Of love and hadde a goodly chere,
> Ethna, which brenneth yere by yere,
> Was thanne nought so hote as I
> Of thilke sore which prively
> Mine hertes thought withinne brenneth.

114. "Convito," IV. 23: "Every effect, in so far as it is effect, receiveth the likeness of its cause, as far as it can

retain it. Therefore, inasmuch as our life, as has been said, and likewise that of every living creature here below, is caused by the heavens, and the heavens reveal themselves to all these effects, not in complete circle, but in part thereof, so must its movement needs be above; and as an arch retains all lives nearly (and, I say, retains those of men as well as of other living creatures), ascending and curving, they must be in the similitude of an arch. Returning, then, to our life, of which it is now question, I say that it proceeds in the image of this arch, ascending and descending."

117. Namely, the defeat of the Sienese.

122. The warm days near the end of January are still called in Lombardy *I giorni della merla*, the days of the blackbird; from an old legend, that once in the sunny weather a blackbird sang, "I fear thee no more, O Lord, for the winter is over."

128. Peter Pettignano, or Pettinajo, was a holy hermit, who saw visions and wrought miracles at Siena. Forsyth, "Italy," p. 149, describing the festival of the Assumption in that city in 1802, says:

"The Pope had reserved for this great festival the Beatification of Peter, a Sienese comb-maker, whom the Church had neglected to canonize till now. Poor Peter was honored with all the solemnity of music, high-mass, an officiating cardinal, a florid panegyric, pictured angels bearing his tools to heaven, and combing their own hair as they soared; but he received five hundred years ago a greater honor than all, a verse of praise from Dante."

138. Dante's besetting sin was not envy, but pride.

144. On the other side of the world.

153. The vanity of the Sienese is also spoken of, "Inferno," xxix. 123.

152. Talamone is a seaport in the Maremma, "many times abandoned by its inhabitants," says the "Ottimo," "on account of the malaria. The town is utterly in ruins; but as the harbor is deep, and would be of great utility if the place were inhabited, the Sienese have spent much money in repairing it many times, and bringing in inhabitants; it is of little use, for the malaria prevents the increase of population."

Talamone is the ancient Telamon, where Marius landed on his return from Africa.

153. The Diana is a subterranean river, which the Sienese were in search of for many years to supply the city with water. "They never have been able to find it," says the "Ottimo," "and yet they still hope." In Dante's time it was evidently looked upon as an idle dream. To the credit of the Sienese be it said, they persevered, and finally succeeded in obtaining the water so patiently sought for. The Pozzo Diana, or Diana's Well, is still to be seen at the Convent of the Carmen.

154. The admirals who go to Talamone to superintend the works will lose there more than their hope, namely, their lives.

CANTO XIV

1. The subject of the preceding canto is here continued. Compare the introductory lines with those of canto v.

7. These two spirits prove to be Guido del Duca and Rinieri da Calboli.

17. A mountain in the Apennines, northeast of Florence, from which the Arno takes its rise. Ampère, "Voyage Dantesque," p. 246, thus describes this region of the Val d' Arno. "Farther on is another tower, the tower of Porciano, which is said to have been inhabited by Dante. From there I had still to climb the summits of the Falterona. I started towards midnight in order to arrive before sunrise. I said to myself, How many times the poet, whose footprints I am following, has wandered in these mountains! It was by these little Alpine paths that he came and went, on his way to friends in Romagna or friends in Urbino, his heart agitated with a hope that was never to be fulfilled. I figured to myself Dante walking with a guide under the light of the stars, receiving all the impressions produced by wild and weather-beaten regions, steep roads, deep valleys, and the accidents of a long and difficult route, impressions which he would transfer to his poem. It is enough to have read this poem to be certain that its author has travelled much, has wandered much. Dante really walks with Virgil. He fatigues himself with climbing, he stops to

take breath, he uses his hands when feet are insufficient. He gets lost, and asks the way. He observes the height of the sun and stars. In a word, one finds the habits and souvenirs of the traveller in every verse, or rather at every step of his poetic pilgrimage.

"Dante has certainly climbed the top of the Falterona. It is upon this summit, from which all the Valley of the Arno is embraced, that one should read the singular imprecation which the poet has uttered against this whole valley. He follows the course of the river, and as he advances marks every place he comes to with fierce invective. The farther he goes, the more his hate redoubles in violence and bitterness. It is a piece of topographical satire, of which I know no other example."

32. The Apennines, whose long chain ends in Calabria, opposite Cape Peloro in Sicily. "Æneid," III. 410, Davidson's translation:

"But when, after setting out, the wind shall waft you to the Sicilian coast, and the straits of narrow Pelorus shall open wider to the eye, veer to the land on the left, and to the sea on the left, by a long circuit; fly the right both sea and shore. These lands, they say, once with violence and vast desolation convulsed (such revolutions a long course of time is able to produce), slipped asunder; when in continuity both lands were one, the sea rushed impetuously between, and by its waves tore the Italian side from that of Sicily; and with a narrow frith runs between the fields and cities separated by the shores. Scylla guards the right side, implacable Charybdis the left, and thrice with the deepest eddies of its gulf swallows up the vast billows, headlong in, and again spouts them out by turns high into the air, and lashes the stars with the waves."

And Lucan, "Pharsalia," II.:

> And still we see on fair Sicilia's sands
> Where part of Apennine Pelorus stands.

And Shelley, "Ode to Liberty:"

> O'er the lit waves every Æolian isle
> From Pithecusa to Pelorus
> Howls, and leaps, and glares in chorus.

40. When Dante wrote this invective against the inhabit-

ants of the Val d' Arno, he probably had in mind the following passage of Boethius, "Consolatione Philosophiae," IV. pros. 3, Ridpath's translation:

"Hence it again follows that everything which strays from what is good ceases to be; the wicked therefore must cease to be what they were; but that they were formerly men, their human shape, which still remains, testifies. By degenerating into wickedness, then, they must cease to be men. But as virtue alone can exalt a man above what is human, so it is on the contrary evident that vice, as it divests him of his nature, must sink him below humanity; you ought therefore by no means to consider him as a man whom vice has rendered vicious. Tell me, What difference is there betwixt a wolf who lives by rapine, and a robber whom the desire of another's wealth stimulates to commit all manner of violence? Is there anything that bears a stronger resemblance to a wrathful dog who barks at passengers than a man whose dangerous tongue attacks all the world? What is liker to a fox than a cheat, who spreads his snares in secret to undermine and ruin you? to a lion, than a furious man who is always ready to devour you? to a deer, than a coward who is afraid of his own shadow? to an ass, than a mortal who is slow, dull, and indolent? to the birds of the air, than a man volatile and inconstant? and what, in fine, is a debauchee who is immersed in the lowest sensual gratifications but a hog who wallows in the mire? Upon the whole, it is an unquestionable truth that a man who forsakes virtue ceases to be a man; and as it is impossible that he can ascend in the scale of beings, he must of necessity degenerate and sink into a beast."

43. The people of Casentino. Forsyth, "Italy," p. 126: "On returning down to the Casentine, we could trace along the Arno the mischief which followed a late attempt to clear some Apennines of their woods. Most of the soil, which was then loosened from the roots and washed down by the torrents, lodged in this plain; and left immense beds of sand and large rolling stones on the very spot where Dante describes

> Li ruscelletti che de' verdi colli
> Del Casentin discendon giuso in Arno,
> Facendo i lor canali e freddi e molli.

"I was surprised to find so large a town as Bibbiena in a country devoid of manufactures, remote from public roads, and even deserted by its landholders; for the Niccolini and Vecchietti, who possess most of this district, prefer the obscurer pleasures of Florence to their palaces and preëminence here. The only commodity which the Casentines trade in is pork. Signore Baglione, a gentleman at whose house I slept here, ascribed the superior flavor of their hams, which are esteemed the best in Italy and require no cooking, to the dryness of the air, the absence of stagnant water, and the quantity of chestnuts given to their hogs. Bibbiena has been long renowned for its chestnuts, which the peasants dry in a kiln, grind into a sweet flour, and then convert into bread, cakes, and *polenta*."

46. The people of Arezzo. Forsyth, "Italy," p. 128:

"The Casentines were no favorites with Dante, who confounds the men with their hogs. Yet, following the *divine poet* down the Arno, we came to a race still more forbidding. The Aretine peasants seem to inherit the coarse, surly visages of their ancestors, whom he styles *Bottoli*. Meeting one girl, who appeared more cheerful than her neighbors, we asked her how far it was from Arezzo, and received for answer, '*Quanto c' è.*'

"The valley widened as we advanced, and when Arezzo appeared, the river left us abruptly, wheeling off from its environs at a sharp angle, which Dante converts into a snout, and points disdainfully against the currish race. . . .

"On entering the Val di Chiana, we passed through a peasantry more civil and industrious than their Aretine neighbors. One poor girl, unlike the last whom we accosted, was driving a laden ass, bearing a billet of wood on her head, spinning with the rocca, and singing as she went on. Others were returning with their sickles from the fields which they had reaped in the Maremma, to their own harvest on the hills. That contrast which struck me in the manners of two cantons so near as Cortona to Arezzo, can only be a vestige of their ancient rivality while separate republics. Men naturally dislike the very virtues of their enemies, and affect qualities as remote from theirs as they can well defend."

50. The Florentines.

53. The Pisans.

57. At the close of these vituperations, perhaps to soften the sarcasm by making it more general, Benvenuto appends this note: "What Dante says of the inhabitants of the Val d' Arno might be said of the greater part of the Italians, nay, of the world. Dante, being once asked why he had put more Christians than Gentiles into Hell, replied, 'Because I have known the Christians better.'"

58. Messer Fulcieri da Calboli of Forlì, nephew of Rinieri. He was Podestà of Florence in 1302, and, being bribed by the Neri, had many of the Bianchi put to death.

64. Florence, the habitation of these wolves, left so stripped by Fulcieri, on his retiring from office, that it will be long in recovering its former prosperity.

81. Guido del Duca of Brettinoro, near Forlì, in Romagna; nothing remains but the name. He and his companion Rinieri were "gentlemen of worth, if they had not been burned up with envy."

87. On worldly goods, where selfishness excludes others; in contrast with the spiritual, which increase by being shared. See canto xv. 45.

88. Rinieri da Calboli. "He was very famous," says the "Ottimo," and history says no more. In "Cento Novelle Antiche," novella 44, Roscoe's translation, he figures thus:

"A certain knight was one day entreating a lady whom he loved to smile upon his wishes, and among other delicate arguments which he pressed upon her was that of his own superior wealth, elegance, and accomplishments, especially when compared with the merits of her own liege lord, 'whose extreme ugliness, madam,' he continued, 'I think I need not insist upon.' Her husband, who overheard this compliment from the place of his concealment, immediately replied, 'Pray, sir, mend your own manners, and do not vilify other people.' The name of the plain gentleman was Lizio di Valbona, and Messer Rinieri da Calboli that of the other."

92. In Romagna, which is bounded by the Po, the Apennines, the Adriatic, and the river Reno, that passes near Bologna.

93. For study and pleasure.

97. Of Lizio and Manardi the "Ottimo" says: "Messer Lizio di Valbona, a courteous gentleman, in order to give a dinner at Forlì, sold half his silken bedquilt for sixty florins. Arrigo Manardi was of Brettinoro; he was a gentleman full of courtesy and honor, was fond of entertaining guests, made presents of robes and horses, loved honorable men, and all his life was devoted to largess and good living."

The marriage of Riccardo Manardi with Lizio's daughter Caterina is the subject of one of the tales of the "Decamerone," v. 4. Pietro Dante says, that, when Lizio was told of the death of his dissipated son, he replied, "It is no news to me, he never was alive."

98. Of Pier Traversaro the "Ottimo" says: "He was of Ravenna, a man of most gentle blood;" and of Guido di Carpigna: "He was of Montefeltro. . . . Most of the time he lived at Brettinoro, and surpassed all others in generosity, loved for the sake of loving, and lived handsomely."

100. "This Messer Fabbro," says the "Ottimo," "was born of low parents, and lived so generously that the author (Dante) says there never was his like in Bologna."

101. The "Ottimo" again: "This Messer Bernardino, son of Fosco, a farmer, and of humble occupation, became so excellent by his good works, that he was an honor to Faenza; and he was named with praise, and the old grandees were not ashamed to visit him, to see his magnificence, and to hear his pleasant jests."

104. Guido da Prata, from the village of that name, between Faenza and Forlì, and Ugolin d' Azzo of Faenza, according to the same authority, though "of humble birth, rose to such great honor, that, leaving their native places, they associated with the noblemen before mentioned."

106. Frederick Tignoso was a gentleman of Rimini, living in Brettinoro. "A man of great mark," says Buti, "with his band of friends." According to Benvenuto, "he had beautiful blond hair, and was called *Tignoso* (the scurvy fellow) by way of antiphrase." The "Ottimo" speaks of him as follows: "He avoided the city as much as possible,

as a place hostile to gentlemen, but when he was in it, he kept open house."

107. Ancient and honorable families of Ravenna. There is a story of them in the "Decamerone," giorno v. novella 8, which is too long to quote. Upon this tale is founded Dryden's poem of "Theodore and Honoria."

109. Ariosto, "Orlando Furioso," I. 1:

> The dames, the cavaliers, the arms, the loves,
> The courtesies, the daring deeds I sing.

112. Brettinoro, now Bertinoro, is a small town in Romagna, between Forlì and Cesena, in which lived many of the families that have just been mentioned. The hills about it are still celebrated for their wines, as its inhabitants were in old times for their hospitality. The following anecdote is told of them by the "Ottimo," and also in nearly the same words in the "Cento Novelle Antiche," novella 89.

"Among other laudable customs of the nobles of Brettinoro was that of hospitality, and their not permitting any man in the town to keep an inn for money. But there was a stone column in the middle of the town" (upon which were rings or knockers, as if all the front doors were there represented), "and to this, as soon as a stranger made his appearance, he was conducted, and to one of the rings hitched his horse or hung his hat upon it; and thus, as chance decreed, he was taken to the house of the gentleman to whom the ring belonged, and honored according to his rank. This column and its rings were invented to remove all cause of quarrel among the noblemen, who used to run to get possession of a stranger, as nowadays they almost run away from him."

115. Towns in Romagna. "Bagnacavallo, and Castrocaro, and Conio," says the "Ottimo," "were all habitations of courtesy and honor. Now in Bagnacavallo the Counts are extinct; and he (Dante) says it does well to produce no more of them because they had degenerated like those of Conio and Castrocaro."

118. The Pagani were Lords of Faenza and Imola. The head of the family, Mainardo, was surnamed "the Devil." — See "Inferno," XXVII. note 49. His bad repute will always be a reproach to the family.

121. A nobleman of Faenza, who died without heirs, and thus his name was safe.

132. Milton, "Comus:"

> Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,
> And airy tongues that syllable men's names.

These voices in the air proclaim examples of envy.

133. Genesis IV. 13, 14. "And Cain said unto the Lord, . . . Every one that findeth me shall slay me."

139. Aglauros through envy opposed the interview of Mercury with her sister Herse, and was changed by the god into stone. Ovid, "Metamorphoses," I., Addison's translation:

> "Then keep thy seat forever," cries the god,
> And touched the door, wide opening to his rod.
> Fain would she rise and stop him, but she found
> Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;
> Her joints are all benumbed, her hands are pale,
> And marble now appears in every nail.
> As when a cancer in the body feeds,
> And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds,
> So does the chillness to each vital part
> Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
> Till hardening everywhere, and speechless grown,
> She sits unmoved, and freezes to a stone.
> But still her envious hue and sullen mien
> Are in the sedentary figure seen.

147. The falconer's call or lure, which he whirls round in the air to attract the falcon on the wing.

148. Ovid, "Metamorphoses," I., Dryden's translation:

> Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
> Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
> Man looks aloft; and with erected eyes
> Beholds his own hereditary skies.

150. Beaumont and Fletcher, "The Laws of Candy," IV. 1:

> Seldom despairing men look up to heaven,
> Although it still speak to 'em in its glories;
> For when sad thoughts perplex the mind of man,
> There is a plummet in the heart that weighs
> And pulls us, living, to the dust we came from.

CANTO XV

1. In this canto is described the ascent to the Third Circle of the mountain. The hour indicated by the peculiarly Dantesque introduction is three hours before sunset, or the beginning of that division of the canonical day called Vespers. Dante states this simple fact with curious circumlocution, as if he would imitate the celestial sphere in this *scherzoso* movement. The beginning of the day is sunrise; consequently the end of the third hour, three hours after sunrise, is represented by an arc of the celestial sphere measuring forty-five degrees. The sun had still an equal space to pass over before his setting. This would make it afternoon in Purgatory, and midnight in Tuscany, where Dante was writing the poem.

20. From a perpendicular.

38. Matthew, v. 7: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy;" — sung by the spirits that remained behind. See canto XII. note 110.

39. Perhaps an illusion to "what the Spirit saith unto the churches," Revelation, II. 7: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." And also the "hidden manna," and the "morning star," and the "white raiment," and the name not blotted "out of the book of life."

55. Milton, "Paradise Lost," v. 71:

> Since good the more
> Communicated, more abundant grows.

67. "Convito," IV. 20: "According to the Apostle, 'Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights.' He says then that God only giveth this grace to the soul of him whom he sees to be prepared and disposed in his person to receive this divine act. . . . Whence if the soul is imperfectly placed, it is not disposed to receive this blessed and divine infusion; as when a pearl is badly disposed, or is imperfect, it cannot receive the celestial virtue, as the noble Guido Guinizzelli says in an ode of his, beginning,

> To noble heart love doth for shelter fly.

The soul, then, may be ill placed in the person through defect of temperament, or of time; and in such a soul this divine radiance never shines. And of those whose souls are deprived of this light it may be said that they are like valleys turned toward the north, or like subterranean caverns, where the light of the sun never falls, unless reflected from some other place illuminated by it."

The following are the first two stanzas of Guido's "Ode:"

To noble heart love doth for shelter fly,
As seeks the bird the forest's leafy shade;
Love was not felt till noble heart beat high,
Nor before love the noble heart was made;
Soon as the sun's broad flame
Was formed, so soon the clear light filled the air,
Yet was not till he came;
So love springs up in noble breasts, and there
Has its appointed space,
As heat in the bright flame finds its allotted place.

Kindles in noble heart the fire of love,
As hidden virtue in the precious stone;
This virtue comes not from the stars above,
Till round it the ennobling sun has shone;
But when his powerful blaze
Has drawn forth what was vile, the stars impart
Strange virtue in their rays;
And thus when nature doth create the heart
Noble, and pure, and high,
Like virtue from the star, love comes from woman's eye.

70. "Paradiso," XIV. 40:

Its brightness is proportioned to the ardor,
The ardor to the vision, and the vision
Equals what grace it has above its merit.

89. Luke, II. 48: "And his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing."

97. The contest between Neptune and Minerva for the right of naming Athens, in which Minerva carried the day by the vote of the women. This is one of the subjects which Minerva wrought in her trial of skill with Arachne. Ovid, "Metamorphoses," VI.:

Pallas in figures wrought the heavenly powers,
And Mars Hill among the Athenian towers.
On lofty thrones twice six celestials sate,
Jove in the midst, and held their warm debate;
The subject weighty, and well known to fame,
From whom the city should receive its name.
Each god by proper features was expressed,
Jove with majestic mien excelled the rest.
His three-forked mace the dewy sea-god shook,
And, looking sternly, smote the ragged rock;
When from the stone leapt forth a sprightly steed,
And Neptune claims the city for the deed.
Herself she blazons, with a glittering spear,
And crested helm that veiled her braided hair,
With shield, and scaly breastplate, implements of war.
Struck with her pointed lance, the teeming earth
Seemed to produce a new, surprising birth;
When from the glebe the pledge of conquest sprung,
A tree pale-green with fairest olives hung.

101. Pisistratus, the tyrant of Athens, who used his power so nobly as to make the people forget the usurpation by which he had attained it. Among his good deeds was the collection and preservation of the Homeric poems, which but for him might have perished. He was also the first to found a public library in Athens. This anecdote is told by Valerius Maximus, "Facta ac Dicta," VI. 1.

106. The stoning of Stephen. Acts, VII. 54: "They gnashed on him with their teeth. But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven. . . . Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him. . . . And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge! And when he had said this, he fell asleep."

117. He recognizes it to be a vision, but not false, because it symbolized the truth.

CANTO XVI

1. The Third Circle of Purgatory, and the punishment of the Sin of Anger.

2. Poor, or impoverished of its stars by clouds. The same expression is applied to the Arno, canto XIV. 45, to indicate its want of water.

19. In the "Litany of the Saints:"

"Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, spare us, O Lord.

"Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, graciously hear us, O Lord.

"Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us!"

27. Still living the life temporal, where time is measured by the calendar.

46. Marco Lombardo was a Venetian nobleman, a man of wit and learning and a friend of Dante. "Nearly all that he gained," says the "Ottimo," "he spent in charity. . . . He visited Paris, and, as long as his money lasted, he was esteemed for his valor and courtesy. Afterwards he depended upon those richer than himself, and lived and died honorably." There are some anecdotes of him in the "Cento Novelle Antiche," novelle 41, 52, hardly worth quoting.

It is doubtful whether the name of Lombardo is a family name, or only indicates that Marco was an Italian, after the fashion then prevalent among the French of calling all Italians Lombards. See note 124.

Benvenuto says of him that he "was a man of noble mind, but disdainful, and easily moved to anger."

Buti's portrait is as follows: "This Marco was a Venetian, called Marco Daca; and was a very learned man, and had many political virtues, and was very courteous, giving to poor noblemen all that he gained, and he gained much; for he was a courtier, and was much beloved for his virtue, and much was given him by the nobility; and as he gave to those who were in need, so he lent to all who asked. So that, coming to die, and having much still due to him, he made a will,

and among other bequests this, that whoever owed him should not be held to pay the debt, saying, 'Whoever has, may keep.' "

Portarelli thinks that this Marco may be Marco Polo the traveller; but this is inadmissible, as he was still living at the time of Dante's death.

57. What Guido del Duca has told him of the corruption of Italy, in canto XIV.

64. Ovid, "Metamorphoses," x., Ozell's translation:

> The god upon its leaves
> The sad expression of his sorrow weaves,
> And to this hour the mournful purple wears
> *Ai*, *ai*, inscribed in funeral characters.

67. See the article "Cabala," at the end of vol. XI.

69. Boethius, "De Consolatione Philosophiae," v. prosa 2, Ridpath's translation:

"'But in this indissoluble chain of causes, can we preserve the liberty of the will? Does this fatal Necessity restrain the motions of the human soul?'—'There is no reasonable being,' replied she, 'who has not freedom of will: for every being distinguished with this faculty is endowed with judgment to perceive the differences of things; to discover what he is to avoid or pursue. Now what a person esteems desirable, he desires; but what he thinks ought to be avoided, he shuns. Thus every rational creature hath a liberty of choosing and rejecting. But I do not assert that this liberty is equal in all beings. Heavenly substances, who are exalted above us, have an enlightened judgment, an incorruptible will, and a power ever at command effectually to accomplish their desires. With regard to man, his immaterial spirit is also free; but it is most at liberty when employed in the contemplation of the Divine mind; it becomes less so when it enters into a body; and is still more restrained when it is imprisoned in a terrestrial habitation, composed of members of clay; and is reduced, in fine, to the most extreme servitude when, by plunging into the pollutions of vice, it totally departs from reason: for the soul no sooner turns her eye from the radiance of supreme truth to dark and base objects but she is involved in a mist of ignorance, assailed by impure desires; by yielding to which

she increases her thraldom, and thus the freedom which she derives from nature becomes in some measure the cause of her slavery. But the eye of Providence, which sees everything from eternity, perceives all this; and that same Providence disposes everything she has predestinated, in the order it deserves. As Homer says of the sun, It sees everything and hears everything.' "

Also Milton, "Paradise Lost," II. 557:

> Others apart sat on a hill retired,
> In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
> Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
> Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
> And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

See also "Paradiso," XVII. note 40.

70. Boethius, "De Consolatione Philosophiae," v. prosa 3, Ridpath's translation:

"But I shall now endeavor to demonstrate, that, in whatever way the chain of causes is disposed, the event of things which are foreseen is necessary; although prescience may not appear to be the necessitating cause of their befalling. For example, if a person sits, the opinion formed of him that he is seated is of necessity true; but by inverting the phrase, if the opinion is true that he is seated, he must necessarily sit. In both cases, then, there is a necessity; in the latter, that the person sits; in the former, that the opinion concerning him is true: but the person doth not sit, because the opinion of his sitting is true, but the opinion is rather true because the action of his being seated was antecedent in time. Thus, though the truth of the opinion may be the effect of the person taking a seat, there is, nevertheless, a necessity common to both. The same method of reasoning, I think, should be employed with regard to the prescience of God, and future contingencies; for allowing it to be true that events are foreseen because they are to happen, and that they do not befall because they are foreseen, it is still necessary that what is to happen must be foreseen by God, and that what is foreseen must take place. This then is of itself sufficient to destroy all idea of human liberty."

78. Ptolemy says, "The wise man shall control the

stars;" and the Turkish proverb, "Wit and a strong will are superior to Fate."

79. Though free, you are subject to the divine power which has immediately breathed into you the soul, and the soul is not subject to the influence of the stars, as the body is.

84. Shakespeare, "Lear," v. 3:

> And take upon 's the mystery of things,
> As if we were God's spies.

92. "Convito," IV. 12: "The supreme desire of everything, and that first given by nature, is to return to its source; and since God is the source of our souls, and maker of them in his own likeness, as is written, 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness,' to him this soul chiefly desireth to return. And like as a pilgrim, who goeth upon a road on which he never was before, thinketh every house he seeth afar off to be an inn, and, not finding it so, directeth his trust to the next, and thus from house to house until he reacheth the inn; in like manner our soul, presently as she entereth the new and untravelled road of this life, turneth her eyes to the goal of her supreme good; and therefore whatever thing she seeth that seemeth to have some good in it, she believeth to be that. And because her knowledge at first is imperfect, not being experienced nor trained, small goods seem great, and therefore with them beginneth her desire. Hence we see children desire exceedingly an apple; and then, going farther, desire a little bird; and farther still, a beautiful dress; and then a horse; and then a woman; and then wealth not very great, and then greater, and then greater still. And this cometh to pass, because she findeth not in any of these things that which she is seeking, and trusteth to find it farther on."

96. Henry Vaughan, "Sacred Poems:"

> They are indeed our pillar-fires,
> Seen as we go;
> They are that city's shining spires
> We travel to.

99. Leviticus, XI. 4: "The camel because he cheweth the cud, but divideth not the hoof: he is unclean to you." Dante applies these words to the pope as temporal sovereign.

101. Worldly goods. As in the old French satirical verses:

> Au temps passé du siècle d'or,
> Crosse de bois, évêque d'or ;
> Maintenant changent les lois,
> Crosse d'or, évêque de bois.

107. The Emperor and the Pope; the temporal and spiritual power.

115. Lombardy and Romagna.

117. The dissension and war between the Emperor Frederick the Second and Pope Gregory the Ninth. Milman, "History of Latin Christianity," book x. ch. 3, says:

"The Empire and the Papacy were now to meet in their last mortal and implacable strife; the two first acts of this tremendous drama, separated by an interval of many years, were to be developed during the pontificate of a prelate who ascended the throne of Saint Peter at the age of eighty. Nor was this strife for any specific point in dispute, like the right of investiture, but avowedly for supremacy on one side, which hardly deigned to call itself independence; for independence, on the other, which remotely at least aspired after supremacy. Cæsar would bear no superior, the successor of Saint Peter no equal. The contest could not have begun under men more strongly contrasted, or more determinedly oppugnant in character, than Gregory the Ninth and Frederick the Second. Gregory retained the ambition, the vigor, almost the activity of youth, with the stubborn obstinacy, and something of the irritable petulance, of old age. He was still master of all his powerful faculties; his knowledge of affairs, of mankind, of the peculiar interests of almost all the nations in Christendom, acquired by long employment in the most important negotiations both by Innocent the Third and by Honorius the Third; eloquence which his own age compared to that of Tully; profound erudition in that learning which, in the mediæval churchman, commanded the highest admiration. No one was his superior in the science of the canon law; the Decretals, to which he afterwards gave a more full and authoritative form, were at his command, and they were to him as much the law of God as the Gospels themselves, or the primary prin-

ciples of morality. The jealous reverence and attachment of a great lawyer to his science strengthened the lofty pretensions of the churchman.

"Frederick the Second, with many of the noblest qualities which could captivate the admiration of his own age, in some respects might appear misplaced, and by many centuries prematurely born. Frederick having crowded into his youth adventures, perils, successes, almost unparalleled in history, was now only expanding into the prime of manhood. A parentless orphan, he had struggled upward into the actual reigning monarch of his hereditary Sicily; he was even then rising above the yoke of the turbulent magnates of his realm, and the depressing tutelage of the Papal See; he had crossed the Alps a boyish adventurer, and won so much through his own valor and daring that he might well ascribe to himself his conquest, the kingdom of Germany, the imperial crown; he was in undisputed possession of the Empire, with all its rights in Northern Italy; King of Apulia, Sicily, and Jerusalem. He was beginning to be at once the Magnificent Sovereign, the knight, the poet, the lawgiver, the patron of arts, letters, and science; the Magnificent Sovereign, now holding his court in one of the old barbaric and feudal cities of Germany among the proud and turbulent princes of the Empire, more often on the sunny shores of Naples or Palermo, in southern and almost Oriental luxury; the gallant Knight and Troubadour Poet, not forbidding himself those amorous indulgences which were the reward of chivalrous valor and of the 'gay science;' the Lawgiver, whose far-seeing wisdom seemed to anticipate some of those views of equal justice, of the advantages of commerce, of the cultivation of the arts of peace, beyond all the toleration of adverse religions, which even in a more dutiful son of the Church would doubtless have seemed godless indifference. Frederick must appear before us in the course of our history in the full development of all these shades of character; but besides all this, Frederick's views of the temporal sovereignty were as imperious and autocratic as those of the haughtiest churchman of the spiritual supremacy. The ban of the Empire ought to be at least equally awful with that of the Church; disloyalty to the Emperor was as heinous

a sin as infidelity to the head of Christendom: the independence of the Lombard republics was as a great and punishable political heresy. Even in Rome itself, as head of the Roman Empire, Frederick aspired to a supremacy which was not less unlimited because vague and undefined, and irreconcilable with that of the Supreme Pontiff. If ever emperor might be tempted by the vision of a vast hereditary monarchy to be perpetuated in his house, the princely house of Hohenstaufen, it was Frederick. He had heirs of his greatness; his eldest son was king of the Romans; from his loins might yet spring an inexhaustible race of princes; the failure of his imperial line was his last fear. The character of the man seemed formed to achieve and to maintain this vast design; he was at once terrible and popular, courteous, generous, placable to his foes; yet there was a depth of cruelty in the heart of Frederick towards revolted subjects, which made him look on the atrocities of his allies, Eccelin di Romano, and the Salinguerras, but as legitimate means to quell insolent and stubborn rebellion. . . .

"It is impossible to conceive a contrast more strong or more irreconcilable than the octogenarian Gregory, in his cloister palace, in his conclave of stern ascetics, with all but severe imprisonment within conventual walls, completely monastic in manners, habits, views, in corporate spirit, in celibacy, in rigid seclusion from the rest of mankind, in the conscientious determination to enslave, if possible, all Christendom to its inviolable unity of faith, and to the least possible latitude of discipline; and the gay and yet youthful Frederick, with his mingled assemblage of knights and ladies, of Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans, of poets and men of science, met, as it were, to enjoy and minister to enjoyment, — to cultivate the pure intellect, — where, if not the restraints of religion, at least the awful authority of churchmen was examined with freedom, sometimes ridiculed with sportive wit."

See also "Inferno," x. note 119.

124. Currado (Conrad) da Palazzo of Brescia; Gherardo da Cammino of Treviso; and Guido da Castello of Reggio. Of these three the "Ottimo" thus speaks:

"Messer Currado was laden with honor during his life,

delighted in a fine retinue, and in political life in the government of cities, in which he acquired much praise and fame.

"Messer Guido was assiduous in honoring men of worth, who passed on their way to France, and furnished many with horses and arms, who came hitherward from France. To all who had honorably consumed their property, and returned more poorly furnished than became them, he gave, without hope of return, horses, arms, and money.

"Messer Gherardo da Cammino delighted not in one, but in all noble things, keeping constantly at home."

He farther says that his fame was so great in France that he was there spoken of as the "simple Lombard," just as, "when one says the City, and no more, one means Rome." Benvenuto da Imola says that all Italians were called Lombards by the French. In the "Histoire et Cronique du petit Jehan de Saintré," fol. 219, ch. IV., the author remarks: "The fifteenth day after Saintré's return, there came to Paris two young, noble, and brave Italians, whom we call Lombards."

In the "Convito," IV. 14, Dante, speaking of nobility, says:

"Let us suppose that Gherardo da Cammino had been the grandson of the most ignoble peasant that ever drank of the Sile or of the Cagnano; and that his grandsire was not yet forgotten; who will dare to say that Gherardo da Cammino was an ignoble man? and who will not say with me that he was noble? Certainly no one, however presumptuous he may be; for he was so, and so will his memory be for ever."

132. Deuteronomy, XVIII. 2: "Therefore shall they have no inheritance among their brethren: the Lord is their inheritance, as he hath said unto them."

140. "This Gherardo," says Buti, "had a daughter, called, on account of her beauty, Gaja; and so modest and virtuous was she that through all Italy was spread the fame of her beauty and modesty."

The "Ottimo," which preceded Buti in point of time, gives a somewhat different and more equivocal account. It says: "Madonna Gaia was the daughter of Messer Gherardo

da Cammino: she was a lady of such conduct in amorous delectations, that her name was notorious throughout all Italy; and therefore she is thus spoken of here."

CANTO XVII

1. The trance and vision of Dante, and the ascent to the Fourth Circle, where the sin of Sloth is punished.

2. "Iliad," III. 10: "As the south wind spreads a mist upon the brow of a mountain, by no means agreeable to the shepherd, but to the robber better than night, in which a man sees only as far as he can cast a stone."

3. Pope, "Essay on Man," I:

> What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
> The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam.

19. In this vision are represented some of the direful effects of anger, beginning with the murder of Itys by his mother, Procne, and her sister, Philomela. Ovid, VI.:

> Now, at her lap arrived, the flattering boy
> Salutes his parent with a smiling joy;
> About her neck his little arms are thrown,
> And he accosts her in a prattling tone.
> . . . . . .
> When Procne, on revengeful mischief bent,
> Home to his heart a piercing poniard sent.
> Itys, with rueful cries, but all too late,
> Holds out his hands, and deprecates his fate;
> Still at his mother's neck he fondly aims,
> And strives to melt her with endearing names;
> Yet still the cruel mother perseveres,
> Nor with concern his bitter anguish hears.
> This might suffice; but Philomela too
> Across his throat a shining cutlass drew.

Or perhaps the reference is to the Homeric legend of Philomela, "Odyssey," XIX. 518: "As when the daughter of Pandarus, the swarthy nightingale, sings beautifully when the spring newly begins, sitting in the thick branches of trees, and she, frequently changing, pours forth her much-sounding voice, lamenting her dear Itylus, whom once she slew with the brass through ignorance."

25. Esther, VII. 9, 10: "And Harbonah, one of the chamberlains, said before the king, Behold also, the gallows, fifty cubits high, which Haman had made for Mordecai, who had spoken good for the king, standeth in the house of Haman. Then the king said, Hang him thereon. So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai. Then was the king's wrath pacified."

34. Lavinia, daughter of King Latinus and Queen Amata, betrothed to Turnus. Amata, thinking Turnus dead, hanged herself in anger and despair. "Æneid," XII. 875, Dryden's translation:

> Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear
> The mighty grief, she loathes the vital air.
> She calls herself the cause of all this ill,
> And owns the dire effects of her ungoverned will;
> She raves against the gods, she beats her breast,
> She tears with both her hands her purple vest;
> Then round a beam a running noose she tied,
> And, fastened by the neck, obscenely died.
> Soon as the fatal news by fame was blown,
> And to her dames and to her daughters known,
> The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair
> And rosy cheeks; the rest her sorrow share;
> With shrieks the palace rings, and madness of despair.

53. See "Paradiso," V. 134:

> Even as the sun, that doth conceal himself
> By too much light.

And Milton, "Paradise Lost," III. 380:

> Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear.

68. Matthew, V. 9: "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

85. Sloth. See "Inferno," VII. note 115. And Brunetto Latini, "Tesoretto," XXI. 145:

> In ira nasce e posa
> Accidia niquitosa.

97. The first, the object; the second, too much or too little vigor.

124. The sins of Pride, Envy, and Anger. The other is Sloth, or lukewarmness in well-doing, punished in this circle.

136. The sins of Avarice, Gluttony, and Lust.

CANTO XVIII

1. The punishment of the sin of Sloth.

22. Milton, "Paradise Lost," v. 100:

> But know that in the soul
> Are many lesser faculties, that serve
> Reason as chief; among these Fancy next
> Her office holds; of all external things,
> Which the five watchful senses represent,
> She forms imaginations, aery shapes,
> Which Reason joining or disjoining frames
> All what we affirm or what deny, and call
> Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
> Into her private cell, when Nature rests.

27. Bound or taken captive by the image of pleasure presented to it. See canto XVII. 91.

30. The region of Fire. Brunetto Latini, "Trésor," ch. CVIII.: "After the zone of the air is placed the fourth element. This is an orb of fire without any moisture, which extends as far as the moon, and surrounds this atmosphere in which we are. And know that above the fire is first the moon, and the other stars, which are all of the nature of fire."

44. If the soul follows the *appetitus naturalis*, or goes not with another foot than that of nature.

49. In the language of the Scholastics, Form was the passing from the potential to the actual. "Whatever is Act," says Thomas Aquinas, "Summa Theologiae," quaestio LXVI. art. 1, "whatever is Act is Form;" *quod est actus est forma*. And again Form was divided into Substantial Form, which caused a thing to be; and Accidental Form, which caused it to be in a certain way, "as heat makes its subject not simply to be, but to be hot."

"The soul," says the same Angelic Doctor, quaestio LXXVI. art. 4, "is the substantial form of man;" *anima est forma substantialis hominis*. It is segregate or distinct from matter, though united with it.

61. According to Daniello, Venturi, and Biagioli, "this" refers to the power that counsels, or the faculty of Reason, mentioned in the next line.

66. Accepts, or rejects like chaff.

73. Dante makes Beatrice say, "Paradiso," v. 19:

> The greatest gift that in his largess God
> Creating made, and unto his own goodness
> Nearest conformed, and that which he doth prize
> Most highly, is the freedom of the will,
> Wherewith the creatures of intelligence
> Both all and only were and are endowed.

76. Near midnight of the Second Day of Purgatory.

80. The moon was rising in the sign of the Scorpion, it being now five days after the full; and when the sun is in this sign, it is seen by the inhabitants of Rome to set between the islands of Corsica and Sardinia.

83. Virgil, born at Pietola, near Mantua.

84. The burden of Dante's doubts and questions, laid upon Virgil.

91. Rivers of Bœotia, on whose banks the Thebans crowded at night to invoke the aid of Bacchus to give them rain for their vineyards.

94. The word *falcare*, in French *faucher*, here translated "curve," is a term of equitation, describing the motion of the outer fore leg of a horse in going round in a circle. It is the sweep of a mower's scythe.

100. Luke, I. 39: "And Mary arose in those days and went into the hill-country with haste."

101. Cæsar on his way to subdue Ilerda, now Lerida, in Spain, besieged Marseilles, leaving there part of his army under Tribonius and Brutus to complete the work.

118. Nothing is known of this abbot, not even his name. Finding him here, the commentators make bold to say that he was "slothful and deficient in good deeds."

119. This is the famous Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who, according to the German popular tradition, is still sitting in a cave in the Kipphaüser mountains, waiting for something to happen, while his beard has grown through the stone table before him. In 1162 he burned and devastated Milan, Brescia, Piacenza, and Cremona. He was drowned in the Salef in Armenia, on his crusade in 1190, endeavoring to ford the river on horseback in his impatience to cross. His character

is thus drawn by Milman, "Latin Christianity," book VIII. ch. 7, and sufficiently explains why Dante calls him "the good Barbarossa:"

"Frederick was a prince of intrepid valor, consummate prudence, unmeasured ambition, justice which hardened into severity, the ferocity of a barbarian somewhat tempered with a high chivalrous gallantry; above all, with a strength of character which subjugated alike the great temporal and ecclesiastical princes of Germany; and was prepared to assert the imperial rights in Italy to the utmost. Of the constitutional rights of the Emperor, of his unlimited supremacy, his absolute independence of, his temporal superiority over, all other powers, even that of the Pope, Frederick proclaimed the loftiest notions. He was to the Empire what Hildebrand and Innocent were to the Popedom. His power was of God alone; to assert that it was bestowed by the successor of Saint Peter was a lie, and directly contrary to the doctrine of Saint Peter."

121. Alberto della Scala, lord of Verona. He made his natural son, whose qualifications for the office Dante here enumerates, and the commentators repeat, abbot of the Monastery of San Zeno.

132. See "Inferno," VII. note 115.

135. Numbers, XXXII. 11, 12: "Surely none of the men that came out of Egypt, from twenty years old and upward, shall see the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob; because they have not wholly followed me: save Caleb the son of Jephunneh the Kenezite, and Joshua the son of Nun; for they have wholly followed the Lord."

137. The Trojans who remained with Acestes in Sicily, instead of following Æneas to Italy. "Æneid," V.: "They enroll the matrons for the city, and set on shore as many of the people as were willing, — souls that had no desire of high renown."

145. The end of the Second Day.

CANTO XIX

1. The ascent to the Fifth Circle, where Avarice is punished. It is the dawn of the Third Day.

3. Brunetto Latini, "Trésor," ch. CXI. "Saturn, who is sovereign over all, is cruel and malign and of a cold nature."

4. Geomancy is divination by points in the ground, or pebbles arranged in certain figures, which have peculiar names. Among these is the figure called the *Fortuna Major*, which is thus drawn:

* *
* *
* *
*
*

and which by an effort of imagination can also be formed out of some of the last stars of Aquarius, and some of the first of Pisces.

Chaucer, "Troilus and Cressida," III. 1415:

> But whan the cocke, commune astrologer,
> Gan on his brest to bete and after crowe,
> And Lucifer, the dayes messanger,
> Gan for to rise and out his bemes throwe,
> And estward rose, to him that could it knowe,
> *Fortuna Major*.

6. Because the sun is following close behind.

7. This "stammering woman" of Dante's dream is Sensual Pleasure, which the imagination of the beholder adorns with a thousand charms. The "lady saintly and alert" is Reason, the same that tied Ulysses to the mast, and stopped the ears of his sailors with wax that they might not hear the song of the Sirens.

Gower, "Confessio Amantis," I.:

> Of such nature
> They ben, that with so swete a steven
> Like to the melodie of heven
> In womannishe vois they singe

With notes of so great likinge,
Of suche mesure, of suche musike,
Whereof the shippes they beswike
That passen by the costes there.
For whan the shipmen lay an ere
Unto the vois, in here airs
They wene it be a paradis,
Which after is to hem an helle.

51. "That is," says Buti, "they shall have the gift of comforting their souls."

Matthew, v. 4: "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted."

59. The three remaining sins to be purged away are Avarice, Gluttony, and Lust.

61. See canto XIV. 148.

73. Psalms, CXIX. 25: "My soul cleaveth unto the dust: quicken thou me according to thy word."

99. Know that I was the successor of Peter. It is Pope Adrian the Fifth who speaks. He was of the family of the Counts of Lavagna, the family taking its title from the river Lavagna, flowing between Siestri and Chiaveri, towns on the Riviera di Genova. He was pope only thirty-nine days, and died in 1276. When his kindred came to congratulate him on his election, he said, "Would that ye came to a cardinal in good health, and not to a dying pope."

116. Ben Jonson, "Cynthia's Revels," act I. scene 1, uses "convert" in the sense of turn:

O which way shall I first convert myself,
Or in what mood shall I essay to speak?

Here it means turned downwards, referring to I. 72:

Stretched prone upon the ground, all downward turned.

133. Parnell, "The Hermit."

For this commissioned I forsook the sky;
Nay, cease to kneel! — thy fellow-servant I.

134. Revelation, XIX. 10: "And I fell at his feet to worship him. And he said unto me, See thou do it not, I am thy fellow-servant."

137. Matthew, XXII. 30: "For in the resurrection they

neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels in heaven." He reminds Dante that here all earthly distinctions and relations are laid aside. He is no longer "the Spouse of the Church."

141. Penitence; line 92:

> In whom weeping ripens
> That without which to God we cannot turn.

142. Madonna Alagia was the wife of Marcello Malaspina, that friend of Dante with whom, during his wanderings, he took refuge in the Lunigiana, in 1307.

CANTO XX

1. In this canto the subject of the preceding is continued, namely, the punishment of Avarice and Prodigality.

2. To please the speaker, Pope Adrian the Fifth (who, canto XIX. 139, says,

> Now go, no longer will I have thee linger),

Dante departs without further question, though not yet satisfied.

13. See the article "Cabala" at the end of vol. XI.

15. This is generally supposed to refer to Can Grande della Scala. See "Inferno," I. note 101.

23. The inn at Bethlehem.

25. The Roman Consul who rejected with disdain the bribes of Pyrrhus, and died so poor that he was buried at the public expense, and the Romans were obliged to give a dowry to his daughters. Virgil, "Æneid," VI. 844, calls him "powerful in poverty." Dante also extols him in the "Convito," IV. 5.

31. Gower, "Confessio Amantis," V. 13:

> Betwene the two extremites
> Of vice stont the propertes
> Of vertue, and to prove it so
> Take avarice and take also
> The vice of prodegalite,
> Betwene hem liberalite,
> Which is the vertue of largesse
> Stant and governeth his noblesse.

32. This is Saint Nicholas, patron saint of children, sailors, and travellers. The incident here alluded to is found in the "Legenda Aurea" of Jacobus de Voragine, the great storehouse of mediæval wonders.

It may be found also in Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art," II. 62, and in her version runs thus:

"Now in that city there dwelt a certain nobleman who had three daughters, and, from being rich, he became poor; so poor that there remained no means of obtaining food for his daughters but by sacrificing them to an infamous life; and oftentimes it came into his mind to tell them so, but shame and sorrow held him dumb. Meantime the maidens wept continually, not knowing what to do, and not having bread to eat; and their father became more and more desperate. When Nicholas heard of this, he thought it a shame that such a thing should happen in a Christian land; therefore one night, when the maidens were asleep, and their father alone sat watching and weeping, he took a handful of gold, and, tying it up in a handkerchief, he repaired to the dwelling of the poor man. He considered how he might bestow it without making himself known, and, while he stood irresolute, the moon coming from behind a cloud showed him a window open; so he threw it in, and it fell at the feet of the father, who, when he found it, returned thanks, and with it he portioned his eldest daughter. A second time Nicholas provided a similar sum, and again he threw it in by night; and with it the nobleman married his second daughter. But he greatly desired to know who it was that came to his aid; therefore he determined to watch, and when the good saint came for the third time, and prepared to throw in the third portion, he was discovered, for the nobleman seized him by the skirt of his robe, and flung himself at his feet, saying, 'O Nicholas! servant of God! why seek to hide thyself?' and he kissed his feet and his hands. But Nicholas made him promise that he would tell no man. And many other charitable works did Nicholas perform in his native city."

43. If we knew from what old chronicle, or from what Professor of the Rue du Fouarre, Dante derived his knowledge of French history, we might possibly make plain the

rather difficult passage which begins with this line. The spirit that speaks is not that of the King Hugh Capet, but that of his father, Hugh Capet, Duke of France and Count of Paris. He was son of Robert the Strong. Pasquier, "Recherches de la France," VI. 1, describes him as both valiant and prudent, and says that, "although he was never king, yet was he a maker and unmaker of kings," and then goes on to draw an elaborate parallel between him and Charles Martel.

The "malignant plant" is Philip the Fair, whose character is thus drawn by Milman, "Latin Christianity," book XI. ch. 8:

"In Philip the Fair the gallantry of the French temperament broke out on rare occasions; his first Flemish campaigns were conducted with bravery and skill, but Philip ever preferred the subtle negotiation, the slow and wily encroachment; till his enemies were, if not in his power, at least at great disadvantage, he did not venture on the usurpation or invasion. In the slow systematic pursuit of his object he was utterly without scruple, without remorse. He was not so much cruel as altogether obtuse to human suffering, if necessary to the prosecution of his schemes; not so much rapacious as, finding money indispensable to his aggrandizement, seeking money by means of which he hardly seemed to discern the injustice or the folly. Never was man or monarch so intensely selfish as Philip the Fair: his own power was his ultimate scope; he extended so enormously the royal prerogative, the influence of France, because he was king of France. His rapacity, which persecuted the Templars, his vindictiveness, which warred on Boniface after death as through life, was this selfishness in other forms."

He was defeated at the battle of Courtray, 1302, known in history as the battle of the Spurs of Gold, from the great number found on the field after the battle. This is the vengeance imprecated upon him by Dante.

50. For two centuries and a half, that is, from 1060 to 1316, there was either a Louis or a Philip on the throne of France. The succession was as follows:

Philip I. the Amorous . . .	1060.
Louis VI. the Fat	1108.
Louis VII. the Young . . .	1137.
Philip II. Augustus . . .	1180.
Louis VIII. the Lion . . .	1223.
Louis IX. the Saint . . .	1226.
Philip III. the Bold	1270.
Philip IV. the Fair . . .	1285.
Louis X.	1314.

52. It is doubtful whether this passage is to be taken literally or figuratively. Pasquier, "Recherches de la France," livre VI. ch. 1 (thinking it is the King Hugh Capet that speaks), breaks forth in indignant protest as follows:

"From this you can perceive the fatality there was in this family from its beginning to its end, to the disadvantage of the Carlovingians. And moreover, how ignorant the Italian poet Dante was, when in his book entitled 'Purgatory' he says that our Hugh Capet was the son of a butcher. Which word, once written erroneously and carelessly by him, has so crept into the heads of some simpletons that many who never investigated the antiquities of our France have fallen into this same heresy. François de Villon, more studious of taverns and ale-houses than of good books, says in some part of his works,

Si feusse les hoirs de Capet
Qui fut extrait de boucherie.

And since then Agrippa Alamanni, in his book on the Vanity of Science, chapter "Of Nobility," on this first ignorance declares impudently against the genealogy of our Capet. If Dante thought that Hugh the Great, Capet's father, was a butcher, he was not a clever man. But if he used this expression figuratively, as I am willing to believe, those who cling to the shell of the word are greater blockheads still. . . .

"This passage of Dante being read and explained by Luigi Alamanni, an Italian, before Francis the First of that name, he was indignant at the imposture, and commanded it to be stricken out. He was even excited to interdict the reading of the book in his kingdom. But for my part, in order to exculpate this author, I wish to say that under the name of Butcher

he meant that Capet was son of a great and valiant warrior. . . . If Dante understood it thus, I forgive him; if otherwise, he was a very ignorant poet."

Benvenuto says that the name of Capet comes from the fact that Hugh, in playing with his companions in boyhood, "was in the habit of pulling off their caps and running away with them." Ducange repeats this story from an old chronicle, and gives also another and more probable origin of the name, as coming from the hood or cowl which Hugh was in the habit of wearing.

The belief that the family descended from a butcher was current in Italy in Dante's time. Villani, IV. 3, says: "Most people say that the father was a great and rich burgher of Paris, of a race of butchers or dealers in cattle."

53. When the Carlovingian race were all dead but one. And who was he? The "Ottimo" says it was Rudolph, who became a monk and afterwards Archbishop of Rheims. Benvenuto gives no name, but says only "a monk in poor, coarse garments." Buti says the same. Daniello thinks it was some friar of Saint Francis, perhaps Saint Louis, forgetting that these saints did not see the light till some two centuries after the time here spoken of. Others say Charles of Lorraine; and Biagioli decides that it must be either Charles the Simple, who died a prisoner in the castle of Péronne, in 922; or Louis of Outre-Mer, who was carried to England by Hugh the Great, in 936. The Man in Cloth of Gray remains as great a mystery as the Man in the Iron Mask.

59. Hugh Capet was crowned at Rheims, in 987. The expression which follows shows clearly that it is Hugh the Great who speaks, and not Hugh the founder of the Capetian dynasty.

61. Until the shame of the low origin of the family was removed by the marriage of Charles of Anjou, brother of Saint Louis, to the daughter of Raimond Bérenger, who brought him Provence as her dower.

65. Making amends for one crime by committing a greater. The particular transaction here alluded to is the seizing by fraud and holding by force these provinces in the time of Philip the Fair.

67. Charles of Anjou.

68. Curradino, or Conradin, son of the Emperor Conrad IV., a beautiful youth of sixteen, who was beheaded in the square of Naples by order of Charles of Anjou, in 1268. Voltaire, in his rhymed chronology at the end of his "Annales de l'Empire," says,

> C'est en soixante-huit que la main d'un bourreau
> Dans Conradin son fils éteint un sang si beau.

Endeavoring to escape to Sicily after his defeat at Tagliacozzo, he was carried to Naples and imprisoned in the Castel dell' Uovo. "Christendom heard with horror," says Milman, "Latin Christianity," book XI. ch. 3, "that the royal brother of Saint Louis, that the champion of the Church, after a mock trial, by the sentence of one judge, Robert di Lavena, — after an unanswerable pleading by Guido de Suzaria, a famous jurist, — had condemned the last heir of the Swabian house — a rival king who had fought gallantly for his hereditary throne — to be executed as a felon and a rebel on a public scaffold. So little did Conradin dread his fate, that, when his doom was announced, he was playing at chess with Frederick of Austria. 'Slave,' said Conradin to Robert of Bari, who read the fatal sentence, 'do you dare to condemn as a criminal the son and heir of kings? Knows not your master that he is my equal, not my judge?' He added, 'I am a mortal, and must die; yet ask the kings of the earth if a prince be criminal for seeking to win back the heritage of his ancestors. But if there be no pardon for me, spare, at least, my faithful companions; or if they must die, strike me first, that I may not behold their death.' They died devoutly, nobly. Every circumstance aggravated the abhorrence; it was said — perhaps it was the invention of that abhorrence — that Robert of Flanders, the brother of Charles, struck dead the judge who had presumed to read the iniquitous sentence. When Conradin knelt, with uplifted hands, awaiting the blow of the executioner, he uttered these last words, 'O my mother! how deep will be thy sorrow at the news of this day!' Even the followers of Charles could hardly restrain their pity and indignation. With Conradin died his young

and valiant friend, Frederick of Austria, the two Lancias, two of the noble house of Donaticcio of Pisa. The inexorable Charles would not permit them to be buried in consecrated ground."

69. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor of the Schools, died at the convent of Fossa Nuova in the Campagna, being on his way to the Council of Lyons, in 1274. He is supposed to have been poisoned by his physician, at the instigation of Charles of Anjou.

71. Charles of Valois, who came into Italy by invitation of Boniface the Eighth, in 1301. See "Inferno," VI. 69.

74. There is in old French literature a poem entitled "Le Tournoyement de l'Antechrist," written by Hugues de Méry, a monk of the abbey of Saint Germain-des-Prés, in the thirteenth century, in which he describes a battle between the Virtues under the banner of Christ, and the Vices under that of Antichrist.

In the "Vision of Piers Ploughman," there is a joust between Christ and the foul fiend:

> Thanne was Feith in a fenestre,
> And cryde a *fili David*,
> As dooth an heraud of armes,
> Whan aventrous cometh to justes.
> Old Jewes of Jerusalem
> For joye thei songen,
> *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.*
> Thanne I frayned at Feith,
> What al that fare by-mente,
> And who sholde juste in Jerusalem.
> "Jhesus," he seide,
> "And fecche that the fend claymeth,
> Piers fruyt the Plowman."
> . . . . .
> "Who shal juste with Jhesus?" quod I,
> "Jewes or scrybes?"
> "Nay," quod he; "The foule fend,
> And fals doom and deeth."

75. By the aid of Charles of Valois the Neri party triumphed in Florence, and the Bianchi were banished, and with them Dante.

76. There is an allusion here to the nickname of Charles of Valois, Senzaterra, or Lackland.

79. Charles the Second, son of Charles of Anjou. He went from France to recover Sicily after the Sicilian Vespers. In an engagement with the Spanish fleet under Admiral Rugieri d' Oria, he was taken prisoner. Dante says he sold his daughter, because he married her for a large sum of money to Azzo the Sixth of Este.

82. "Æneid," III. 56. "Cursed thirst of gold, to what dost thou not drive the hearts of men."

86. The flower-de-luce is in the banner of France. Borel, "Trésor de Recherches," cited by Roquefort, "Glossaire," under the word *Leye*, says: "The oriflamme is so called from gold and flame; that is to say, a lily of the marshes. The lilies are the arms of France in a field of azure, which denotes water, in memory that they (the French) came from a marshy country. It is the most ancient and principal banner of France, sown with these lilies, and was borne around our kings on great occasions."

Roquefort gives his own opinion as follows: "The Franks, afterwards called French, inhabited (before entering Gaul properly so called) the environs of the Lys, a river of the Low Countries, whose banks are still covered with a kind of iris or flag of a yellow color, which differs from the common lily and more nearly resembles the flower-de-luce of our arms. Now it seems to me very natural that the kings of the Franks, having to choose a symbol to which the name of armorial bearings has since been given should take in its composition a beautiful and remarkable flower, which they had before their eyes, and that they should name it, from the place where it grew in abundance, *flower of the river Lys.*"

These are the lilies of which Drayton speaks in his "Ballad of Agincourt:"

> . . . When our grandsire great,
> Claiming the regal seat,
> By many a warlike feat
> Lopped the French lilies.

87. This passage alludes to the seizure and imprisonment of Pope Boniface the Eighth by the troops of Philip the Fair

at Alagna or Anagni, in 1303. Milman, "Latin Christianity," book xi. ch. 9, thus describes the event:

"On a sudden, on the 7th September (the 8th was the day for the publication of the Bull), the peaceful streets of Anagni were disturbed. The Pope and the cardinals, who were all assembled around him, were startled with the trampling of armed horse, and the terrible cry, which ran like wildfire through the city, 'Death to Pope Boniface! Long live the King of France!' Sciarra Colonna, at the head of three hundred horsemen, the Barons of Cercano and Supino, and some others, the sons of Master Massio of Anagni, were marching in furious haste, with the banner of the king of France displayed. The ungrateful citizens of Anagni, forgetful of their pride in their holy compatriot, of the honor and advantage to their town from the splendor and wealth of the papal residence, received them with rebellious and acclaiming shouts.

"The bell of the city, indeed, had tolled at the first alarm; the burghers had assembled; they had chosen their commander; but that commander, whom they ignorantly or treacherously chose, was Arnulf, a deadly enemy of the Pope. The banner of the Church was unfolded against the Pope by the captain of the people of Anagni. The first attack was on the palace of the Pope, on that of the Marquis Gaetani, his nephew, and those of three cardinals, the special partisans of Boniface. The houses of the Pope and of his nephew made some resistance. The doors of those of the cardinals were beaten down, the treasures ransacked and carried off; the cardinals themselves fled from the backs of the houses through the common sewer. Then arrived, but not to the rescue, Arnulf, the captain of the people; he had perhaps been suborned by Reginald of Supino. With him were the sons of Chiton, whose father was pining in the dungeons of Boniface. Instead of resisting, they joined the attack on the palace of the Pope's nephew and his own. The Pope and his nephew implored a truce; it was granted for eight hours. This time the Pope employed in endeavoring to stir up the people to his defence; the people coldly answered that they were under the command of their Captain. The Pope demanded the terms of the conspirators. 'If the Pope would save his life, let him

instantly restore the Colonna cardinals to their dignity, and reinstate the whole house in their honors and possessions; after this restoration the Pope must abdicate, and leave his body at the disposal of Sciarra.' The Pope groaned in the depths of his heart. 'The word is spoken.' Again the assailants thundered at the gates of the palace; still there was obstinate resistance. The principal church of Anagni, that of Santa Maria, protected the Pope's palace. Sciarra Colonna's lawless band set fire to the gates; the church was crowded with clergy and laity and traders who had brought their precious wares into the sacred building. They were plundered with such rapacity that not a man escaped with a farthing.

"The Marquis found himself compelled to surrender, on the condition that his own life, that of his family and of his servants, should be spared. At these sad tidings the Pope wept bitterly. The Pope was alone; from the first the cardinals, some from treachery, some from cowardice, had fled on all sides, even his most familiar friends: they had crept into the most ignoble hiding-places. The aged pontiff alone lost not his self-command. He had declared himself ready to perish in his glorious cause; he determined to fall with dignity. 'If I am betrayed like Christ, I am ready to die like Christ.' He put on the stole of Saint Peter, the imperial crown was on his head, the keys of Saint Peter in one hand and the cross in the other: he took his seat on the papal throne, and, like the Roman Senators of old, awaited the approach of the Gaul.

"But the pride and cruelty of Boniface had raised and infixed deep in the hearts of men passions which acknowledged no awe of age, of intrepidity, or religious majesty. In William of Nogaret the blood of his Tolosan ancestors, in Colonna, the wrongs, the degradation, the beggary, the exile of all his house, had extinguished every feeling but revenge. They insulted him with contumelious reproaches; they menaced his life. The Pope answered not a word. They insisted that he should at once abdicate the papacy. 'Behold my neck, behold my head,' was the only reply. But fiercer words passed between the Pope and William of Nogaret. Nogaret threatened to drag him before the Council of Lyons,

where he should be deposed from the papacy. 'Shall I suffer myself to be degraded and deposed by Paterins like thee, whose fathers were righteously burned as Paterins?' William turned fiery red, with shame thought the partisans of Boniface, more likely with wrath. Sciarra, it was said, would have slain him outright; he was prevented by some of his own followers, even by Nogaret. 'Wretched Pope, even at this distance the goodness of my Lord the King guards thy life.'

"He was placed under close custody, not one of his own attendants permitted to approach him. Worse indignities awaited him. He was set on a vicious horse, with his face to the tail, and so led through the town to his place of imprisonment. The palaces of the Pope and of his nephew were plundered; so vast was the wealth that the annual revenues of all the kings in the world would not have been equal to the treasures found and carried off by Sciarra's freebooting soldiers. His very private chamber was ransacked; nothing left but bare walls.

"At length the people of Anagni could no longer bear the insult and the sufferings heaped upon their illustrious and holy fellow citizen. They rose in irresistible insurrection, drove out the soldiers by whom they had been overawed, now gorged with plunder, and doubtless not unwilling to withdraw. The Pope was rescued, and led out into the street, where the old man addressed a few words to the people: 'Good men and women, ye see how mine enemies have come upon me, and plundered my goods, those of the Church and of the poor. Not a morsel of bread have I eaten, not a drop have I drunk, since my capture. I am almost dead with hunger. If any good woman will give me a piece of bread and a cup of wine, if she has no wine, a little water, I will absolve her, and any one who will give me their alms, from all their sins.' The compassionate rabble burst into a cry, 'Long life to the Pope!' They carried him back to his naked palace. They crowded, the women especially, with provisions, bread, meat, water, and wine. They could not find a single vessel: they poured a supply of water into a chest. The Pope proclaimed a general absolution to all except the plunderers of his palace. He

even declared that he wished to be at peace with the Colonnas and all his enemies. This perhaps was to disguise his intention of retiring, as soon as he could, to Rome.

"The Romans had heard with indignation the sacrilegious attack on the person of the Supreme Pontiff. Four hundred horse under Matteo and Gaetano Orsini were sent to conduct him to the city. He entered it almost in triumph; the populace welcomed him with every demonstration of joy. But the awe of his greatness was gone; the spell of his dominion over the minds of men was broken. His overweening haughtiness and domination had made him many enemies in the Sacred College, the gold of France had made him more. This general revolt is his severest condemnation. Among his first enemies was the Cardinal Napoleon Orsini. Orsini had followed the triumphal entrance of the Pope. Boniface, to show that he desired to reconcile himself with all, courteously invited him to his table. The Orsini coldly answered, 'that he must receive the Colonna cardinals into his favor; he must not now disown what had been wrung from him by compulsion.' 'I will pardon them,' said Boniface, 'but the mercy of the Pope is not to be from compulsion.' He found himself again a prisoner.

"This last mortification crushed the bodily, if not the mental strength of the Pope. Among the Ghibellines terrible stories were bruited abroad of his death. In an access of fury, either from poison or wounded pride, he sat gnawing the top of his staff, and at length either beat out his own brains against the wall, or smothered himself (a strange notion!) with his own pillows. More friendly, probably more trustworthy, accounts describe him as sadly but quietly breathing his last, surrounded by eight cardinals, having confessed the faith and received the consoling offices of the Church. The Cardinal-Poet anticipates his mild sentence from the Divine Judge.

"The religious mind of Christendom was at once perplexed and horror-stricken by this act of sacrilegious violence on the person of the Supreme Pontiff; it shocked some even of the sternest Ghibellines. Dante, who brands the pride, the avarice, the treachery of Boniface in his most terrible words, and has consigned him to the direst doom (though it is true that his

alliance with the French, with Charles of Valois, by whom the poet had been driven into exile, was among the deepest causes of his hatred to Boniface), nevertheless expresses the almost universal feeling. Christendom shuddered to behold the Fleur-de-lis enter into Anagni, and Christ again captive in his Vicar, the mockery, the gall and vinegar, the crucifixion between living robbers, the insolent and sacrilegious cruelty of the second Pilate."

Compare this scene with that of his inauguration as pope, "Inferno," XIX. note 53.

See also Tosti, "Storia di Bonifazio VIII. e de' suoi tempi," lib. VI.

91. This "modern Pilate" is Philip the Fair, and the allusion in the following lines is to the persecution and suppression of the Order of the Knights Templar, in 1307–1312. See Milman, "Latin Christianity," XII. ch. 2, and Villani, VIII. 92, who says the act was committed *per cupidigia di guadagnare*, for love of gain; and says also: "The king of France and his children had afterwards much shame and adversity, both on account of this sin and on account of the seizure of Pope Boniface."

97. What he was saying of the Virgin Mary, line 19.

103. The brother of Dido and murderer of her husband. "Æneid," I. 350: "He, impious and blinded with the love of gold, having taken Sichæus by surprise, secretly assassinates him before the altar, regardless of his sister's great affection."

106. The Phrygian king, who, for his hospitality to Silenus, was endowed by Bacchus with the fatal power of turning all he touched to gold. The most laughable thing about him was his wearing ass's ears, as a punishment for preferring the music of Pan to that of Apollo.

Ovid, XI., Croxall's translation:

> Pan tuned the pipe, and with his rural song
> Pleased the low taste of all the vulgar throng;
> Such songs a vulgar judgment mostly please:
> Midas was there, and Midas judged with these.

See also Hawthorne's story of "The Golden Touch," in his "Wonder-Book."

109. Joshua, VII. 21: "When I saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment, and two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels' weight, then I coveted them, and took them; and behold, they are hid in the earth in the midst of my tent, and the silver under it."

112. Acts, v. 1, 2: "But a certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira his wife, sold a possession, and kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it, and brought a certain part, and laid it at the apostles' feet."

113. The hoof-beats of the miraculous horse in the Temple of Jerusalem, when Heliodorus, the treasurer of King Seleucus, went there to remove the treasure. 2 Maccabees, III. 25: "For there appeared unto them an horse with a terrible rider upon him, and adorned with a very fair covering, and he ran fiercely, and smote at Heliodorus with his fore feet, and it seemed that he that sat upon the horse had complete harness of gold."

115. "Æneid," III. 49, Davidson's translation: "This Polydore unhappy Priam had formerly sent in secrecy, with a great weight of gold, to be brought up by the king of Thrace, when he now began to distrust the arms of Troy, and saw the city with close siege blocked up. He [Polymnestor], as soon as the power of the Trojans was crushed, and their fortune gone, espousing Agamemnon's interest and victorious arms, breaks every sacred bond, assassinates Polydore, and by violence possesses his gold. Cursed thirst of gold, to what dost thou not drive the hearts of men!"

116. Lucinius Crassus, surnamed the Rich. He was Consul with Pompey, and on one occasion displayed his vast wealth by giving an entertainment to the populace, at which the guests were so numerous that they occupied ten thousand tables. He was slain in a battle with the Parthians, and his head was sent to the Parthian king, Hyrodes, who had molten gold poured down its throat.

Plutarch does not mention this circumstance in his Life of Crassus, but says:

"When the head of Crassus was brought to the door, the tables were just taken away, and one Jason, a tragic actor of the town of Tralles, was singing the scene in the Bacchæ

of Euripides concerning Agave. He was receiving much applause, when Sillaces coming to the room, and having made obeisance to the king, threw down the head of Crassus into the midst of the company. The Parthians receiving it with joy and acclamations, Sillaces, by the king's command, was made to sit down, while Jason handed over the costume of Pentheus to one of the dancers in the chorus, and taking up the head of Crassus, and acting the part of a bacchante in her frenzy, in a rapturous, impassioned manner, sang the lyric passages,

> We 've hunted down a mighty chase to-day,
> And from the mountain bring the noble prey."

122. This is in answer to Dante's question, line 35:

> And why only
> Thou dost renew these praises well deserved ?

128. The occasion of this quaking of the mountain is given, canto XXI. 58:

> It trembles here, whenever any soul
> Feels itself pure, so that it soars, or moves
> To mount aloft, and such a cry attends it.

130. An island in the Ægean Sea, in the centre of the Cyclades. It was thrown up by an earthquake, in order to receive Latona, when she gave birth to Apollo and Diana, — the Sun and the Moon.

136. Luke, II. 13, 14: " And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

140. Gower, " Confessio Amantis," III. 5:

> When Goddes sone also was bore,
> He sent his aungel down therfore,
> Whom the shepherdes herden singe:
> Pees to the men of welwillinge
> In erthe be amonge us here.

CANTO XXI

1. This canto is devoted to the interview with the poet Statius, whose release from punishment was announced by the earthquake and the outcry at the end of the last canto.

John, IV. 14, 15: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst. . . . The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw."

7. Luke, XXIV. 13–15: "And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs. And they talked together of all these things which had happened. And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them."

15. Among the monks of the Middle Ages there were certain salutations, which had their customary replies or countersigns. Thus one would say, "Peace be with thee!" and the answer would be, "And with thy spirit!" Or, "Praised be the Lord!" and the answer, "World without end!"

22. The letters upon Dante's forehead.

25. Lachesis. Of the three Fates, Clotho prepared and held the distaff, Lachesis spun the thread, and Atropos cut it.

"These," says Plato, "Republic," X., "are the daughters of Necessity, the Fates, Lachesis, Clotho, and Atropos; who, clothed in white robes, with garlands on their heads, chant to the music of the Sirens; Lachesis the events of the Past, Clotho those of the Present, Atropos those of the Future."

33. See canto XVIII. 46:

> What reason seeth here
> Myself can tell thee; beyond that await
> For Beatrice, since 't is a work of faith.

So also Cowley, in his poem on the "Use of Reason in Divine Matters:"

> Though Reason cannot through Faith's mysteries see,
> It sees that there and such they be;

Leads to heaven's door, and there does humbly keep,
And there through chinks and keyholes peep ;
Though it, like Moses, by a sad command
Must not come into the Holy Land,
Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
And from afar 't is all descried.

40. Nothing unusual ever disturbs the *religio loci*, the sacredness of the mountain.

44. This happens only when the soul, that came from heaven, is received back into heaven; not from any natural causes affecting earth or air.

48. The gate of Purgatory, which is also the gate of Heaven.

50. Iris, one of the Oceanides, the daughter of Thaumas and Electra; the rainbow.

65. The soul in Purgatory feels as great a desire to be punished for a sin, as it had to commit it.

82. The siege of Jerusalem under Titus, surnamed the "Delight of Mankind," took place in the year 70. Statius, who is here speaking, was born at Naples in the reign of Claudius, and had already become famous "under the name that most endures and honors," that is, as a poet. His works are the "Silvae," or miscellaneous poems; the "Thebaid," an epic in twelve books; and the "Achilleid," left unfinished. He wrote also a tragedy, "Agave," which is lost.

Juvenal says of him, Satire VII., Dryden's translation:

All Rome is pleased when Statius will rehearse,
And longing crowds expect the promised verse ;
His lofty numbers with so great a gust
They hear, and swallow with such eager lust :
But while the common suffrage crowned his cause,
And broke the benches with their loud applause,
His Muse had starved, had not a piece unread,
And by a player bought, supplied her bread.

Dante shows his admiration of him by placing him here.

89. Statius was not born in Toulouse, as Dante supposes, but in Naples, as he himself states in his "Silvae," which work was not discovered till after Dante's death. The passage occurs in book III. eclogue v., "To Claudia his Wife," where he describes the beauties of Parthenope, and calls her the mother and nurse of both, *amborum genetrix altrixque*.

Landino thinks that Dante's error may be traced to Placidus Lactantius, a commentator of the "Thebaid," who confounded Statius the poet of Naples with Statius the rhetorician of Toulouse.

101. Would be willing to remain another year in Purgatory.

114. Petrarca uses the same expression, — the lightning of the angelic smile, *il lampeggiar dell' angelico riso.*

131. See canto XIX. 133.

CANTO XXII

1. The ascent to the Sixth Circle, where the sin of Gluttony is punished.

5. Matthew, v. 6: *Beati qui esuriunt et sitiunt justitiam.* "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."

13. The satirist Juvenal, who flourished at Rome during the last half of the first century of the Christian era, and died at the beginning of the second, aged eighty. He was a contemporary of Statius, and survived him some thirty years.

40. "Æneid," III. 56: "O cursed hunger of gold, to what dost thou not drive the hearts of men."

42. The punishment of the Avaricious and Prodigal. "Inferno," VII. 26:

> With great howls
> Rolling weights forward by main force of chest.

46. Dante says of the Avaricious and Prodigal, "Inferno," VII. 56:

> These from the sepulchre shall rise again
> With the fist closed, and these with tresses shorn.

56. Her two sons, Eteocles and Polynices, of whom Statius sings in the "Thebaid," and to whom Dante alludes by way of illustration, "Inferno," XXVI. 54. See also the note.

58. Statius begins the "Thebaid," with an invocation to Clio, the Muse of History, whose office it was to record the heroic actions of brave men, I. 55:

What first, O Clio, shall adorn thy page,
The expiring prophet, or Ætolian's rage?
Say, wilt thou sing how, grim with hostile blood,
Hippomedon repelled the rushing flood,
Lament the Arcadian youth's untimely fate,
Or Jove, opposed by Capaneus, relate?

Skelton, "Elegy on the Earl of Northumberland:"

Of hevenly poems, O Clyo calde by name
In the college of musis goddess hystoriale.

63. Saint Peter.

70. Virgil's "Bucolics," ecl. IV. 5, a passage supposed to foretell the birth of Christ: "The last era of Cumæan song is now arrived; the great series of ages begins anew; now the Virgin returns, returns the Saturnian reign; now a new progeny is sent down from the high heaven."

92. The Fourth Circle of Purgatory, where Sloth is punished, canto XVII. 85:

The love of good, remiss
In what it should have done, is here restored;
Here plied again the ill-belated oar.

97. Some editions read in this line, instead of *nostro amico*, — *nostro antico*, our ancient Terence; but the epithet would be more appropriate to Plautus, who was the earlier writer.

97, 98. Plautus, Cæcilius, and Terence, the three principal Latin dramatists; Varro, "the most learned of the Romans," the friend of Cicero, and author of some five hundred volumes, which made Saint Augustine wonder how he who wrote so many books could find time to read so many; and how he who read so many could find time to write so many.

100. Persius, the Latin satirist.

101. Homer.

106. Mrs. Browning, "Wine of Cyprus:"

Our Euripides, the human, —
With his droppings of warm tears;
And his touches of things common,
Till they rose to touch the spheres.

But why does Dante make no mention here of "Æschylus the thunderous" and "Sophocles the royal"?

Antiphon was a tragic and epic poet of Attica, who was put to death by Dionysius because he would not praise the tyrant's writings. Some editions read Anacreon for Antiphon.

107. Simonides, the poet of Cos, who won a poetic prize at the age of eighty, and is said to be the first poet who wrote for money.

Agatho was an Athenian dramatist, of whom nothing remains but the name and a few passages quoted in other writers.

110. Some of the people that Statius introduces into his poems. Antigone, daughter of Œdipus; Deiphile, wife of Tideus; Argia, her sister, wife of Polynices; Ismene, another daughter of Œdipus, who is here represented as still lamenting the death of Atys, her betrothed.

112. Hypsipile, who pointed out to Adrastus the fountain of Langia, when his soldiers were perishing with thirst on their march against Thebes.

113. Of the three daughters of Tiresias only Manto is mentioned by Statius in the "Thebaid." But Dante places Manto among the Soothsayers, "Inferno," xx. 55, and not in Limbo.

To overcome the difficulty, some commentators say that the daughter of Tiresias here alluded to is Daphne, mentioned by Statius in the "Silvae." But according to the best classical authorities, Manto and Daphne are the same. Pauly, in his "Real-Encyclopädie der Alterthums-Wissenschaft," speaks of Daphne as "a celebrated soothsayer, commonly called Manto."

Rosa Moranda thinks it was Historis; but not being mentioned by Statius, she cannot be called one "of his own people."

113, 114. Thetis, the mother of Achilles, and Deidamia, the daughter of Lycomedes. They are among the personages in the "Achilleid" of Statius.

118. Four hours of the day were already passed.

131. Cowley, "The Tree of Knowledge:"

> The sacred tree 'midst the fair orchard grew,
> The phoenix Truth did on it rest
> And built his perfumed nest,

That right Porphyrian tree which did true Logic show ;
Each leaf did learned notions give
And th' apples were demonstrative
So clear their color and divine
The very shade they cast did other lights outshine.

This tree of Temptation, however, is hardly the tree of Knowledge, though sprung from it, as Dante says of the next, in canto XXIV. 117. It is meant only to increase the torment of the starving souls beneath it, by holding its fresh and dewy fruit beyond their reach.

142. John, II. 3: "And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine."

146. Daniel, I. 12: "Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days; and let them give us pulse to eat and water to drink. . . . And Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams."

148. Compare the description of the Golden Age in Ovid, "Metamorphoses," I:

The golden age was first ; when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew,
And, with a native bent, did good pursue.
Unforced by punishment, unawed by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere ;
Needless was written law, where none oppress :
The law of man was written in his breast :
No suppliant crowds before the judge appeared,
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard :
But all was safe, for conscience was their guard.
The mountain-trees in distant prospect please,
Ere yet the pine descended to the seas ;
Ere sails were spread, new oceans to explore ;
And happy mortals, unconcerned for more,
Confined their wishes to their native shore.
No walls were yet : nor fence, nor mote, nor mound,
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound :
Nor swords were forged ; but, void of care and crime,
The soft creation slept away their time.
The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovoked, did fruitful stores allow :
Content with food, which nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed ;
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling acorns furnished out a feast.
The flowers unsown in fields and meadows reigned ;
And western winds immortal spring maintained.

In following years, the bearded corn ensued
From earth unasked, nor was that earth renewed.
From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke,
And honey sweating through the pores of oak.

Also Boethius, book II. met. 5, and the Ode in Tasso's "Aminta," Leigh Hunt's translation, beginning:

O lovely age of gold!
Not that the rivers rolled
With milk, or that the woods wept honey-dew;
Not that the ready ground
Produced without a wound,
Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew;
Not that a cloudless blue
Forever was in sight,
Or that the heaven which burns,
And now is cold by turns,
Looked out in glad and everlasting light;
No, nor that even the insolent ships from far
Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse than war:

But solely that that vain
And breath-invented pain,
That idol of mistake, that worshipped cheat,
That Honor, — since so called
By vulgar minds appalled, —
Played not the tyrant with our nature yet.
It had not come to fret
The sweet and happy fold
Of gentle human-kind;
Nor did its hard law bind
Souls nursed in freedom; but that law of gold,
That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,
Which Nature's own hand wrote, — What pleases, is permitted.

Also Don Quixote's address to the goatherds, "Don Quixote," book II. ch. 3, Jarvis's translation:

"After Don Quixote had satisfied his hunger, he took up an handful of acorns, and, looking on them attentively, gave utterance to expressions like these:

"'Happy times, and happy ages! those to which the ancients gave the name of golden, not because gold (which, in this our iron age, is so much esteemed) was to be had, in that fortunate period, without toil and labor; but because they who then lived were ignorant of these two words, Meum and Tuum. In that age of innocence, all things were in common;

no one needed to take any other pains for his ordinary sustenance, than to lift up his hand and take it from the sturdy oaks, which stood inviting him liberally to taste of their sweet and relishing fruit. The limpid fountains, and running streams, offered them, in magnificent abundance, their delicious and transparent waters. In the clefts of rocks, and in the hollow of trees, did the industrious and provident bees form their commonwealths, offering to every hand, without usury, the fertile produce of their most delicious toil. The stout cork-trees, without any other inducement than that of their own courtesy, divested themselves of their light and expanded bark, with which men began to cover their houses, supported by rough poles, only for a defence against the inclemency of the seasons. All then was peace, all amity, all concord. As yet the heavy coulter of the crooked plough had not dared to force open, and search into, the tender bowels of our first mother, who unconstrained offered, from every part of her fertile and spacious bosom, whatever might feed, sustain, and delight those her children, who then had her in possession. Then did the simple and beauteous young shepherdesses trip it from dale to dale, and from hill to hill, their tresses sometimes plaited, sometimes loosely flowing, with no more clothing than was necessary modestly to cover what modesty has always required to be concealed; nor were their ornaments like those nowadays in fashion, to which the Tyrian purple and the so-many-ways martyred silk give a value; but composed of green dock-leaves and ivy interwoven; with which, perhaps, they went as splendidly and elegantly decked as our court-ladies do now, with all those rare and foreign inventions which idle curiosity hath taught them. Then were the amorous conceptions of the soul clothed in simple and sincere expressions, in the same way and manner they were conceived, without seeking artificial phrases to set them off. Nor as yet were fraud, deceit, and malice intermixed with truth and plain dealing. Justice kept within her proper bounds; favor and interest, which now so much depreciate, confound, and persecute her, not daring then to disturb or offend her. As yet the judge did not make his own will the measure of justice; for then there was neither cause nor person to be judged.' ''

NOTES

CANTO XXIII

1. The punishment of the sin of Gluttony.

3. Shakespeare, "As You Like It," II. 7:

> Under the shade of melancholy boughs
> Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time.

11. Psalms, LI. 15: *Domine, labia mea aperies.* "O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise."

26. Erisichthon the Thessalian, who in derision cut down an ancient oak in the sacred groves of Ceres. He was punished by perpetual hunger, till, other food failing him, at last he gnawed his own flesh. Ovid, "Metamorphoses," VIII. Vernon's translation:

> Straight he requires, impatient in demand,
> Provisions from the air, the seas, the land;
> But though the land, air, seas, provisions grant,
> Starves at full tables, and complains of want.
> What to a people might in dole be paid,
> Or victual cities for a long blockade,
> Could not one wolfish appetite assuage;
> For glutting nourishment increased its rage.
> As rivers poured from every distant shore
> The sea insatiate drinks, and thirsts for more;
> Or as the fire, which all materials burns,
> And wasted forests into ashes turns,
> Grows more voracious as the more it preys,
> Recruits dilate the flame, and spread the blaze:
> So impious Erisichthon's hunger raves,
> Receives refreshments, and refreshments craves.
> Food raises a desire for food, and meat
> Is but a new provocative to eat.
> He grows more empty as the more supplied,
> And endless cramming but extends the void.

30. This tragic tale of the siege of Jerusalem by Titus is thus told in Josephus, "Jewish War," book VI. ch. 3, Whiston's translation:

"There was a certain woman that dwelt beyond Jordan; her name was Mary; her father was Eleazar, of the village Bethezub, which signifies the house of Hyssop. She was

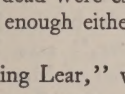
eminent for her family and her wealth, and had fled away to Jerusalem with the rest of the multitude, and was with them besieged therein at this time. The other effects of this woman had been already seized upon, such I mean as she had brought with her out of Perea, and removed to the city. What she had treasured up besides, as also what food she had contrived to save, had been also carried off by the rapacious guards, who came every day running into her house for that purpose. This put the poor woman into a very great passion, and by the frequent reproaches and imprecations she cast at these rapacious villains, she had provoked them to anger against her; but none of them, either out of the indignation she had raised against herself, or out of commiseration of her case, would take away her life. And if she found any food, she perceived her labors were for others and not for herself; and it was now become impossible for her any way to find any more food, while the famine pierced through her very bowels and marrow, when also her passion was fired to a degree beyond the famine itself. Nor did she consult with anything but with her passion and the necessity she was in. She then attempted a most unnatural thing, and, snatching up her son who was a child sucking at her breast, she said, 'O thou miserable infant! For whom shall I preserve thee in this war, this famine, and this sedition? As to the war with the Romans, if they preserve our lives, we must be slaves. This famine also will destroy us, even before that slavery comes upon us. Yet are these seditious rogues more terrible than both the other. Come on, be thou my food, and be thou a fury to these seditious varlets, and a byword to the world; which is all that is now wanting to complete the calamities of the Jews.' As soon as she had said this, she slew her son, and then roasted him and ate the one half of him, and kept the other half by her concealed. Upon this the seditious came in presently, and, smelling the horrid scent of this food, they threatened her that they would cut her throat immediately, if she did not show them what food she had gotten ready. She replied, that she had saved a very fine portion of it for them; and withal uncovered what was left of her son. Hereupon they were seized with a horror and amazement of mind, and stood astonished at the sight,

when she said to them: 'This is mine own son, and what hath been done was my own doing. Come, eat of this food; for I have eaten of it myself. Do not you pretend to be either more tender than a woman, or more compassionate than a mother. But if you be so scrupulous, and do abominate this my sacrifice, as I have eaten the one half, let the rest be reserved for me also.' After which those men went out trembling, being never so much affrighted at anything as they were at this, and with some difficulty they left the rest of that meat to the mother. Upon which the whole city was full of this horrid action immediately; and while everybody laid this miserable case before their own eyes, they trembled as if this unheard-of action had been done by themselves. So those that were thus distressed by the famine were very desirous to die, and those already dead were esteemed happy, because they had not lived long enough either to hear or to see such miseries."

31. Shakespeare, "King Lear," v. 3:

> And in this habit
> Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
> Their precious stones new lost.

32. In this fanciful recognition of the word *omo* (*homo*, man) in the human face, so written as to place the two *o*'s between the outer strokes of the *m*, the former represent the eyes, and the latter the nose and cheekbones:



Brother Berthold, a Franciscan monk of Regensburg, in the thirteenth century, makes the following allusion to it in one of his sermons. See Wackernagel, "Deutsches Lesebuch," 1. 678. The monk carries out the resemblance into still further detail:

"Now behold, ye blessed children of God, the Almighty has created you soul and body. And he has written it under your eyes and on your faces, that you are created in his likeness. He has written it upon your very faces with ornamented letters. With great diligence are they embellished

and ornamented. This your learned men well understand, but the unlearned may not understand it. The two eyes are two *o*'s. The *h* is properly no letter; it only helps the others; so that *homo* with an *h* means Man. Likewise the brows arched above and the nose down between them are an *m*, beautiful with three strokes. So is the ear a *d*, beautifully rounded and ornamented. So are the nostrils beautifully formed like a Greek ϵ, beautifully rounded and ornamented. So is the mouth an *i*, beautifully adorned and ornamented. Now behold, ye good Christian people, how skilfully he has adorned you with these six letters, to show that ye are his own, and that he has created you! Now read me an *o* and an *m* and another *o* together; that spells *homo*. Then read me a *d* and an *e* and an *i* together; that spells *dei*. *Homo dei*, man of God, man of God!"

48. Forese Donati, the brother-in-law and intimate friend of Dante. "This Forese," says Buti, "was a citizen of Florence, and was brother of Messer Corso Donati, and was very gluttonous; and therefore the author feigns that he found him here, where the Gluttons are punished."

Certain vituperative sonnets, addressed to Dante, have been attributed to Forese. If authentic, they prove that the friendship between the two poets was not uninterrupted. See Rossetti, "Early Italian Poets," appendix to part II.

74. The same desire that sacrifice and atonement may be complete.

75. Matthew, XXVII. 46: "Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

83. Outside the gate of Purgatory, where those who had postponed repentance till the last hour were forced to wait as many years and days as they had lived impenitent on earth, unless aided by the devout prayers of those on earth. See canto IV.

87. Nella, contraction of Giovannella, widow of Forese. Nothing is known of this good woman but the name, and what Forese here says in her praise.

94. Covino, "Descrizione Geografica dell' Italia," p. 52, says: "In the district of Arborea, on the slopes of the Gen-

nargentu, the most vast and lofty mountain range of Sardinia, spreads an alpine country which in Dante's time, being almost barbarous, was called the *Barbagia*."

102. Sacchetti, the Italian novelist of the fourteenth century, severely criticises the fashions of the Florentines, and their sudden changes, which he says it would take a whole volume of his stories to enumerate. In novella 178, he speaks of their wearing their dresses "far below their armpits," and then "up to their ears;" and continues, in Napier's version, "Florentine History," II. 539:

"The young Florentine girls, who used to dress so modestly, have now changed the fashion of their hoods to resemble courtesans, and thus attired they move about laced up to the throat, with all sorts of animals hanging as ornaments about their necks. Their sleeves, or rather their sacks, as they should be called, — was there ever so useless and pernicious a fashion! Can any of them reach a glass or take a morsel from the table without dirtying herself or the cloth by the things she knocks down? And thus do the young men, and worse; and such sleeves are made even for sucking babes. The women go about in hoods and cloaks; most of the young men without cloaks, in long, flowing hair, and if they throw off their breeches, which from their smallness may easily be done, all is off, for they literally stick their posteriors into a pair of socks and expend a yard of cloth on their wristbands, while more stuff is put into a glove than a cloak-hood. However, I am comforted by one thing, and that is, that all now have begun to put their feet in chains, perhaps as a penance for the many vain things they are guilty of; for we are but a day in this world, and in that day the fashion is changed a thousand times: all seek liberty, yet all deprive themselves of it: God has made our feet free, and many with long pointed toes to their shoes can scarcely walk: he has supplied the legs with hinges, and many have so bound them up with close lacing that they can scarcely sit: the bust is tightly bandaged up; the arms trail their drapery along; the throat is rolled in a capuchin; the head so loaded and bound round with caps over the hair that it appears as though it were sawed off. And thus I might go on forever discoursing of female absurdities,

commencing with the immeasurable trains at their feet, and proceeding regularly upwards to the head, with which they may always be seen occupied in their chambers; some curling, some smoothing, and some whitening it, so that they often kill themselves with colds caught in these vain occupations."

132. Statius.

CANTO XXIV

1. Continuation of the punishment of Gluttony.

7. Continuing the words with which the preceding canto closes, and referring to Statius.

10. Piccarda, sister of Forese and Corso Donati. She was a nun of Santa Clara, and is seen by Dante in the first heaven of Paradise, which Forese calls "high Olympus." See "Paradiso," III. 49, where her story is told more in detail.

19. Buonagiunta Urbisani of Lucca is one of the early minor poets of Italy, a contemporary of Dante. Rossetti, "Early Italian Poets," 77, gives some specimens of his sonnets and canzoni. All that is known of him is contained in Benvenuto's brief notice: "Buonagiunta of Urbisani, an honorable man of the city of Lucca, a brilliant orator in his mother tongue, a facile producer of rhymes, and still more facile consumer of wines; who knew our author in his lifetime, and sometimes corresponded with him."

Tiraboschi also mentions him, "Storia della Letteratura Italiana," IV. 397: "He was seen by Dante in Purgatory punished among the Gluttons, from which vice, it is proper to say, poetry did not render him exempt."

22. Pope Martin the Fourth, whose fondness for the eels of Bolsena brought his life to a sudden close, and his soul to this circle of Purgatory, has been ridiculed in the well-known epigram,

> Gaudent anguillae, quod mortuus hic jacet ille
> Qui quasi morte reas excoriabat eas.

"Martin the Fourth," says Milman, "History of Latin

Christianity," VI. 143, "was born at Mont Pencè in Brie; he had been Canon of Tours. He put on at first the show of maintaining the lofty character of the Churchman. He excommunicated the Viterbans for their sacrilegious maltreatment of the cardinals; Rinaldo Annibaldeschi, the Lord of Viterbo, was compelled to ask pardon on his knees of the Cardinal Rosso, and forgiven only at the intervention of the Pope. Martin the Fourth retired to Orvieto.

"But the Frenchman soon began to predominate over the Pontiff; he sunk into the vassal of Charles of Anjou. The great policy of his predecessor, to assuage the feuds of Guelph and Ghibelline, was an Italian policy; it was altogether abandoned. The Ghibellines in every city were menaced or smitten with excommunication; the Lambertazzi were driven from Bologna. Forlì was placed under interdict for harboring the exiles; the goods of the citizens were confiscated for the benefit of the Pope. Bertoldo Orsini was deposed from the countship of Romagna; the office was bestowed on John of Appia, with instructions everywhere to coerce or to chastise the refractory Ghibellines."

Villani, book VI. ch. 106, says: "He was a good man, and very favorable to Holy Church and to those of the house of France, because he was from Tours."

He is said to have died of a surfeit. The eels and sturgeon of Bolsena, and the wines of Orvieto and Montefiasçone, in the neighborhood of whose vineyards he lived, were too much for him. But he died in Perugia, not in Orvieto.

24. The Lake of Bolsena is in the Papal States, a few miles northwest of Viterbo, on the road from Rome to Siena. It is thus described in Murray's "Handbook of Central Italy," p. 199:

"Its circular form, and being in the centre of a volcanic district, has led to its being regarded as an extinct crater; but that hypothesis can scarcely be admitted when the great extent of the lake is considered. The treacherous beauty of the lake conceals malaria in its most fatal forms; and its shores, although there are no traces of a marsh, are deserted, excepting where a few sickly hamlets are scattered on their western slopes. The ground is cultivated in many

parts down to the water's edge, but the laborers dare not sleep for a single night during the summer or autumn on the plains where they work by day; and a large tract of beautiful and productive country is reduced to a perfect solitude by this invisible calamity. Nothing can be more striking than the appearance of the lake, without a single sail upon its waters, and with scarcely a human habitation within sight of Bolsena; and nothing perhaps can give the traveller who visits Italy for the first time a more impressive idea of the effects of malaria."

Of the Vernaccia or Vernage, in which Pope Martin cooked his eels, Henderson says, "History of Ancient and Modern Wines," p. 296: "The Vernage . . . was a red wine, of a bright color, and a sweetish and somewhat rough flavor, which was grown in Tuscany and other parts of Italy, and derived its name from the thick-skinned grape, *vernaccia* (corresponding with the *vinaciola* of the ancients), that was used in the preparation of it."

Chaucer mentions it in the "Merchant's Tale:"

> He drinketh ipocras, clarre, and vernage
> Of spices hot, to encreasen his corage.

And Redi, "Bacchus in Tuscany," Leigh Hunt's translation, p. 30, sings of it thus:

> If anybody does n't like Vernaccia,
> I mean that sort that 's made in Pietrafitta,
> Let him fly
> My violent eye ;
> I curse him, clean, through all the Alphabeta.

28. Ovid, "Metamorphoses," VII., says of Erisichthon, that he

> Deludes his throat with visionary fare,
> Feasts on the wind and banquets on the air.

29. Ubaldin dalla Pila was a brother of the Cardinal Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, mentioned "Inferno," X. 120, and father of the Archbishop Ruggieri, "Inferno," XXXIII. 14. According to Sacchetti, novella 205, he passed most of his time at his castle, and turned his gardener into a priest; "and Messer Ubaldino," continues the novelist, "put him into his

church; of which one may say he made a pigsty; for he did not put in a priest, but a pig in the way of eating and drinking, who had neither grammar nor any good thing in him."

Some writers say that this Boniface, Archbishop of Ravenna, was a son of Ubaldino; but this is confounding him with Ruggieri, Archbishop of Pisa. He was of the Fieschi of Genoa. His pasturing many people alludes to his keeping a great retinue and court, and the free life they led in matters of the table.

31. Messer Marchese da Forlì, who answered the accusation made against him, that "he was always drinking," by saying, that "he was always thirsty."

38. A lady of Lucca with whom Dante is supposed to have been enamoured. "Let us pass over in silence," says Balbo, "Life and Times of Dante," II. 177, "the consolations and errors of the poor exile." But Buti says: "He formed an attachment to a gentle lady, called Madonna Gentucca, of the family of Rossimpelo, on account of her great virtue and modesty, and not with any other love."

Benvenuto and the "Ottimo" interpret the passage differently, making *gentucca* a common noun, — *gente bassa*, low people. But the passage which immediately follows, in which a maiden is mentioned who should make Lucca pleasant to him, seems to confirm the former interpretation.

38. In the throat of the speaker, where he felt the hunger and thirst of his punishment.

50. Chaucer, "Complaint of the Blacke Knight," 194:

> But even like as doth a skrivenere,
> That can no more tell what that he shal write,
> But as his maister beside dothe indite.

51. A canzone of the "Vita Nuova," beginning, in Rossetti's version, "Early Italian Poets," p. 255:

> Ladies that have intelligence in love,
> Of mine own lady I would speak with you;
> Not that I hope to count her praises through,
> But, telling what I may, to ease my mind.

56. Jacopo da Lentino, or "the Notary," was a Sicilian poet who flourished about 1250, in the later days of the

Emperor Frederick the Second. Crescimbeni, "L'Istoria della Volgar Poesia," III. 43, says that Dante "esteemed him so highly that he even mentions him in his Comedy, doing him the favor to put him into Purgatory." Tassoni, and others after him, make the careless statement that he addressed a sonnet to Petrarca. He died before Petrarca was born. Rossetti gives several specimens of his sonnets and canzonette in his "Early Italian Poets," of which the following is one:

OF HIS LADY IN HEAVEN.

I have it in my heart to serve God so
That into Paradise I shall repair, —
The holy place through the which everywhere
I have heard say that joy and solace flow.
Without my lady I were loath to go, —
She who has the bright face and the bright hair;
Because if she were absent, I being there,
My pleasure would be less than naught, I know.
Look you, I say not this to such intent
As that I there would deal in any sin:
I only would behold her gracious mien,
And beautiful soft eyes, and lovely face,
That so it should be my complete content
To see my lady joyful in her place.

Fra Guittone d' Arezzo, a contemporary of the Notary, was one of the Frati Gaudenti, or Jovial Friars, mentioned in "Inferno," XXIII. note 103. He first brought the Italian sonnet to the perfect form it has since preserved, and left behind the earliest specimens of Italian letter-writing. These letters are written in a very florid style, and are perhaps more poetical than his verses, which certainly fall very far short of the "sweet new style." Of all his letters the best is that "To the Florentines," from which a brief extract is given in canto VI. note 76.

82. Corso Donati, the brother of Forese who is here speaking, and into whose mouth nothing but Ghibelline wrath could have put these words. Corso was the leader of the Neri in Florence, and a partisan of Charles de Valois. His death is recorded by Villani, VIII. 96, and is thus described by Napier, "Florentine History," I. 407:

"The popularity of Corso was now thoroughly undermined, and the priors, after sounding the Campana for a

general assembly of the armed citizens, laid a formal accusation before the Podestà Piero Branca d' Agobbio against him for conspiring to overthrow the liberties of his country, and endeavoring to make himself Tyrant of Florence: he was immediately cited to appear, and, not complying, from a reasonable distrust of his judges, was within one hour, against all legal forms, condemned to lose his head, as a rebel and traitor to the commonwealth.

"Not willing to allow the culprit more time for an armed resistance than had been given for legal vindication, the Seignory, preceded by the Gonfalonier of justice, and followed by the Podestà, the captain of the people, and the executor, — all attended by their guards and officers, — issued from the palace; and with the whole civic force marshalled in companies, with banners flying, moved forward to execute an illegal sentence against a single citizen, who nevertheless stood undaunted on his defence.

"Corso, on first hearing of the prosecution, had hastily barricaded all the approaches to his palace, but, disabled by the gout, could only direct the necessary operations from his bed; yet thus helpless, thus abandoned by all but his own immediate friends and vassals; suddenly condemned to death; encompassed by the bitterest foes, with the whole force of the republic banded against him, he never cowered for an instant, but courageously determined to resist, until succored by Uguccione della Faggiola, to whom he had sent for aid. This attack continued during the greater part of the day, and generally with advantage to the Donati, for the people were not unanimous, and many fought unwillingly, so that, if the Rossi, Bardi, and other friends had joined, and Uguccioni's forces arrived, it would have gone hard with the citizens. The former were intimidated, the latter turned back on hearing how matters stood; and then only did Corso's adherents lose heart and slink from the barricades, while the townsmen pursued their advantage by breaking down a garden wall opposite the Stinche prisons and taking their enemy in the rear. This completed the disaster, and Corso, seeing no chance remaining, fled towards the Casentino; but, being overtaken by some Catalonian troopers in the Florentine service, he was

led back a prisoner from Rovezzano. After vainly endeavoring to bribe them, unable to support the indignity of a public execution at the hands of his enemies, he let himself fall from his horse, and, receiving several stabs in the neck and flank from the Catalan lances, his body was left bleeding on the road, until the monks of San Salvi removed it to their convent, where he was interred next morning with the greatest privacy. Thus perished Corso Donati, 'the wisest and most worthy knight of his time; the best speaker, the most experienced statesman; the most renowned, the boldest, and most enterprising nobleman in Italy: he was handsome in person and of the most gracious manners, but very worldly, and caused infinite disturbance in Florence on account of his ambition.' [1] . . . 'People now began to repose, and his unhappy death was often and variously discussed, according to the feelings of friendship or enmity that moved the speaker; but in truth, his life was dangerous, and his death reprehensible. He was a knight of great mind and name, gentle in manners as in blood; of a fine figure even in his old age, with a beautiful countenance, delicate features, and a fair complexion; pleasing, wise; and an eloquent speaker. His attention was ever fixed on important things; he was intimate with all the great and noble, had an extensive influence, and was famous throughout Italy. He was an enemy of the middle classes and their supporters, beloved by the troops, but full of malicious thoughts, wicked, and artful. He was thus basely murdered by a foreign soldier, and his fellow citizens well knew the man, for he was instantly conveyed away: those who ordered his death were Rosso della Tosa and Pazzino de' Pazzi, as is commonly said by all; and some bless him and some the contrary. Many believe that the two said knights killed him, and I, wishing to ascertain the truth, inquired diligently, and found what I have said to be true.' [2] Such is the character of Corso Donati, which has come down to us from two authors who must have been personally acquainted with this distinguished chief, but opposed to each other in the general politics of their country."

See also "Inferno," VI. note 52.

[1] Villani, VIII. ch. 96. [2] Dino Compagni, III. 76.

99. Virgil and Statius.

105. Dante had only so far gone round the circle as to come in sight of the second of these trees, which from distance to distance encircle the mountain.

116. In the Terrestrial Paradise on the top of the mountain.

121. The Centaurs, born of Ixion and the Cloud, and having the "double breasts" of man and horse, became drunk with wine at the marriage of Hippodamia and Pirithoüs, and strove to carry off the bride and the other women by violence. Theseus and the rest of the Lapithæ opposed them, and drove them from the feast. This famous battle is described at great length by Ovid, "Metamorphoses," XII., Dryden's translation:

> For one, most brutal of the brutal brood,
> Or whether wine or beauty fired his blood,
> Or both at once, beheld with lustful eyes
> The bride; at once resolved to make his prize.
> Down went the board; and fastening on her hair,
> He seized with sudden force the frighted fair.
> 'T was Eurytus began: his bestial kind
> His crime pursued; and each, as pleased his mind,
> Or her whom chance presented, took: the feast
> An image of a taken town expressed.
> The cave resounds with female shrieks; we rise
> Mad with revenge, to make a swift reprise;
> And Theseus first, "What frenzy has possessed,
> O Eurytus," he cried, "thy brutal breast,
> To wrong Pirithoüs, and not him alone,
> But, while I live, two friends conjoined in one?"

125. Judges, VII. 5, 6: "So he brought down the people unto the water: and the Lord said unto Gideon, Every one that lappeth of the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself; likewise every one that boweth down upon his knees to drink. And the number of them that lapped, putting their hand to their mouth, were three hundred men; but all the rest of the people bowed down upon their knees to drink water."

139. The Angel of the Seventh Circle.

CANTO XXV

1. The ascent to the Seventh Circle of Purgatory, where the sin of Lust is punished.

3. When the sign of Taurus reached the meridian, the sun, being in Aries, would be two hours beyond it. It is now two o'clock of the afternoon. The Scorpion is the sign opposite Taurus.

15. Shakespeare, "Hamlet," I. 2:

> And did address
> Itself to motion, like as it would speak.

22. Meleager was the son of Œneus, and Althæa of Calydon. At his birth the Fates were present and predicted his future greatness. Clotho said that he would be brave; Lachesis, that he would be strong; and Atropos, that he would live as long as the brand upon the fire remained unconsumed.

Ovid, "Metamorphoses," VIII., Dryden's translation:

> There lay a log unlighted on the hearth,
> When she was laboring in the throes of birth
> For th' unborn chief; the fatal sisters came,
> And raised it up, and tossed it on the flame,
> Then on the rock a scanty measure place
> Of vital flax, and turned the wheel apace;
> And turning sung, "To this red brand and thee,
> O new-born babe, we give an equal destiny;"
> So vanished out of view. The frighted dame
> Sprung hasty from her bed, and quenched the flame.
> The log, in secret locked, she kept with care,
> And that, while thus preserved, preserved her heir.

Meleager distinguished himself in the Argonautic expedition, and afterwards in the hunt of Calydon, where he killed the famous boar, and gave the boar's head to Atalanta; and when his uncles tried to take possession of it, he killed them also. On hearing this, and seeing the dead bodies, his mother in her rage threw the brand upon the fire again, and, as it was consumed, Meleager perished.

Mr. Swinburne, "Atalanta in Calydon:"

CHORUS

When thou dravest the men
Of the chosen of Thrace,
None turned him again
Nor endured he thy face
Clothed round with the blush of the battle, with light from a terrible place.

ŒNEUS

Thou shouldst die as he dies
For whom none sheddeth tears;
Filling thine eyes
And fulfilling thine ears
With the brilliance of battle, the bloom and the beauty, the splendor of spears.

CHORUS

In the ears of the world
It is sung, it is told,
And the light thereof hurled
And the noise thereof rolled
From the Acroceraunian snow to the ford of the fleece of gold.

MELEAGER

Would God ye could carry me
Forth of all these;
Heap sand and bury me
By the Chersonese
Where the thundering Bosphorus answers the thunder of Pontic seas.

ŒNEUS

Dost thou mock at our praise
And the singing begun
And the men of strange days
Praising my son
In the folds of the hills of home, high places of Calydon?

MELEAGER

For the dead man no home is;
Ah, better to be
What the flower of the foam is
In fields of the sea,
That the sea-waves might be as my raiment, the gulf-stream a garment for me.

. . . . . .

Mother, I dying with unforgetful tongue
Hail thee as holy and worship thee as just
Who art unjust and unholy; and with my knees

Would worship, but thy fire and subtlety,
Dissundering them, devour me; for these limbs
Are as light dust and crumblings from mine urn
Before the fire has touched them; and my face
As a dead leaf or dead foot's mark on snow,
And all this body a broken barren tree
That was so strong; and all this flower of life
Disbranched and desecrated miserably,
And minished all that god-like muscle and might
And lesser than a man's: for all my veins
Fail me, and all mine ashen life burns down.

37. The dissertation which Dante here puts into the mouth of Statius may be found also in a briefer prose form in the "Convito," IV. 21. It so much excites the enthusiasm of Varchi that he declares it alone sufficient to prove Dante to have been a physician, philosopher, and theologian of the highest order; and goes on to say: "I not only confess, but I swear, that as many times as I have read it, which day and night are more than a thousand, my wonder and astonishment have always increased, seeming every time to find therein new beauties and new instruction, and consequently new difficulties."

This subject is also discussed in part by Thomas Aquinas, "Summa Theologiae," I. quaestio CXIX., *De propagatione hominis quantum ad corpus*.

Milton, in his Latin poem, "De Idea Platonica," has touched upon a theme somewhat akin to this, but in a manner to make it seem very remote. Perhaps no two passages could better show the difference between Dante and Milton than this canto and "Plato's Archetypal Man," which in Leigh Hunt's translation runs as follows:

Say, guardian goddesses of woods,
Aspects, felt in solitudes;
And Memory, at whose blessed knee
The Nine, which thy dear daughters be,
Learnt of the majestic past;
And thou, that in some antre vast
Leaning afar off dost lie,
Otiose Eternity,
Keeping the tablets and decrees
Of Jove, and the ephemerides
Of the gods, and calendars,
Of the ever festal stars;
Say, who was he, the sunless shade,

After whose pattern man was made;
He first, the full of ages, born
With the old pale polar morn,
Sole, yet all; first visible thought,
After which the Deity wrought?
Twin-birth with Pallas, not remain
Doth he in Jove's o'ershadowed brain;
But though of wide communion,
Dwells apart, like one alone;
And fills the wondering embrace
(Doubt it not) of size and place.
Whether, companion of the stars,
With their tenfold round he errs;
Or inhabits with his lone
Nature in the neighboring moon;
Or sits with body-waiting souls,
Dozing by the Lethæan pools: —
Or whether, haply, placed afar
In some blank region of our star,
He stalks, an unsubstantial heap,
Humanity's giant archetype;
Where a loftier bulk he rears
Than Atlas, grappler of the stars,
And through their shadow-touched abodes
Brings a terror to the gods.
Not the seer of him had sight,
Who found in darkness depths of light;[1]
His travelled eyeballs saw him not
In all his mighty gulfs of thought: —
Him the farthest-footed good,
Pleiad Mercury, never showed
To any poet's wisest sight
In the silence of the night: —
News of him the Assyrian priest[2]
Found not in his sacred list,
Though he traced back old king Nine,
And Belus, elder name divine,
And Osiris, endless famed.
Not the glory, triple-named,
Thrice great Hermes, though his eyes
Read the shapes of all the skies,
Left him in his sacred verse
Revealed to Nature's worshippers.
O Plato! and was this a dream
Of thine in bowery Academe?
Wert thou the golden tongue to tell

[1] Tiresias, who was blind.
[2] Sanchoniathon.

First of this high miracle,
And charm him to thy schools below?
Oh call thy poets back, if so,[1]
Back to the state thine exiles call,
Thou greatest fabler of them all;
Or follow through the selfsame gate,
Thou, the founder of the state.

48. The heart, where the blood takes the "virtue informative," as stated in line 40.

52. The vegetative soul, which in man differs from that in plants, as being in a state of development, while that of plants is complete already.

55. The vegetative becomes a sensitive soul.

65. "This was the opinion of Averroes," says the "Ottimo," "which is false, and contrary to the Catholic faith."

In the language of the Schools, the Possible Intellect, *intellectus possibilis*, is the faculty which receives impressions through the senses, and forms from them pictures or *phantasmata* in the mind. The Active Intellect, *intellectus agens*, draws from these pictures various ideas, notions, and conclusions. They represent the Understanding and the Reason.

70. God.

75. Redi, "Bacchus in Tuscany:"

Such bright blood is a ray enkindled
Of that sun, in heaven that shines,
And has been left behind entangled
And caught in the net of the many vines.

79. When Lachesis has spun out the thread of life.

81. Thomas Aquinas, "Summa Theologiae," I. quaestio CXVIII. art. 3: "*Anima intellectiva remanet destructo corpore.*"

86. Either upon the shores of Acheron or of the Tiber.

103. "Æneid," VI. 723, Davidson's translation:

"In the first place, the spirit within nourishes the heavens, the earth, and watery plains, the moon's enlightened orb, and the Titanian stars; and the mind, diffused through all the members, actuates the whole frame, and mingles with the vast

[1] Whom Plato banished from his imaginary republic.

body of the universe. Thence the race of men and beasts, the vital principles of the flying kind, and the monsters which the ocean breeds under its smooth plain. These principles have the active force of fire, and are of a heavenly original, so far as they are not clogged by noxious bodies, blunted by earth-born limbs and dying members. Hence they fear and desire, grieve and rejoice; and, shut up in darkness and a gloomy prison, lose sight of their native skies. Even when with the last beams of light their life is gone, yet not every ill, nor all corporeal stains, are quite removed from the unhappy beings; and it is absolutely necessary that many imperfections which have long been joined to the soul should be in marvellous ways increased and riveted therein. Therefore are they afflicted with punishments, and pay the penalties of their former ills. Some, hung on high, are spread out to the empty winds; in others, the guilt not done away is washed out in a vast watery abyss, or burned away in fire. We each endure his own Manes, thence are we conveyed along the spacious Elysium, and we, the happy few, possess the fields of bliss; till length of time, after the fixed period is elapsed, hath done away the inherent stain, and hath left the pure celestial reason, and the fiery energy of the simple spirit."

121. "God of clemency supreme;" the church hymn, sung at matins on Saturday morning, and containing a prayer for purity.

128. Luke, I. 34: "Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?"

131. Helice, or Callisto, was a daughter of Lycaon, king of Arcadia. She was one of the attendant nymphs of Diana, who discarded her on account of an amour with Jupiter, for which Juno turned her into a bear. Arcas was the offspring of this amour. Jupiter changed them to the constellations of the Great and Little Bear.

Ovid, "Metamorphoses," II., Addison's translation:

> But now her son had fifteen summers told,
> Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold;
> When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
> He chanced to rouse his mother where she lay.
> She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,

And fondly gazed: the boy was in a fright,
And aimed a pointed arrow at her breast,
And would have slain his mother in the beast;
But Jove forbad, and snatched them through the air
In whirlwinds up to Heaven, and fixed them there;
Where the new constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the Northern skies.
When Juno saw the rival in her height,
Spangled with stars, and circled round with light,
She sought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys, both revered among the gods.
They ask what brings her there: "Ne'er ask," says she,
"What brings me here; Heaven is no place for me.
You 'll see, when Night has covered all things o'er,
Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore
Usurp the heavens; you'll see them proudly roll
In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole."

CANTO XXVI

1. The punishment of the sin of Lust.

5. It is near sunset, and the western sky is white, as the sky always is in the neighborhood of the sun.

12. A ghostly or spiritual body.

41. Pasiphae, wife of Minos, king of Crete, and mother of the Minotaur. Virgil, "Eclogues," VI. 45, Davidson's translation:

"And he soothes Pasiphae in her passion for the snow-white bull: happy woman if herds had never been! Ah, ill-fated maid, what madness seized thee? The daughters of Prœtus with imaginary lowings filled the fields; yet none of them pursued such vile embraces of a beast, however they might dread the plough about their necks, and often feel for horns on their smooth foreheads. Ah, ill-fated maid, thou now art roaming on the mountains! He, resting his snowy side on the soft hyacinth, ruminates the blenched herbs under some gloomy oak, or courts some female in the numerous herd."

43. The Riphæan mountains are in the north of Russia. The sands are the sands of the deserts.

59. Beatrice.

62. The highest heaven. "Paradiso," XXVII.

78. In one of Cæsar's triumphs the Roman soldiery around his chariot called him "Queen;" thus reviling him for his youthful debaucheries with Nicomedes, king of Bithynia.

87. The cow made by Dædalus.

92. Guido Guinicelli, the best of the Italian poets before Dante, flourished in the first half of the thirteenth century. He was a native of Bologna, but of his life nothing is known. His most celebrated poem is a canzone on the Nature of Love, which goes far to justify the warmth and tenderness of Dante's praise. Rossetti, "Early Italian Poets," p. 24, gives the following version of it, under the title of "The Gentle Heart:"

Within the gentle heart Love shelters him,
As birds within the green shade of the grove.
Before the gentle heart, in Nature's scheme,
Love was not, nor the gentle heart ere Love.
For with the sun, at once,
So sprang the light immediately; nor was
Its birth before the sun's.
And Love hath his effect in gentleness
Of very self; even as
Within the middle fire the heat's excess.

The fire of Love comes to the gentle heart
Like as its virtue to a precious stone;
To which no star its influence can impart
Till it is made a pure thing by the sun:
For when the sun hath smit
From out its essence that which there was vile,
The star endoweth it.
And so the heart created by God's breath
Pure, true, and clean from guile,
A woman, like a star, enamoreth.

In gentle heart Love for like reason is
For which the lamp's high flame is fanned and bowed:
Clear, piercing bright, it shines for its own bliss;
Nor would it burn there else, it is so proud.
For evil natures meet
With Love as it were water met with fire,
As cold abhorring heat.
Through gentle heart Love doth a track divine, —
Like knowing like; the same
As diamond runs through iron in the mine.

The sun strikes full upon the mud all day;
It remains vile, nor the sun's worth is less.
"By race I am gentle," the proud man doth say:
He is the mud, the sun is gentleness.
Let no man predicate
That aught the name of gentleness should have,
Even in a king's estate,
Except the heart there be a gentle man's.
The star-beam lights the wave, —
Heaven holds the star and the star's radiance.

God, in the understanding of high Heaven,
Burns more than in our sight the living sun:
There to behold His Face unveiled is given;
And Heaven, whose will is homage paid to One,
Fulfils the things which live
In God, from the beginning excellent.
So should my lady give
That truth which in her eyes is glorified,
On which her heart is bent,
To me whose service waiteth at her side.

My lady, God shall ask, "What daredst thou?"
(When my soul stands with all her acts reviewed)
"Thou passedst Heaven, into My sight, as now,
To make Me of vain love similitude.
To Me doth praise belong,
And to the Queen of all the realm of grace
Who endeth fraud and wrong."
Then may I plead: "As though from Thee he came,
Love wore an angel's face:
Lord, if I loved her, count it not my shame."

94. Hypsipyle was discovered and rescued by her sons Eumenius and Thoas (whose father was the "bland Jason," as Statius calls him), just as King Lycurgus in his great grief was about to put her to death for neglecting the care of his child, who through her neglect had been stung by a serpent.

Statius, "Thebaid," v. 949, says it was Tydeus who saved Hypsipyle:

But interposing Tydeus rushed between,
And with his shield protects the Lemnian queen.

118. In the old Romance languages the name of *prosa* was applied generally to all narrative poems, and particularly to the monorhythmic romances. Thus Gonzalo de Berceo, a

Spanish poet of the thirteenth century, begins a poem on the "Vida del Glorioso Confessor Santo Domingo de Silos:"

De un confessor Sancto quiero fer una prosa,
Quiero fer una prosa en roman paladino,
En qual suele el pueblo fablar á su vecino,
Ca non so tan letrado per fer otro Latino.

120. Gerault de Berneil of Limoges, born of poor parents, but a man of talent and learning, was one of the most famous Troubadours of the thirteenth century. The old Provençal biographer, quoted by Raynouard, "Choix de Poésies," v. 166, says: "He was a better poet than any who preceded or followed him, and was therefore called the Master of the Troubadours. . . . He passed his winters in study, and his summers in wandering from court to court with two minstrels who sang his songs."

The following specimen of his poems is from [Taylor's] "Lays of the Minnesingers and Troubadours," p. 247. It is an *Aubade*, or song of the morning:

Companion dear! or sleeping or awaking,
Sleep not again! for lo! the morn is nigh,
And in the east that early star is breaking,
The day's forerunner, known unto mine eye;
The morn, the morn is near.

Companion dear! with carols sweet I call thee;
Sleep not again! I hear the birds' blithe song
Loud in the woodlands; evil may befall thee,
And jealous eyes awaken, tarrying long,
Now that the morn is near.

Companion dear! forth from the window looking,
Attentive mark the signs of yonder heaven;
Judge if aright I read what they betoken:
Thine all the loss, if vain the warning given;
The morn, the morn is near.

Companion dear! since thou from hence wert straying,
Nor sleep nor rest these eyes have visited;
My prayers unceasing to the Virgin paying,
That thou in peace thy backward way might tread.
The morn, the morn is near.

Companion dear! hence to the fields with me!
Me thou forbad'st to slumber through the night,

And I have watched that livelong night for thee;
But thou in song or me hast no delight,
And now the morn is near.

ANSWER

Companion dear! so happily sojourning,
So blest am I, I care not forth to speed:
Here brightest beauty reigns, her smiles adorning
Her dwelling-place, — then wherefore should I heed
The morn or jealous eyes?

According to Nostrodamus he died in 1278. Notwithstanding his great repute, Dante gives the palm of excellence to Arnaud Daniel, his rival and contemporary. But this is not the general verdict of literary history.

124. Fra Guittone d' Arezzo. See canto XXIV. note 56.

137. Venturi has the indiscretion to say: "This is a disgusting compliment after the manner of the French; in the Italian fashion we should say, 'You will do me a favor, if you will tell me your name.'" Whereupon Biagioli thunders at him in this wise: "Infamous dirty dog that you are, how can you call this a compliment after the manner of the French? How can you set off against it what any cobbler might say? Away! and a murrain on you!"

142. Arnaud Daniel, the Troubadour of the thirteenth century, whom Dante lauds so highly, and whom Petrarca calls the "Grand Master of Love," was born of a noble family at the castle of Ribeyrac in Périgord. Millot, "Histoire des Troubadours," II. 479, says of him: "In all ages there have been false reputations, founded on some individual judgment, whose authority has prevailed without examination, until at last criticism discusses, the truth penetrates, and the phantom of prejudice vanishes. Such has been the reputation of Arnaud Daniel."

Raynouard confirms this judgment, and says that, "in reading the works of this Troubadour, it is difficult to conceive the causes of the great celebrity he enjoyed during his life."

Arnaud Daniel was the inventor of the *Sestina*, a song of six stanzas of six lines each, with the same rhymes repeated in all, though arranged in different and intricate order,

which must be seen to be understood. He was also author of the metrical romance of "Lancillotto," or Launcelot of the Lake, to which Dante doubtless refers in his expression *prose di romanzi*, or proses of romance. The following anecdote is from the old Provençal authority, quoted both by Millot and Raynouard, and is thus translated by Miss Costello, "Early Poetry of France," p. 37:

"Arnaud visited the court of Richard Cœur de Lion in England, and encountered there a jongleur, who defied him to a trial of skill, and boasted of being able to make more difficult rhymes than Arnaud, a proficiency on which he chiefly prided himself. He accepted the challenge, and the two poets separated, and retired to their respective chambers to prepare for the contest. The Muse of Arnaud was not propitious, and he vainly endeavored to string two rhymes together. His rival, on the other hand, quickly caught the inspiration. The king had allowed ten days as the term of preparation, five for composition, and the remainder for learning it by heart to sing before the court. On the third day the jongleur declared that he had finished his poem, and was ready to recite it, but Arnaud replied that he had not yet thought of his. It was the jongleur's custom to repeat his verses out loud every day, in order to learn them better, and Arnaud, who was in vain endeavoring to devise some means to save himself from the mockery of the court at being outdone in this contest, happened to overhear the jongleur singing. He went to his door and listened, and succeeded in retaining the words and the air. On the day appointed they both appeared before the king. Arnaud desired to be allowed to sing first, and immediately gave the song which the jongleur had composed. The latter, stupefied with astonishment, could only exclaim, 'It is my song, it is my song.' 'Impossible!' cried the king; but the jongleur, persisting, requested Richard to interrogate Arnaud, who would not dare, he said, to deny it. Daniel confessed the fact, and related the manner in which the affair had been conducted, which amused Richard far more than the song itself. The stakes of the wager were restored to each, and the king loaded them both with presents."

According to Nostrodamus, Arnaud died about 1189.

There is no other reason for making him speak in Provençal than the evident delight which Dante took in the sound of the words, and the peculiar flavor they give to the close of the canto. Raynouard says that the writings of none of the Troubadours have been so disfigured by copyists as those of Arnaud. This would seem to be true of the very lines which Dante writes for him; as there are at least seven different readings of them.

Here Venturi has again the indiscretion to say that Arnaud answers Dante in "a kind of *lingua-franca*, part Provençal and part Catalan, joining together the perfidious French with the vile Spanish, perhaps to show that Arnaud was a clever speaker of the two." And again Biagioli suppresses him with "that unbridled beast of a Venturi," and this "most potent argument of his presumptuous ignorance and impertinence."

CANTO XXVII

1. The description of the Seventh and last Circle continued. Cowley, "Hymn to Light:"

> Say from what golden quivers of the sky
> Do all thy winged arrows fly?

2. When the sun is rising at Jerusalem, it is setting on the Mountain of Purgatory; it is midnight in Spain, with Libra in the meridian, and noon in India.

"A great labyrinth of words and things," says Venturi, "meaning only that the sun was setting!" and this time the "*dolce pedagogo*" Biagioli lets him escape without the usual reprimand.

8. Matthew, v. 8: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

16. With the hands clasped and turned palm downwards, and the body straightened backward in attitude of resistance.

23. "Inferno," XVII.

33. Knowing that he ought to confide in Virgil and go forward.

37. The story of the Babylonian lovers, whose trysting-

place was under the white mulberry-tree near the tomb of Ninus, and whose blood changed the fruit from white to purple, is too well known to need comment. Ovid, "Metamorphoses" IV., Eusden's translation:

> At Thisbe's name awaked, he opened wide
> His dying eyes; with dying eyes he tried
> On her to dwell, but closed them slow and died.

48. Statius had for a long while been between Virgil and Dante.

58. Matthew, xxv. 34: "Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

70. Dr. Furness's "Hymn:"

> Slowly by God's hand unfurled,
> Down around the weary world
> Falls the darkness.

And Coleridge, "Ancient Mariner:"

> The sun's rim dips: the stars rush out.
> At one stride comes the dark.

90. Evening of the Third Day of Purgatory. Milton, "Paradise Lost," IV. 598:

> Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
> Had in her sober livery all things clad:
> Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
> They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
> Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
> She all night long her amorous descant sung;
> Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
> With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
> The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
> Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
> Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
> And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

93. The vision which Dante sees is a foreshadowing of Matilda and Beatrice in the Terrestrial Paradise. In the Old Testament Leah is a symbol of the Active life, and Rachel of the Contemplative; as Martha and Mary are in the New Testament, and Matilda and Beatrice in the Divine Comedy.

"Happy is that house," says Saint Bernard, "and blessed is that congregation, where Martha still complaineth of Mary."

Dante says in the "Convito," IV. 17: "Truly it should be known that we can have in this life two felicities, by following two different and excellent roads, which lead thereto: namely, the Active life and the Contemplative."

And Owen Feltham in his "Resolves:"

"The mind can walk beyond the sight of the eye, and, though in a cloud, can lift us into heaven while we live. Meditation is the soul's perspective glass, whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God as if he were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls. And even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those states are likely to flourish, where execution follows sound advisements, so is man, when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective. Without the last, the first is but abortive and embryous. Saint Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fair; but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy and doing, nor ever shut up in nothing but thoughts. Yet that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life, and that is, my thinking."

95. Venus, the morning star, rising with the constellation Pisces, two hours before the sun.

100. Ruskin, "Modern Painters," III. 221: "This vision of Rachel and Leah has been always, and with unquestionable truth, received as a type of the Active and Contemplative life, and as an introduction to the two divisions of the Paradise which Dante is about to enter. Therefore the unwearied spirit of the Countess Matilda is understood to represent the Active life, which forms the felicity of Earth; and the spirit of Beatrice the Contemplative life, which forms the felicity of Heaven. This interpretation appears at first straightforward and certain; but it has missed count of exactly the most important fact in the two passages which we have to explain. Observe: Leah gathers the flowers to decorate *herself*, and delights in *her own* Labor. Rachel sits silent, con-

templating herself, and delights in *her own* Image. These are the types of the Unglorified Active and Contemplative powers of Man. But Beatrice and Matilda are the same powers, glorified. And how are they glorified? Leah took delight in her own labor; but Matilda, *in operibus manuum Tuarum, — in God's labor:* Rachel, in the sight of her own face; Beatrice, in the sight of *God's face.*"

112. The morning of the Fourth Day of Purgatory.

115. Happiness.

CANTO XXVIII

1. The Terrestrial Paradise. Compare Milton, "Paradise Lost," IV. 214:

> In this pleasant soil
> His far more pleasant garden God ordained:
> Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
> All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
> And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
> High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
> Of vegetable gold; and next to Life,
> Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by,
> Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
> Southward through Eden went a river large,
> Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
> Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown
> That mountain as his garden mould, high raised
> Upon the rapid current, which through veins
> Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
> Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
> Watered the garden; thence united fell
> Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
> Which from his darksome passage now appears;
> And now, divided into four main streams,
> Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
> And country, whereof here needs no account;
> But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
> How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
> Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
> With mazy error under pendent shades
> Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
> Flowers worthy of Paradise; which not nice art
> In beds and curious knots, but nature boon

Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain;
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrowned the noontide bowers. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others, whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed;
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store;
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves; while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal spring.

2. Ruskin, "Modern Painters," III. 219: "As Homer gave us an ideal landscape, which even a god might have been pleased to behold, so Dante gives us, fortunately, an ideal landscape, which is specially intended for the terrestrial paradise. And it will doubtless be with some surprise, after our reflections above on the general tone of Dante's feelings, that we find ourselves here first entering a *forest*, and that even a *thick* forest. . . .

"This forest, then, is very like that of Colonos in several respects, — in its peace and sweetness, and number of birds; it differs from it only in letting a light breeze through it, being therefore somewhat thinner than the Greek wood; the tender lines which tell of the voices of the birds mingling with the wind, and of the leaves all turning one way before it, have been more or less copied by every poet since Dante's time. They are, so far as I know, the sweetest passage of wood description which exists in literature."

Homer's ideal landscape, here referred to, is in "Odyssey," v., where he describes the visit of Mercury to the Island of Calypso. It is thus translated by Buckley:

"Immediately then he bound his beautiful sandals beneath his feet, ambrosial, golden; which carried him both over the moist wave, and over the boundless earth, with the breath of the wind. . . . Then he rushed over the wave like a bird, a sea-gull, which, hunting for fish in the terrible bays of the barren sea, dips frequently its wings in the brine; like unto this Mercury rode over many waves. But when he came to the distant island, then, going from the blue sea, he went to the continent; until he came to the great cave in which the fair-haired Nymph dwelt; and he found her within. A large fire was burning on the hearth, and at a distance the smell of well-cleft cedar, and of frankincense, that were burning, shed odor through the island: but she within was singing with a beautiful voice, and, going over the web, wove with a golden shuttle. But a flourishing wood sprung up around her grot, alder and poplar, and sweet-smelling cypress. There also birds with spreading wings slept, owls and hawks, and wide-tongued crows of the ocean, to which maritime employments are a care. There a vine in its prime was spread about the hollow grot, and it flourished with clusters. But four fountains flowed in succession with white water, turned near one another, each in different ways; but around there flourished soft meadows of violets and of parsley. There indeed even an immortal coming would admire it when he beheld, and would be delighted in his mind; there the messenger, the slayer of Argus, standing, admired."

And again, at the close of the same book, where Ulysses reaches the shore at Phæacia:

"Then he hastened to the wood; and found it near the water in a conspicuous place, and he came under two shrubs, which sprang from the same place; one of wild olive, the other of olive. Neither the strength of the moistly blowing winds breathes through them, nor has the shining sun ever struck them with its beams, nor has the shower penetrated entirely through them: so thick were they grown entangled with one another; under which Ulysses came."

The wood of Colonos is thus described in one of the Choruses of the "Œdipus Coloneus" of Sophocles, Oxford translation, Anonymous:

"Thou hast come, O stranger, to the seats of this land, renowned for the steed; to seats the fairest on earth, the chalky Colonus; where the vocal nightingale, chief abounding, trills her plaintive note in the green vales, tenanting the dark-hued ivy and the leafy grove of the god, untrodden [by mortal foot], teeming with fruits, impervious to the sun, and unshaken by the winds of every storm; where Bacchus ever roams in revelry companioning his divine nurses. And ever day by day the narcissus, with its beauteous clusters, burst into bloom by heaven's dew, the ancient coronet of the mighty goddesses, and the saffron with golden ray; nor do the sleepless founts that feed the channels of Cephissus fail, but ever, each day, it rushes o'er the plains with its stainless wave, fertilizing the bosom of the earth; nor have the choirs of the Muses spurned this clime; nor Venus, too, of the golden rein. And there is a tree, such as I hear not to have ever sprung in the land of Asia, nor in the mighty Doric island of Pelops, a tree unplanted by hand, of spontaneous growth, terror of the hostile spear, which flourishes chiefly in this region, the leaf of the azure olive that nourishes our young. This shall neither any one in youth nor in old age, marking for destruction, and having laid it waste with his hand, set its divinity at naught; for the eye that never closes of Morian Jove regards it, and the blue-eyed Minerva."

We have also Homer's description of the Garden of Alcinoüs, "Odyssey," VII., Buckley's translation:

"But without the hall there is a large garden, near the gates, of four acres; but around it a hedge was extended on both sides. And there tall, flourishing trees grew, pears, and pomegranates, and apple-trees producing beautiful fruit, and sweet figs, and flourishing olives. Of these the fruit never perishes, nor does it fail in winter or summer, lasting throughout the whole year; but the west wind ever blowing makes some bud forth, and ripens others. Pear grows old after pear, apple after apple, grape also after grape, and fig after fig. There a fruitful vineyard was planted: one part of this ground,

exposed to the sun in a wide place, is dried by the sun; and some [grapes] they are gathering, and others they are treading, and further on are unripe grapes, having thrown off the flower, and others are slightly changing color. And there are all kinds of beds laid out in order, to the furthest part of the ground, flourishing throughout the whole year: and in it are two fountains, one is spread through the whole garden, but the other on the other side goes under the threshold of the hall to the lofty house, from whence the citizens are wont to draw water."

Dante's description of the Terrestrial Paradise will hardly fail to recall that of Mount Acidale in Spenser's "Faerie Queene," VI. x. 6:

It was an Hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seemed th' earth to disdaine:
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches sung aloud;
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in maiesty and powre.

And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
Thereto approch; ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit
In the woods shade which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred itselfe, to serve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course-about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasauntly the Hill with equall hight
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount Acidale.

See also Tasso's Garden of Armida, in the "Gerusalemme," XVI.

20. Chiassi is on the seashore near Ravenna. "Here grows a spacious pine forest," says Covino, "Descrizione Geografica," p. 39, "which stretches along the sea between Ravenna and Cervia."

25. The river Lethe.

40. This lady, who represents the Active life to Dante's waking eyes, as Leah had done in his vision, and whom Dante afterwards, canto XXXIII. 119, calls Matilda, is generally supposed by the commentators to be the celebrated Countess Matilda, daughter of Boniface, Count of Tuscany, and wife of Guelf, of the house of Suabia. Of this marriage Villani, IV. 21, gives a very strange account, which, if true, is a singular picture of the times. Napier, "Florentine History," I. ch. 4 and 6, gives these glimpses of the Countess:

"This heroine died in 1115, after a reign of active exertion for herself and the Church against the Emperors, which generated the infant and as yet nameless factions of Guelf and Ghibelline. Matilda endured this contest with all the enthusiasm and constancy of a woman, combined with a manly courage that must ever render her name respectable, whether proceeding from the bigotry of the age, or to oppose imperial ambition in defence of her own defective title. According to the laws of that time, she could not as a female inherit her father's states, for even male heirs required a royal confirmation. Matilda, therefore, having no legal right, feared the Emperor and clung to the Popes, who already claimed, among other prerogatives, the supreme disposal of kingdoms. . . .

"The Church had ever come forward as the friend of her house, and from childhood she had breathed an atmosphere of blind and devoted submission to its authority; even when only fifteen she had appeared in arms against its enemies, and made two successful expeditions to assist Pope Alexander the Second during her mother's lifetime.

"No wonder, then, that in a superstitious age, when monarchs trembled at an angry voice from the Lateran, the habits of early youth should have mingled with every action of Matilda's life, and spread an agreeable *mirage* over the prospect of her eternal salvation: the power that tamed a

Henry's pride, a Barbarossa's fierceness, and afterwards withstood the vast ability of a Frederic, might without shame have been reverenced by a girl whose feelings so harmonized with the sacred strains of ancient tradition and priestly dignity. But from whatever motive, the result was a continual aggrandizement of ecclesiastics; in prosperity and adversity; during life and after death; from the lowliest priest to the proudest pontiff.

"The fearless assertion of her own independence by successful struggles with the Emperor was an example not overlooked by the young Italian communities under Matilda's rule, who were already accused by imperial legitimacy of political innovation and visionary notions of government. . . .

"Being then at a place called Monte Baroncione, and in her sixty-ninth year, this celebrated woman breathed her last, after a long and glorious reign of incessant activity, during which she displayed a wisdom, vigor, and determination of character rarely seen even in men. She bequeathed to the Church all those patrimonial estates of which she had previously disposed by an act of gift to Gregory the Seventh, without, however, any immediate royal power over the cities and other possessions thus given, as her will expresses it, 'for the good of her soul, and the souls of her parents.'

"Whatever may now be thought of her chivalrous support, her bold defence, and her deep devotion to the Church, it was in perfect harmony with the spirit of that age, and has formed one of her chief merits with many even in the present. Her unflinching adherence to the cause she had so conscientiously embraced was far more noble than the Emperor Henry's conduct. Swinging between the extremes of unmeasured insolence and abject humiliation, he died a victim to papal influence over superstitious minds; an influence which, amongst other debasing lessons, then taught the world that a breach of the most sacred ties and dearest affections of human nature was one means of gaining the approbation of a Being who is all truth and beneficence.

"Matilda's object was to strengthen the chief spiritual against the chief temporal power, but reserving her own independence; a policy subsequently pursued, at least in spirit, by the

Guelphic states of Italy. She therefore protected subordinate members of the Church against feudal chieftains, and its head against the feudal Emperor. True to her religious and warlike character, she died between the sword and the crucifix, and two of her last acts, even when the hand of death was already cold on her brow, were the chastisement of revolted Mantua, and the midnight celebration of Christ's nativity in the depth of a freezing and unusually inclement winter."

50. Ovid, "Metamorphoses," v., Maynwaring's translation:

> Here, while young Proserpine, among the maids,
> Diverts herself in these delicious shades;
> While like a child with busy speed and care
> She gathers lilies here, and violets there;
> While first to fill her little lap she strives,
> Hell's grizzly monarch at the shade arrives;
> Sees her thus sporting on the flowery green,
> And loves the blooming maid, as soon as seen.
> His urgent flame impatient of delay,
> Swift as his thought he seized the beauteous prey,
> And bore her in his sooty car away.
> The frighted goddess to her mother cries,
> But all in vain, for now far off she flies.
> Far she behind her leaves her virgin train;
> To them too cries, and cries to them in vain.
> And while with passion she repeats her call,
> The violets from her lap, and lilies fall:
> She misses them, poor heart! and makes new moan;
> Her lilies, ah! are lost, her violets gone.

65. Ovid, "Metamorphoses," x., Eusden's translation:

> For Cytherëa's lips while Cupid prest,
> He with a heedless arrow razed her breast.
> The goddess felt it, and, with fury stung,
> The wanton mischief from her bosom flung:
> Yet thought at first the danger slight, but found
> The dart too faithful, and too deep the wound.
> Fired with a mortal beauty, she disdains
> To haunt th' Idalian mount, or Phrygian plains.
> She seeks not Cnidos, nor her Paphian shrines,
> Nor Amathus, that teems with brazen mines:
> Even Heaven itself with all its sweets unsought,
> Adonis far a sweeter Heaven is thought.

72. When Xerxes invaded Greece he crossed the Helles-

pont on a bridge of boats with an army of five million. So say the historians. On his return he crossed it in a fishing boat almost alone, — "a warning to all human arrogance."

Leander naturally hated the Hellespont, having to swim it so many times. The last time, according to Thomas Hood, he met with a sea nymph, who, enamoured of his beauty, carried him to the bottom of the sea. See "Hero and Leander," stanza 45:

> His eyes are blinded with the sleety brine,
> His ears are deafened with the wildering noise;
> He asks the purpose of her fell design,
> But foamy waves choke up his struggling voice,
> Under the ponderous sea his body dips,
> And Hero's name dies bubbling on his lips.
>
> Look how a man is lowered to his grave,
> A yearning hollow in the green earth's lap;
> So he is sunk into the yawning wave,
> The plunging sea fills up the watery gap;
> Anon he is all gone, and nothing seen,
> But likeness of green turf and hillocks green.
>
> And where he swam, the constant sun lies sleeping,
> Over the verdant plain that makes his bed;
> And all the noisy waves go freshly leaping,
> Like gamesome boys over the churchyard dead;
> The light in vain keeps looking for his face,
> Now screaming sea-fowl settle in his place.

80. Psalm xcii. 4: *Delectasti me, Domine, in factura tua.* "For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work! I will triumph in the works of thy hands."

87. Canto xxi. 46:

> Because that neither rain, nor hail, nor snow,
> Nor dew, nor hoar-frost any higher falls
> Than the short, little stairway of three steps.

94. Only six hours, according to Adam's own account in "Paradiso," xxi. 139:

> Upon the mount which highest o'er the wave
> Rises was I, with life or pure or sinful,
> From the first hour to that which is the second,
> As the sun changes quadrant, to the sixth.

102. Above the gate described in canto IX.

146. Virgil and Statius smile at this allusion to the dreams of poets.

CANTO XXIX

1. The Terrestrial Paradise and the Apocalyptic Procession of the Church Triumphant.

3. Psalm XXXII. 1: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

10. Counted together, their steps were not a hundred in all.

41. The Muse of Astronomy, or things celestial, represented as crowned with stars and robed in azure. Milton, "Paradise Lost," VII. 1, makes the same invocation:

> Descend from heaven, Urania, by that name
> If rightly thou art called, whose voice divine
> Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
> Above the flight of Pegasean wing.
> The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou
> Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
> Of old Olympus dwell'st; but, heavenly-born,
> Before the hills appeared, or fountain flowed,
> Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
> Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
> In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased
> With thy celestial song.

47. The general form which objects may have in common, and by which they resemble each other.

49. The faculty which lends discourse to reason is apprehension, or the faculty by which things are first conceived. See canto XVIII. 22:

> Your apprehension from some real thing
> An image draws, and in yourselves displays it,
> So that it makes the soul turn unto it.

50. Revelation, I. 12, 20: "And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And, being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks. . . . And the seven candlesticks . . . are the seven churches."

Some commentators interpret them as the seven Sacraments of the Church; others, as the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost.

78. Delia or Diana, the moon; and her girdle, the halo, sometimes seen around it.

83. Revelation, IV. 4: "And round about the throne were four and twenty seats: and upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders sitting, clothed in white raiment; and they had on their heads crowns of gold."

These four and twenty elders are supposed to symbolize here the four and twenty books of the Old Testament. The crown of lilies indicates the purity of faith and doctrine.

85. The salutation of the angel to the Virgin Mary. Luke, I. 28: "Blessed art thou among women." Here the words are made to refer to Beatrice.

92. The four Evangelists, of whom the four mysterious animals in Ezekiel are regarded as symbols. Mrs. Jameson, "Sacred and Legendary Art," I. 99:

"The general application of the Four Creatures to the Four Evangelists is of much earlier date than the separate and individual application of each symbol, which has varied at different times; that propounded by Saint Jerome, in his commentary on Ezekiel, has since his time prevailed universally. Thus, then, — 1. To Saint Matthew was given the CHERUB, or human semblance, because he begins his Gospel with the human generation of Christ; or, according to others, because in his Gospel the human nature of the Saviour is more insisted on than the divine. In the most ancient mosaics, the type is human, not angelic, for the head is that of a man with a beard. 2. Saint Mark has the LION, because he has set forth the royal dignity of Christ; or, according to others, because he begins with the mission of the Baptist, — '*the voice of one crying in the wilderness*,' — which is figured by the lion: or, according to a third interpretation, the lion was allotted to Saint Mark because there was, in the Middle Ages, a popular belief that the young of the lion was born dead, and after three days was awakened to vitality by the breath of its sire; some authors, however, represent the lion as vivifying his young, not by his breath, but by his roar. In either case the application is the same; the revival of the young lion

was considered as symbolical of the resurrection, and Mark was commonly called the 'historian of the resurrection.' Another commentator observes that Mark begins his Gospel with 'roaring,' — 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness;' and ends it fearfully with a curse, — 'He that believeth not shall be damned;' and that, therefore, his appropriate attribute is the most terrible of beasts, the lion. 3. Luke has the Ox, because he has dwelt on the priesthood of Christ, the *ox* being the emblem of sacrifice. 4. John has the EAGLE, which is the symbol of the highest inspiration, because he soared upwards to the contemplation of the divine nature of the Saviour."

100. Ezekiel, I. 4: "And I looked, and behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof, as the color of amber, out of the midst of the fire. Also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the likeness of a man. And every one had four faces, and every one had four wings. And their feet were straight feet; and the sole of their feet was like the sole of a calf's foot; and they sparkled like the color of burnished brass."

105. In Revelation, IV. 8, they are described as having "each of them six wings;" in Ezekiel, as having only four.

107. The triumphal chariot is the Church. The two wheels are generally interpreted as meaning the Old and New Testaments; but Dante, "Paradiso," XII. 106, speaks of them as Saint Dominic and Saint Francis.

108. The Griffin, half lion and half eagle, is explained by all the commentators as a symbol of Christ, in his divine and human nature. Didron, in his "Christian Iconography," interprets it differently. He says, Millington's translation, I. 458:

"The mystical bird of two colors is understood in the manuscript of Herrade to mean the Church; in Dante, the bi-formed bird is the representative of the Church, the Pope. The Pope, in fact, is both priest and king; he directs the souls and governs the persons of men; he reigns over things in heaven. The Pope, then, is but one single person in two

natures, and under two forms; he is both eagle and lion. In his character of pontiff, or as an eagle, he hovers in the heavens, and ascends even to the throne of God to receive his commands; as the lion or king he walks upon the earth in strength and power."

He adds in a note: "Some commentators of Dante have supposed the griffin to be the emblem of Christ, who, in fact, is one single person with two natures; of Christ, in whom God and man are combined. But in this they are mistaken; there is, in the first place, a manifest impropriety in describing the car as drawn by God as by a beast of burden. It is very doubtful even whether Dante can be altogether freed from the imputation of a want of reverence in harnessing the pope to the car of the Church."

110. The wings of the griffin extend upward between the middle list or trail of splendor of the seven candles and the three outer ones on each side.

117. The chariot of the sun, which Phaeton had leave to drive for a day, is thus described by Ovid, "Metamorphoses," II., Addison's translation:

> A golden axle did the work uphold,
> Gold was the beam, the wheels were orbed with gold.
> The spokes in rows of silver pleased the sight,
> The seat with party-colored gems was bright;
> Apollo shined amid the glare of light.

120. In smiting Phaeton with a thunderbolt. Ovid, "Metamorphoses," II:

> Jove called to witness every power above,
> And even the god whose son the chariot drove,
> That what he acts he is compelled to do,
> Or universal ruin must ensue.
> Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
> From whence he used to dart his thunder down,
> From whence his showers and storms he used to pour,
> But now could meet with neither storm nor shower;
> Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
> Full at his head he hurled the forky brand,
> In dreadful thund'rings. Thus th' almighty sire
> Suppressed the raging of the fires with fire.

See also "Inferno," XVII. note 107.

121. The three Theological or Evangelical Virtues, Charity, Hope, and Faith. For the symbolism of colors in Art, see Mrs. Jameson, "Sacred and Legendary Art," quoted, canto VIII. note 28.

130. The four Cardinal Virtues, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance. They are clothed in purple to mark their nobility. Prudence is represented with three eyes, as looking at the past, the present, and the future.

133. Saint Luke and Saint Paul.

136. Saint Luke is supposed to have been a physician; a belief founded on Colossians, IV. 14, "Luke, the beloved physician." The animal that nature holds most dear is man.

140. The sword with which Saint Paul is armed is a symbol of warfare and martyrdom; "I bring not peace, but a sword." Saint Luke's office was to heal; Saint Paul's to destroy.

Mrs. Jameson, "Sacred and Legendary Art," I. 188, says: "At what period the sword was given to Saint Paul as his distinctive attribute is with antiquaries a disputed point; certainly much later than the keys were given to Peter. If we could be sure that the mosaic on the tomb of Otho the Second, and another mosaic already described, had not been altered in successive restorations, these would be evidence that the sword was given to Saint Paul as his attribute as early as the sixth century; but there are no monuments which can be absolutely trusted as regards the introduction of the sword before the end of the eleventh century; since the end of the fourteenth century it has been so generally adopted, that in the devotional effigies I can remember no instance in which it is omitted. When Saint Paul is leaning on the sword, it expresses his martyrdom; when he holds it aloft, it expresses also his warfare in the cause of Christ: when two swords are given to him, one is the attribute, the other the emblem; but this double allusion does not occur in any of the older representations. In Italy I never met with Saint Paul bearing two swords, and the only instance I can call to mind is the bronze statue by Peter Vischer, on the shrine of Saint Sebald, at Nuremberg."

142. The four Apostles James, Peter, John, and Jude,

writers of the Canonical Epistles. The red flowers, with which their foreheads seem all aflame, are symbols of martyrdom. Massinger, "Virgin Martyr," v. 1:

> What flowers are these?
> In Dioclesian's gardens, the most beauteous
> Compared with these are weeds.

143. Saint John, writer of the Apocalypse; here represented as asleep; as if he were "in the spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind him a great voice as of a trumpet." Or perhaps the allusion may be to the belief of the early Christians that John did not die, but was sleeping till the second coming of Christ. This subject has been represented in mediæval Art as follows. Mrs. Jameson, "Sacred and Legendary Art," I. 139:

"Saint John, habited in priest's garments, descends the steps of an altar into an open grave, in which he lays himself down, not in death, but in sleep, until the coming of Christ; 'being reserved alive with Enoch and Elijah (who also knew not death), to preach against the Antichrist in the last days.' This fanciful legend is founded on the following text: 'Peter, seeing the disciple whom Jesus loved following, saith unto Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Then went this saying abroad among the brethren that that disciple should not die.' (John, XXI. 21, 22.)"

154. Of this canto and those that follow, Barlow, "Study of the Divina Commedia," p. 270, says:

"Dante's sublime pageant of the Church Militant is one of the most marvellous processions ever marshalled on paper. In the invention, arrangement, grouping, and coloring the poet has shown himself a great master in art, familiar with all the stately requirements of solemn shows, festivals, and triumphs. Whatever he may have gathered from the sacred records, and from classic writers, or seen in early mosaics, or witnessed in the streets of Florence with her joyous population, her May-day dancers, and the military pomp of her magnificent Carroccio, like the ark of the covenant going forth with

the host, has here been surpassed in invention and erudition, and a picture produced at once as original as it is impressive, as significant as it is grand. Petrarca was, probably, indebted to it for his 'Trionfi,' so frequently in favor with Italian artists.

"This canto with the four that follow form a poem which, though an essential portion of the 'Divina Commedia,' may be separately considered as the continuation of the poetic vision mentioned in the 'Vita Nuova,' and the fulfilment of the intention there expressed.

"It represents the symbolical passage of the Christian Church, preceded by the Hebrew dispensation, and followed by the disastrous effects of schism, and the corruptions induced by the unholy conduct of political pontiffs. The soul of this solemn exhibition, the living and glorified principle of the beatitude which Religion pure and holy confers upon those who embrace it, is personified in the 'Donna,' to whom Dante from his earliest youth had been more or less devoted, the Beatrice of the 'Vita Nuova,' 'Loda di Dio vera,' who concentrates in herself the divine wisdom with which the Church is inspired, whom angels delight to honor, and whose advent on earth had been prepared from all eternity by the moral virtues.

"Beatrice is here presented as the principle of divine beatitude, or that which confers it, and bears a resemblance to the figure of the New Jerusalem seen by Saint John descending from heaven 'as a bride adorned for her husband' (Revelation, xxi. 2); a representation of which, in the manner of Raphael, occurs in one of the tapestries of the Vatican, and, though not arrayed in the colors of the Christian virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity, white and green and red, as was Beatrice, may yet be regarded as a Roman version of her."

Didron, describing the painting of the Triumph of Christ in the Church of Notre Dame de Brou, "Christian Iconography," Millington's translation, i. 315, says:

"In the centre of all rises the Hero of the Triumph, Jesus Christ, who is seated in an open car with four wheels. He alone is adorned with a nimbus formed of rays, departing from each point of the head, and which illumines everything around. With one glance he embraces the past which precedes, and

the future which is to succeed him. His face resembles that drawn by Raphael and the masters of the period of Renaissance, agreeing with the description given by Lentulus and Damascenus; it is serious and gentle. In the centre of the chariot is placed a starry globe traversed by the ecliptic, on which the twelve signs of the zodiac are brilliantly figured. This globe is symbolic of the world, and forms a throne for Christ: the Son of God is seated on its summit. The car is placed upon four wheels, and drawn by the four attributes or symbols of the Evangelists. The angel of Saint Matthew and the eagle of Saint John are of celestial whiteness; the lion of Saint Mark and the ox of Saint Luke are of a reddish yellow, symbolizing the earth on which they dwell. The eagle and angel do, in fact, fly; while the lion and the ox walk. Yet upon the painted window all the four have wings. A rein of silver, passing round the neck of each of the four symbols, is attached to the pole of the chariot. The Church, represented by the four most elevated religious potentates, by the Pope, the Cardinal, the Archbishop, and Bishop, or by the four chief Fathers, Saint Gregory, Saint Jerome, Saint Ambrose, and Saint Augustine, drives the four-wheeled car, and, in conjunction with the Evangelists, urges it onward. Jesus guides his triumph, not holding reins, but shedding blessings from his right hand wherever he passes.

"The entire assemblage of persons represented on the window are seen marching onwards, singing with joy. Within the spaces formed by the mullions which trellis the upper part of the window, forty-six angels are represented with long golden hair, white transparent robes, and wings of yellow, red, violet, and green; they are all painted on a background of azure, like the sky, and celebrate with blended voices, or with musical instruments, the glory of Christ. Some have in their hands instruments of different forms, others books of music. The four animals of the Evangelists seem with sonorous voice to swell the acclamations of the hosts of saints; the ox with his bellowing, the lion with his roar, the eagle with his cry, and the angel with his song, accompany the songs of the forty-six angels who fill the upper part of the window. At the head of the procession is an

angel who leads the entire company, and, with a little cross which he holds in his hand, points out to all the Paradise they are to enter. Finally, twelve other angels, blue as the heaven into which they melt, join in adoration before the triumph of Christ. . . .

"Dante has given a description of a similar triumph, but marked by some interesting differences. The Florentine poet formed his cortège of figures taken from the Apocalypse and Christian symbolism. At Brou, with the exception of the attributes of the Evangelists, everything is historical. In the sixteenth century, in fact, history began to predominate over symbolism, which in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries had reigned supreme. Dante, who was a politic poet, drew the triumph, not of Christ, but of the Church; the triumph of Catholicism rather than of Christianity. The chariot by which he represents the Church is widowed of Christ, whose figure is so important on the window of Brou; the chariot is empty, and Dante neither discovered this deficiency, nor was concerned to rectify it; for he was less anxious to celebrate Christ and his doctrine, for their own sake, than as connected with the organization and administration of the Church. He described the car as drawn by a griffin, thereby representing the Pope, for the griffin unites in itself the characteristics of both eagle and lion. Now the Pope is also twofold in character: as priest, he is the eagle floating in the air; as king, he is a lion, walking upon the earth. The Ultramontane poet regarded the Church, that is the Papacy, in the light of an absolute monarchy; not a limited monarchy as with us, and still less a republic, as amongst the schismatics of Greece and of the East. Consequently, while, at Brou, the Cardinal, the Archbishop, and Bishop assist the Pope in guiding the car of the Church, in the 'Divina Commedia,' the Pope is alone, and accepts of no assistance from the other great ecclesiastical dignitaries. At Brou the car is guided by the Evangelists, or by their attributes; ecclesiastical power is content merely to lend its aid. According to the Italian poet, the Evangelists, although present at the Triumph, do not conduct it; the Pope is himself the sole guide of the Church, and permits neither the Evangelists to direct nor ecclesiastics

to assist him. The Pope seems to require no assistance; his eye and arm alone are sufficient for him."

CANTO XXX

1. In this canto Beatrice appears.

The Seven Stars, or Septentrion of the highest heaven, are the seven lights that lead the procession, the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, by which all men are guided safely in things spiritual, as the mariner is by the Septentrion, or Seven Stars of the Ursa Minor, two of which are called the "Wardens of the Pole," and one of which is the Cynosure, or Pole Star. These lights precede the triumphal chariot, as in our heaven the Ursa Minor precedes, or is nearer the centre of rest, than the Ursa Major or Charles's Wain.

In the Northern Mythology the God Thor is represented as holding these constellations in his hand. The old Swedish "Rhyme Chronicle," describing the statues in the church of Upsala, says:

> The God Thor was the highest of them;
> He sat naked as a child,
> Seven stars in his hand and Charles's Wain.

Spenser, "Faerie Queene," I. ii. 1:

> By this the northern wagoner had set
> His sevenfold teme behind the steadfast starre
> That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
> But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
> To all that in the wide deep wandering arre.

11. Song of Solomon, IV. 8: "Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon."

17. At the voice of so venerable an old man.

19. The cry of the multitude at Christ's entry into Jerusalem. Matthew, XXI. 9: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

21. "Æneid," VI. 833: "Give me lilies in handfuls; let me scatter purple flowers."

25. Milton, "Paradise Lost," I. 194:

As when the sun new-risen
Shines through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams.

32. It will be observed that Dante makes Beatrice appear clothed in the colors of the three Theological Virtues described in canto XXIX. 121. The white veil is the symbol of Faith; the green mantle, of Hope; the red tunic, of Charity. The crown of olive denotes wisdom. This attire somewhat resembles that given by artists to the Virgin. "The proper dress of the Virgin," says Mrs. Jameson, "Legends of the Madonna," introduction, LIII., "is a close, red tunic, with long sleeves, and over this a blue robe or mantle. . . . Her head ought to be veiled."

35. Beatrice had been dead ten years at the date of the poem, 1300.

36. Fully to understand and feel what is expressed in this line, the reader must call to mind all that Dante says in the "Vita Nuova" of his meetings with Beatrice, and particularly the first, which is thus rendered by Mr. Norton in his "New Life of Dante," p. 20:

"Nine times now, since my birth, the heaven of light had turned almost to the same point in its gyration, when first appeared before my eyes the glorious lady of my mind, who was called Beatrice by many who did not know why they thus called her. She had now been in this life so long, that in its course the starry heaven had moved toward the east one of the twelve parts of a degree; so that about the beginning of her ninth year she appeared to me, and I near the end of my ninth year saw her. She appeared to me clothed in a most noble color, a becoming and modest crimson, and she was girt and adorned in the style that became her extreme youth. At that instant, I say truly, the spirit of life, which dwells in the most secret chamber of the heart, began to tremble with such violence, that it appeared fearfully in the least pulses, and, trembling, said these words: *Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi!* 'Behold a god, stronger than I, who, coming, shall rule me!'

"At that instant, the spirit of the soul, which dwells in the high chamber to which all the spirits of the senses bring

their perceptions, began to marvel greatly, and, addressing the spirits of the sight, said these words: *Apparuit jam beatitudo vestra*, — 'Now hath appeared your bliss.' At that instant the natural spirit, which dwells in that part where the nourishment is supplied, began to weep, and, weeping, said these words: *Heu miser! quia frequenter impeditus ero deinceps*, — 'Woe is me wretched! because frequently henceforth shall I be hindered.'

"From this time forward I say that Love lorded it over my soul, which had been thus quickly put at his disposal; and he began to exercise over me such control and such lordship, through the power which my imagination gave to him, that it behoved me to perform completely all his pleasure. He commanded me many times that I should seek to see this youthful angel, so that I in my boyhood often went seeking her, and saw her of such noble and praiseworthy deportment, that truly of her might be said that saying of the poet Homer: 'She does not seem the daughter of mortal man, but of God.' And though her image, which stayed constantly with me, inspired confidence in Love to hold lordship over me, yet it was of such noble virtue, that it never suffered that Love should rule without the faithful counsel of Reason in those matters in which such counsel could be useful."

48. Dante here translates Virgil's own words, as he has done so many times before. "Æneid," IV. 23: *Agnosco veteris vestigia flammae.*

55. The Terrestrial Paradise lost by Eve.

83. Psalms, XXXI. 1, 8: "In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust. . . . Thou hast set my feet in a large room."

85. "Æneid," VI. 180: "Down drop the firs; crashes, by axes felled, the ilex; and the ashen rafters and the yielding oaks are cleft by wedges."

And IX. 87: "A wood . . . dark with gloomy firs, and rafters of the maple."

Denistoun, "Memoir of the Duke of Urbino," I. 4, says: "On the summit grew those magnificent pines, which gave to the district of Massa the epithet of *Trabaria*, from the beams which were carried thence for the palaces of Rome, and which are noticed by Dante as

The living rafters
Upon the back of Italy."

87. Shakespeare, "Winter's Tale," IV. 3:

The fanned snow
That 's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

And "Midsummer Night's Dream:"

High Taurus' snow
Fanned with the eastern wind.

113. Which are formed in such lofty regions, that they are beyond human conception.

125. Beatrice died in 1290, at the age of twenty-five.

136. How far these self-accusations of Dante were justified by facts, and how far they may be regarded as expressions of a sensitive and excited conscience, we have no means of determining. It is doubtless but simple justice to apply to him the words which he applies to Virgil, canto III. 8:

O noble conscience, and without a stain,
How sharp a sting is trivial fault to thee!

This should be borne in mind when we read what Dante says of his own shortcomings; as, for instance, in his conversation with his brother-in-law Forese, canto XXIII. 115:

If thou bring back to mind
What thou with me hast been and I with thee,
The present memory will be grievous still.

But what shall we say of this sonnet addressed to Dante by his intimate friend, Guido Cavalcanti? Rossetti, "Early Italian Poets," p. 358:

I come to thee by daytime constantly,
But in thy thoughts too much of baseness find:
Greatly it grieves me for thy gentle mind,
And for thy many virtues gone from thee.
It was thy wont to shun much company,
Unto all sorry concourse ill inclined:
And still thy speech of me, heartfelt and kind,
Had made me treasure up thy poetry.
But now I dare not, for thine abject life,
Make manifest that I approve thy rhymes;
Nor come I in such sort that thou may'st know.
Ah! prythee read this sonnet many times:
So shall that evil one who bred this strife
Be thrust from thy dishonored soul, and go.

CANTO XXXI

1. In this canto Dante, having made confession of his sins, is drawn by Matilda through the river Lethe.

2. Hitherto Beatrice has directed her discourse to her attendant handmaidens around the chariot. Now she speaks directly to Dante.

25. As in a castle or fortress.

30. As one fascinated and enamoured with them.

42. The sword of justice is dulled by the wheel being turned against its edge. This is the usual interpretation; but a friend suggests that the allusion may be to the wheel of Saint Catherine, which is studded with sword-blades.

46. The grief which is the cause of your weeping.

59. There is a good deal of gossiping among the commentators about this little girl or *Pargoletta*. Some suppose it to be the same as the Gentucca of canto XXIV. 37, and the Pargoletta of one of the poems in the "Canzoniere," which in Mr. Lyell's translation runs as follows:

Ladies, behold a maiden fair, and young;
To you I come heaven's beauty to display,
And manifest the place from whence I am.
In heaven I dwelt, and thither shall return,
Joy to impart to angels with my light.
He who shall me behold nor be enamoured,
Of Love shall never comprehend the charm;
For every pleasing gift was freely given,
When Nature sought the grant of me from him
Who willed that your companion I should be.
Each star upon my eyes its influence sheds,
And with its light and virtue I am blest:
Beauties are mine the world hath never seen,
For I obtained them in the realms above;
And ever must their essence rest unknown,
Unless through consciousness of him in whom
Love shall abide through pleasure of another.
These words a youthful angel bore inscribed
Upon her brow, whose vision we beheld;
And I, who to find safety gazed on her,
A risk incur that it may cost my life;
For I received a wound so deep and wide

From one I saw entrenched within her eyes,
That still I weep, nor peace I since have known.

Others think the allusion is general. The "Ottimo" says: "Neither that young woman, whom in his *Rime* he called Pargoletta, nor that Lisetta, nor that other mountain maiden, nor this one, nor that other." He might have added the lady of Bologna, of whom Dante sings in one of his sonnets:

And I may say
That in an evil hour I saw Bologna,
And that fair lady whom I looked upon.

Buti gives a different interpretation of the word *pargoletta*, making it the same as *pargultà* or *pargolezza*, "childishness or indiscretion of youth."

In all this unnecessary confusion one thing is quite evident. As Beatrice is speaking of the past, she could not possibly allude to Gentucca, who is spoken of as one who would make Lucca pleasant to Dante at some future time:

"A maid is born, and wears not yet the veil,"
Began he, "who to thee shall pleasant make
My city, howsoever men may blame it."

Upon the whole, the interpretation of the "Ottimo" is the most satisfactory, or at all events the least open to objection.

63. Proverbs, I. 17: "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird."

72. Iarbas, king of Gætulia, from whom Dido bought the land for building Carthage.

77. The angels described in canto XXX. 20, as

Scattering flowers above and round about.

92. Matilda, described in canto XXVIII. 40:

A lady all alone, who went along
Singing and culling floweret after floweret,
With which her pathway was all painted over.

95. Bunyan, "Pilgrim's Progress," the river without a bridge.

"Now I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was

a river; but there was no bridge to go over: the river was very deep. At the sight therefore of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, 'You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate.' . . .

"They then addressed themselves to the water, and, entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, 'I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head, all his waves go over me. Selah.' . . .

"Now upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying, 'We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation.'"

98. Psalms, LI. 7. "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

104. The four attendant Nymphs on the left of the triumphal chariot.

See canto XXIX. 130:

> Upon the left hand four made holiday
> Vested in purple.

106. See canto I. note 23.

111. These four Cardinal Virtues lead to Divine Wisdom, but the three Evangelical Virtues quicken the sight to penetrate more deeply into it.

114. Standing upon the chariot still; she does not alight till line 36 of the next canto.

116. The color of Beatrice's eyes has not been passed over in silence by the commentators. Lani, in his "Annotazioni," says: "They were of a greenish blue, like the color of the sea." Mechior Messirini, who thought he had discovered a portrait of Beatrice as old as the fourteenth century, affirms that she had "splendid brown eyes." Dante here calls them emeralds; upon which the "Ottimo" comments thus: "Dante very happily introduces this precious stone, considering its properties, and considering that griffins watch over emeralds. The emerald is the prince of all green stones; no gem nor herb has greater greenness; it reflects an image like a mirror; increases wealth; is useful in litigation and to orators;

is good for convulsions and epilepsy; preserves and strengthens the sight; restrains lust; restores memory; is powerful against phantoms and demons; calms tempests; stanches blood, and is useful to soothsayers."

The beauty of green eyes, *ojuelos verdes*, is extolled by Spanish poets; and is not left unsung by poets of other countries. Lycophron, in his "tenebrous poem" of "Cassandra," says of Achilles:

> Lo! the warlike eagle come,
> Green of eye, and black of plume.

And in one of the old French Mysteries, "Histoire du Théâtre Français," I. 176, Joseph describes the child Jesus as having

> Les yeulx vers, la chair blanche et tendre
> Les cheveulx blonds.

122. Monster is here used in the sense of marvel or prodigy.

123. Now as an eagle, now as a lion. The two natures, divine and human, of Christ are reflected in Theology, or Divine Wisdom. Didron, who thinks the griffin a symbol of the Pope, applies this to his spiritual and temporal power: "As priest he is the eagle floating in the air; as king he is a lion walking on the earth."

132. The Italian *caribo*, like the English carol or roundelay, is both song and dance. Some editions read in this line "singing," instead of "dancing."

CANTO XXXII

1. A mystical canto, in which is described the tree of the forbidden fruit, and other wonderful and mysterious things.

2. Beatrice had been dead ten years.

10. Goethe, "Hermann und Dorothea," Cochrane's translation, p. 103:

> Ev'n as the wanderer, who, ere the sun dips his orb in the ocean,
> One last look still takes of the day-god, fast disappearing;
> Then, amid rocks rude-piled, umbrageous forests, and copsewoods,

Sees his similitude float, wherever he fixes his vision ;
Finding it glancing before him, and dancing in magical colors.

35. A *disfrenata saetta*, an uncurbed arrow, like that which Pandarus shot at Menelaus, "Iliad," IV. 124: "The sharp-pointed arrow sprang forth, eager to rush among the crowd."

38. Genesis, II. 16: "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat. But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

Some commentators suppose that Dante's mystic tree is not only the tree of knowledge of good and evil, but also a symbol of the Roman Empire.

41. Virgil, "Georgics," II. 123: "The groves which India, nearer the ocean, the utmost skirts of the globe, produces, where no arrows by their flight have been able to surmount the airy summit of the tree; and yet that nation is not slow at archery."

43. Christ's renunciation of temporal power.

51. The pole of the chariot, which was made of this tree, he left bound to the tree.

Buti says: "This chariot represents the Holy Church, which is the congregation of the faithful, and the pole of this chariot is the cross of Christ, which he bore upon his shoulders, so that the author well represents him as dragging the pole with his neck." The statement that the cross was made of the tree of knowledge is founded on an old legend. When Adam was dying, he sent his son Seth to the Garden of Paradise to bring him some drops of the oil of the mercy of God. The angel at the gate refused him entrance, but gave him a branch from the tree of knowledge, and told him to plant it upon Adam's grave; and that, when it should bear fruit, then should Adam receive the oil of God's mercy. The branch grew into a tree, but never bore fruit till the passion of Christ; but "of a branch of this tree and of other wood," says Buti, "the cross was made, and from that branch was suspended such sweet fruit as the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, and then Adam and other saints had the oil of mercy, inasmuch as they were taken from Limbo and led by Christ into eternal life."

On this legend Calderon founds in part his Auto Sacramental, "El Arbol del mejor Fruto," in which the wood of the tree first serves to build a bridge over the brook Kedron for the Queen of Sheba to pass, and afterwards is made into the cross.

54. In the month of February, when the sun is in the constellation of the Fishes. Dante here gives it the title of the Lasca, the Roach or Mullet.

58. The red and white of the apple-blossoms is symbolical of the blood and water which flowed from the wound in Christ's side. At least so thinks Vellutelli.

Ruskin, "Modern Painters," III. 226, says: "Some three arrow-flights farther up into the wood we come to a tall tree, which is at first barren, but, after some little time, visibly opens into flowers, of a color 'less than that of roses, but more than that of violets.' It certainly would not be possible, in words, to come nearer to the *definition* of the exact hue which Dante meant, — that of the apple-blossom. Had he employed any simple color-phrase, as a 'pale pink,' or 'violet pink,' or any other such combined expression, he still could not have completely got at the delicacy of the hue; he might perhaps have indicated its kind, but not its tenderness; but by taking the rose-leaf as the type of the delicate red, and then enfeebling this with the violet gray, he gets, as closely as language can carry him, to the complete rendering of the vision, though it is evidently felt by him to be in its perfect beauty ineffable; and rightly so felt, for of all lovely things which grace the spring-time in our fair temperate zone, I am not sure but this blossoming of the apple-tree is the fairest."

65. The eyes of Argus, whom Mercury lulled asleep by telling him the story of Syrinx, and then put to death.

Ovid, "Metamorphoses," I., Dryden's translation:

> While Hermes piped, and sung, and told his tale,
> The keeper's winking eyes began to fail,
> And drowsy slumber on the lids to creep;
> Till all the watchman was at length asleep.
> Then soon the god his voice and song supprest,
> And with his powerful rod confirmed his rest;
> Without delay his crooked falchion drew,
> And at one fatal stroke the keeper slew.

73. The Transfiguration. The passage in the Song of Solomon, II. 3: "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons," is interpreted as referring to Christ; and Dante here calls the Transfiguration the blossoming of that tree.

77. Matthew, XVII. 5: "While he yet spake, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them: and, behold, a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him. And when the disciples heard it, they fell on their face, and were sore afraid. And Jesus came and touched them, and said, Arise, and be not afraid. And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Jesus only."

82. Matilda.

98. The Seven Virtues holding the seven golden candlesticks, or the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit.

112. The descent of the eagle upon the tree is interpreted by Buti as the persecution of the Christians by the Emperors. The rending of the bark of the tree is the "breaking down of the constancy and fortitude of holy men;" the blossoms are "virtuous examples or prayers," and the new leaves, "the virtuous deeds that holy men had begun to do, and which were interrupted by these persecutions."

115. Buti says: "This descent of the eagle upon the chariot and the smiting it mean the persecution of the Holy Church and of the Christians by the Emperors, as appears in the chronicles down to the time of Constantine."

119. The fox is Heresy.

126. The gift of Constantine to the Church. "Inferno," XIX. 125:

> Ah, Constantine! of how much woe was mother,
> Not thy conversion, but that marriage-dower
> Which the first wealthy Father took from thee!

131. Mahomet. Revelation, XII. 3: "And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and, behold, a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads. And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth."

144. These seven heads, say the "Ottimo" and others, "denote the seven deadly sins." But Biagioli, following Buti, says: "There is no doubt that these heads and the horns represent the same that we have said in canto XIX. of the "Inferno;" namely, the ten horns, the Ten Commandments of God; and the seven heads, the Seven Sacraments of the Church." Never was there a wider difference of interpretation. The context certainly favors the first.

150. Pope Boniface the Eighth.

152. Philip the Fourth of France. For his character, see canto XX. note 43.

156. This alludes to the maltreatment of Boniface by the troops of Philip at Alagna. See canto XX. note 87.

159. The removal of the Papal See from Rome to Avignon.

The principal points of the allegory of this canto may be summed up as follows. The triumphal chariot, the Church; the seven Nymphs, the Virtues Cardinal and Evangelical; the seven candlesticks, the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit; the tree of knowledge, Rome; the Eagle, the Imperial power; the Fox, heresy; the Dragon, Mahomet; the shameless whore, Pope Boniface the Eighth; and the giant, Philip the Fair of France.

CANTO XXXIII

1. In this canto Dante is made to drink of the river Eunoë, the memory of things good.

Psalm LXXIX., beginning: "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled." The three Evangelical and four Cardinal Virtues chant this psalm, alternately responding to each other.

7. When their singing was ended.

10. John, XVI. 16: "A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me; because I go to the Father."

In order to make the lines rhythmical, the Latin words must be chanted with an equal emphasis on each syllable.

15. Dante, Matilda, and Statius.

27. As in canto XXXI. 7:

> My faculties were in so great confusion,
> That the voice moved, but sooner was extinct
> Than by its organs it was set at large.

34. Is no longer what it was. Revelation, XVII. 8: "The beast that thou sawest was, and is not."

36. In the olden time in Florence, if an assassin could contrive to eat a sop of bread and wine at the grave of the murdered man, within nine days after the murder, he was free from the vengeance of the family; and to prevent this they kept watch at the tomb. There is no evading the vengeance of God in this way. Such is the interpretation of this passage by all the old commentators.

37. The Roman Empire shall not always be without an Emperor, as it was then in the eyes of Dante, who counted the "German Albert," *Alberto tedesco*, as no Emperor, because he never came into Italy. See the appeal to him, canto VI. 96, and the malediction, because he suffered

> The garden of the empire to be waste.

43. The Roman numerals making DVX, or Leader. The allusion is to Henry of Luxemburgh, in whom Dante placed his hopes of the restoration of the Imperial power. He was the successor of the German Albert of the preceding note, after an interregnum of one year. He died in 1312, shortly after his coronation in Rome. See canto VI. note 97.

Villani, though a Guelf, pays this tribute of respect to his memory, book IX. ch. 1: "He was wise and just and gracious, valiant in arms, dignified, and catholic; and although of low estate in lineage, he was of a magnanimous heart, feared and redoubted, and if he had lived longer, he would have done great things."

When Henry entered Italy in September, 1310, Dante hastened to meet him, full of faith and hope. Whether this interview took place at Susa, Turin, or Milan, is uncertain; nor is there any record of it, except the allusion in the following extract from a letter of Dante, "written in Tuscany, at the sources of the Arno, on the 14th of May, 1311, in the

first 'year of the happy journey of the divine Henry into Italy." Dante was disappointed that his hero should linger so long in the Lombard towns, and wished him to march at once against Florence, the monster "that drinketh neither of the headlong Po, nor of thy Tyber." In this letter, Mr. Greene's translation, he says:

"The inheritance of peace, as the immense love of God witnesseth, was left us, that in the marvellous sweetness thereof our hard warfare might be softened, and by the use thereof we might deserve the joys of our triumphant country. But the hatred of the ancient and implacable enemy, who ever and secretly layeth snares for human prosperity, — disinheriting some of those who were willing, — impiously, in the absence of our protector, despoiled us also, who were unwilling. Wherefore we wept long by the rivers of confusion, and incessantly implored the protection of the just king, to scatter the satellites of the cruel tyrant, and restore us to our just rights. And when thou, successor of Cæsar and of Augustus, crossing the chain of the Apennines, brought back the venerable Tarpeian ensigns, our long sighings straightway ceased, the fountains of our tears were stayed, and a new hope of a better age, like a sun suddenly risen, shed its beams over Latium. Then many, breaking forth into jubilant vows, sang with Mars the Saturnian reign, and the return of the Virgin.

"But since our sun (whether the fervor of desire suggests it, or the aspect of truth) is already believed to have delayed, or is supposed to be going back in his course, as if a new Joshua or the son of Amos had commanded, we are compelled in our uncertainty to doubt, and to break forth in the words of the Forerunner: 'Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?' And although the fury of long thirst turns into doubt, as is its wont, the things which are certain because they are near, nevertheless we believe and hope in thee, asserting thee to be the minister of God, and the son of the Church, and the promoter of the Roman glory. And I, who write as well for myself as for others, when my hands touched thy feet and my lips performed their office, saw thee most benignant, as becometh the Imperial majesty, and heard thee

most clement. Then my spirit exulted within me, and I silently said to myself, 'Behold the lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.'"

Dante, "Paradiso," xxx. 133, sees the crown and throne that await the "noble Henry" in the highest heaven:

> On that great throne on which thine eyes are fixed
> For the crown's sake already placed upon it,
> Before thou suppest at this wedding feast,
> Shall sit the soul (that is to be Augustus
> On earth) of noble Henry, who shall come
> To reform Italy ere she be prepared.

47. Themis, the daughter of Cœlus and Terra, whose oracle was famous in Attica, and who puzzled Deucalion and Pyrrha by telling them that, in order to repeople the earth after the deluge, they must throw "their mother's bones behind them."

The Sphinx, the famous monster born of Chimæra, and having the head of a woman, the wings of a bird, the body of a dog, and the paws of a lion; and whose riddle, "What animal walks on four legs in the morning, on two at noon, and on three at night?" so puzzled the Thebans, that King Creon offered his crown and his daughter Jocasta to any one who should solve it, and so free the land of the uncomfortable monster; a feat accomplished by Œdipus apparently without much difficulty.

49. The Naiades having undertaken to solve the enigmas of oracles, Themis, offended, sent forth a wild beast to ravage the flocks and fields of the Thebans; though why they should have been held accountable for the doings of the Naiades is not very obvious. The tradition is founded on a passage in Ovid, "Metamorphoses," vii. 757:

> Carmina Naïades non intellecta priorum
> Solvunt.

Heinsius and other critics say that the lines should read,

> Carmina Laïades non intellecta priorum
> Solverat;

referring to Œdipus, son of Laius. But Rosa Moranda main-

tains the old reading, and says there is authority in Pausanias for making the Naiades interpreters of oracles.

54. "Coplas de Manrique:"

> Our cradle is the starting place,
> Life is the running of the race.

57. First by the Eagle, who rent its bark and leaves; then by the giant, who bore away the chariot which had been bound to it.

61. The sin of Adam, and the death of Christ.

66. Widening at the top, instead of diminishing upward like other trees.

68. The Elsa is a river in Tuscany, rising in the mountains near Colle, and flowing northward into the Arno, between Florence and Pisa. Its waters have the power of incrusting or petrifying anything left in them. "This power of incrustation," says Covino, "Descrizione Geografica dell' Italia," "is especially manifest a little above Colle, where a great pool rushes impetuously from the ground."

69. If the vain thoughts thou hast been immersed in had not petrified thee, and the pleasure of them stained thee; if thou hadst not been

> Converted into stone and stained with sin.

78. The staff wreathed with palm, the cockle-shell in the hat, and the sandal-shoon were all marks of the pilgrim, showing he had been beyond sea and in the Holy Land. Thus in the old ballad of "The Friar of Orders Gray:"

> And how should I your truelove know
> From many another one?
> O by his cockle-hat and staff,
> And by his sandal-shoone.

In the "Vita Nuova," Mr. Norton's translation, p. 71, is this passage: "Moreover, it is to be known that the people who travel in the service of the Most High are called by three distinct terms. Those who go beyond the sea, whence often they bring back the palm, are called *palmers*. Those who go to the house of Galicia are called *pilgrims*, because the burial-place of Saint James was more distant from his country

than that of any other of the Apostles. And those are called *romei* who go to Rome."

85. How far Philosophy differs from Religion. Isaiah, LV. 8: "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

104. Noon of the Fourth Day of Purgatory.

112. Two of the four rivers that watered Paradise. Here they are the same as Lethe and Eunoë, the oblivion of evil, and the memory of good.

127. Bunyan, "Pilgrim's Progress:"

"I saw then, that they went on their way to a pleasant river, which David the King called 'the river of GOD;' but John, 'the river of the water of life.' Now their way lay just upon the bank of the river: here therefore Christian and his companion walked with great delight: they drank also of the water of the river, which was pleasant, and enlivening to their weary spirits. Besides, on the banks of this river, on either side, were green trees for all manner of fruit; and the leaves they ate to prevent surfeits and other diseases that are incident to those that heat their blood by travels. On either side of the river was also a meadow, curiously beautified with lilies; and it was green all the year long. In this meadow they lay down and slept; for here they might lie down safely. When they awoke, they gathered again of the fruits of the trees, and drank again of the water of the river, and then lay down again to sleep."

129. Sir John Denham says:

> The sweetest cordial we receive at last
> Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.

145. The last word in this division of the poem, as in the other two, is the suggestive word "Stars."

ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE HERO AS POET

From Heroes and Hero Worship, by Thomas Carlyle.

MANY volumes have been written by way of commentary on Dante and his Book; yet, on the whole, with no great result. His biography is, as it were, irrecoverably lost for us. An unimportant, wandering, sorrow-stricken man, not much note was taken of him while he lived; and the most of that has vanished, in the long space that now intervenes. It is five centuries since he ceased writing and living here. After all commentaries, the Book itself is mainly what we know of him. The Book, — and one might add that Portrait commonly attributed to Giotto, which, looking on it, you cannot help inclining to think genuine, whoever did it. To me it is a most touching face; perhaps, of all faces that I know, the most so. Lonely there, painted as on vacancy, with the simple laurel wound round it; the deathless sorrow and pain, the known victory which is also deathless; — significant of the whole history of Dante! I think it is the mournfulest face that ever was painted from reality; an altogether tragic, heart-affecting face. There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection as of a child; but all this is as if congealed into sharp contradiction, into abnegation, isolation, proud, hopeless pain. A soft, ethereal soul looking out so stern, implacable, grim-trenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice! Withal it is a silent pain too, a silent, scornful one: the lip is curled in a kind of godlike disdain of the thing that is eating out his heart, — as if it were withal a mean, insignificant thing, as if he whom it had power to torture and strangle were greater than it. The face of one wholly in protest, and life-long, unsurrendering battle, against the world. Affection all converted into indignation; an implacable indignation;

slow, equable, silent, like that of a god! The eye too, it looks out as in a kind of *surprise*, a kind of inquiry, Why the world was of such a sort? This is Dante: so he looks, this "voice of ten silent centuries," and sings us "his mystic, unfathomable song."

The little that we know of Dante's Life corresponds well enough with this Portrait and this Book. He was born at Florence, in the upper class of society, in the year 1265. His education was the best then going; much school-divinity, Aristotelean logic, some Latin classics, — no inconsiderable insight into certain provinces of things: and Dante, with his earnest, intelligent nature, we need not doubt, learned better than most all that was learnable. He has a clear, cultivated understanding, and of great subtlety; this best fruit of education he had contrived to realize from these scholastics. He knows accurately and well what lies close to him; but in such a time, without printed books or free intercourse, he could not know well what was distant: the small, clear light, most luminous for what is near, breaks itself into singular *chiaroscuro* striking on what is far off. This was Dante's learning from the schools. In life, he had gone through the usual destinies; — been twice out campaigning as a soldier for the Florentine state; been on embassy; had in his thirty-fifth year, by natural gradation of talent and service, become one of the chief magistrates of Florence. He had met in boyhood a certain Beatrice Portinari, a beautiful little girl of his own age and rank, and grown up thenceforth in partial sight of her, in some distant intercourse with her. All readers know his graceful, affecting account of this; and then of their being parted; of her being wedded to another, and of her death soon after. She makes a great figure in Dante's Poems; seems to have made a great figure in his life. Of all beings it might seem as if she, held apart from him, far apart at last in the dim Eternity, were the only one he had ever with his whole strength of affection loved. She died: Dante himself was wedded; but it seems not happily, far from happily. I fancy, the rigorous, earnest man, with his keen excitabilities, was not altogether easy to make happy.

We will not complain of Dante's miseries: had all gone

right with him as he wished it, he might have been Prior, Podestà, or whatsoever they call it, of Florence, well accepted among neighbors, — and the world had wanted one of the most notable words ever spoken or sung. Florence would have had another prosperous Lord Mayor; and the ten dumb centuries continued voiceless, and the ten other listening centuries (for there will be ten of them and more) had no "Divina Commedia" to hear! We will complain of nothing. A nobler destiny was appointed for this Dante; and he, struggling like a man led towards death and crucifixion, could not help fulfilling it. Give *him* the choice of his happiness! He knew not, more than we do, what was really happy, what was really miserable.

In Dante's Priorship, the Guelph-Ghibelline, Bianchi-Neri, or some other confused disturbances, rose to such a height, that Dante, whose party had seemed the stronger, was with his friends cast unexpectedly forth into banishment; doomed thenceforth to a life of woe and wandering. His property was all confiscated, and more; he had the fiercest feeling that it was entirely unjust, nefarious in the sight of God and man. He tried what was in him to get reinstated; tried even by warlike surprisal, with arms in his hand: but it would not do; bad only had become worse. There is a record, I believe, still extant in the Florence Archives, dooming this Dante, wheresoever caught, to be burnt alive. Burnt alive! so it stands, they say: a very curious civic document. Another curious document, some considerable number of years later, is a Letter of Dante's to the Florentine Magistrates, written in answer to a milder proposal of theirs, that he should return on condition of apologizing and paying a fine. He answers, with fixed, stern pride: "If I cannot return without calling myself guilty, I will never return, *nunquam revertar*."

For Dante there was now no home in this world. He wandered from patron to patron, from place to place; proving, in his own bitter words, "How hard is the path, *Come è duro calle*." The wretched are not cheerful company. Dante, poor and banished, with his proud, earnest nature, with his moody humors, was not a man to conciliate men. Petrarch reports of him, that being at Can della Scala's court, and

blamed one day for his gloom and taciturnity, he answered in no courtier-like way. Della Scala stood among his courtiers, with mimes and buffoons (*nebulones ac histriones*) making him heartily merry; when, turning to Dante, he said: "Is it not strange, now, that this poor fool should make himself so entertaining; while you, a wise man, sit there day after day, and have nothing to amuse us with at all?" Dante answered bitterly: "No, not strange; your Highness is to recollect the proverb, *Like to Like;*" — given the amuser, the amusee must also be given! Such a man, with his proud, silent ways, with his sarcasms and sorrows, was not made to succeed at court. By degrees, it came to be evident to him that he had no longer any resting-place, or hope of benefit, in this earth. The earthly world had cast him forth, to wander; no living heart to love him now; for his sore miseries there was no solace here.

The deeper naturally would the Eternal World impress itself on him; that awful reality over which, after all, this Time-world, with its Florences and banishments, only flutters as an unreal shadow. Florence thou shalt never see: but Hell and Purgatory and Heaven thou shalt surely see! What is Florence, Can della Scala, and the World and Life altogether? ETERNITY: thither, of a truth, not elsewhither, art thou and all things bound! The great soul of Dante, homeless on earth, made its home more and more in that awful other world. Naturally his thoughts brooded on that, as on the one fact important for him. Bodied or bodiless, it is the one fact important for all men: but to Dante, in that age, it was bodied in fixed certainty of scientific shape: he no more doubted of that *Malebolge* Pool, that it all lay there with its gloomy circles, with its *alti guai*, and that he himself should see it, than we doubt that we should see Constantinople if we went thither. Dante's heart, long filled with this, brooding over it in speechless thought and awe, bursts forth at length into "mystic, unfathomable song;" and this his "Divine Comedy," the most remarkable of all modern Books, is the result. It must have been a great solacement to Dante, and was, as we can see, a proud thought for him at times, that he, here in exile, could do this work; that no Florence, nor

no man or men, could hinder him from doing it, or even much help him in doing it. He knew too, partly, that it was great; the greatest a man could do. "If thou follow thy star, *Se tu segui tua stella*," — so could the Hero, in his forsakenness, in his extreme need, still say to himself: "Follow thou thy star, thou shalt not fail of a glorious haven!" The labor of writing, we find, and indeed could know otherwise, was great and painful for him; he says, This Book "which has made me lean for many years." Ah, yes, it was won, all of it, with pain and sore toil, — not in sport, but in grim earnest. His Book, as indeed most good Books are, has been written, in many senses, with his heart's blood. It is his whole history, this Book. He died after finishing it; not yet very old, at the age of fifty-six; — broken-hearted rather, as is said. He lies buried in his death-city, Ravenna: *Hic claudor Dantes patriis extorris ab orris.* The Florentines begged back his body, in a century after; the Ravenna people would not give it. "Here am I Dante laid, shut out from my native shores."

I said, Dante's Poem was a Song: it is Tieck who calls it "a mystic, unfathomable Song;" and such is literally the character of it. Coleridge remarks very pertinently somewhere, that wherever you find a sentence musically worded, of true rhythm and melody in the words, there is something deep and good in the meaning too. For body and soul, word and idea, go strangely together here as everywhere. Song: we said before, it was the Heroic of Speech! All *old* Poems, Homer's and the rest, are authentically Songs. I would say, in strictness, that all right Poems are; that whatsoever is not *sung* is properly no Poem, but a piece of Prose cramped into jingling lines, — to the great injury of the grammar, to the great grief of the reader, for most part! What we want to get at is the *thought* the man had, if he had any: why should he twist it into a jingle, if he could speak it out plainly? It is only when the heart of him is rapt into true passion of melody, and the very tones of him, according to Coleridge's remark, become musical by the greatness, depth, and music of his thoughts, that we can give him right to rhyme and sing; that we call him a Poet, and listen to him

as the Heroic of Speakers, — whose speech *is* Song. Pretenders to this are many; and to an earnest reader, I doubt, it is for most part a very melancholy, not to say an insupportable business, that of reading rhyme! Rhyme that had no inward necessity to be rhymed; — it ought to have told us plainly, without any jingle, what it was aiming at. I would advise all men who *can* speak their thought, not to sing it; to understand that, in a serious time, among serious men, there is no vocation in them for singing it. Precisely as we love the true song, and are charmed by it as by something divine, so shall we hate the false song, and account it a mere wooden noise, a thing hollow, superfluous, altogether an insincere and offensive thing.

I give Dante my highest praise when I say of his "Divine Comedy" that it is, in all senses, genuinely a Song. In the very sound of it there is a *canto fermo;* it proceeds as by a chant. The language, his simple *terza rima,* doubtless helped him in this. One reads along naturally with a sort of *lilt.* But I add, that it could not be otherwise; for the essence and material of the work are themselves rhythmic. Its depth, and rapt passion and sincerity, make it musical; — go *deep* enough, there is music everywhere. A true inward symmetry, what one calls an architectural harmony, reigns in it, proportionates it all: architectural; which also partakes of the character of music. The three kingdoms, *Inferno, Purgatorio, Paradiso,* look out on one another like compartments of a great edifice; a great supernatural world-cathedral, piled up there, stern, solemn, awful; Dante's World of Souls! It is, at bottom, the *sincerest* of all Poems; sincerity, here too, we find to be the measure of worth. It came deep out of the author's heart of hearts; and it goes deep, and through long generations, into ours. The people of Verona, when they saw him on the streets, used to say: "*Eccovi l' uom ch' è stato all' Inferno,* See, there is the man that was in Hell!" Ah, yes, he had been in Hell; — in Hell enough, in long, severe sorrow and struggle; as the like of him is pretty sure to have been. Commedias that come out *divine* are not accomplished otherwise. Thought, true labor of any kind, highest virtue itself, is it not the daughter

of Pain? Born as out of the black whirlwind; true *effort*, in fact, as of a captive struggling to free himself: that is Thought. In all ways we are "to become perfect through *suffering*." — But, as I say, no work known to me is so elaborated as this of Dante's. It has all been as if molten, in the hottest furnace of his soul. It had made him "lean" for many years. Not the general whole only; every compartment of it is worked out, with intense earnestness, into truth, into clear visuality. Each answers to the other; each fits in its place, like a marble stone accurately hewn and polished. It is the soul of Dante, and in this the soul of the Middle Ages, rendered forever rhythmically visible there. No light task; a right intense one: but a task which is *done*.

Perhaps one would say, *intensity*, with the much that depends on it, is the prevailing character of Dante's genius. Dante does not come before us as a large catholic mind; rather as a narrow, and even sectarian mind: it is partly the fruit of his age and position, but partly too of his own nature. His greatness has, in all senses, concentred itself into fiery emphasis and depth. He is world-great not because he is world-wide, but because he is world-deep. Through all objects he pierces as it were down into the heart of Being. I know nothing so intense as Dante. Consider, for example, to begin with the outermost development of his intensity, consider how he paints. He has a great power of vision; seizes the very type of a thing; presents that and nothing more. You remember that first view he gets of the Hall of Dite: *red* pinnacle, red-hot cone of iron glowing through the dim immensity of gloom; so vivid, so distinct, visible at once and forever! It is an emblem of the whole genius of Dante. There is a brevity, an abrupt precision in him: Tacitus is not briefer, more condensed; and then in Dante it seems a natural condensation, spontaneous to the man. One smiting word; and then there is silence, nothing more said. His silence is more eloquent than words. It is strange with what a sharp, decisive grace he snatches the true likeness of a matter; cuts into the matter as with a pen of fire. Plutus, the blustering giant, collapses at Virgil's rebuke; it is "as the sails sink, the mast being suddenly broken." Or that poor Brunetto, with the *cotto aspetto*,

"face *baked*," parched brown and lean; and the "fiery snow" that falls on them there, a "fiery snow without wind," slow, deliberate, never-ending! Or the lids of those Tombs; square sarcophaguses, in that silent dim-burning Hell, each with its Soul in torment; the lids laid open there; they are to be shut at the Day of Judgment, through Eternity. And how Farinata rises; and how Cavalcante falls — at hearing of his Son, and the past tense "*fue!*" The very movements in Dante have something brief; swift, decisive, almost military. It is of the inmost essence of his genius this sort of painting. The fiery, swift Italian nature of the man, so silent, passionate, with its quick abrupt movements, its silent "pale rages," speaks itself in these things.

For though this of painting is one of the outermost developments of a man, it comes like all else from the essential faculty of him; it is physiognomical of the whole man. Find a man whose words paint you a likeness, you have found a man worth something; mark his manner of doing it, as very characteristic of him. In the first place, he could not have discerned the object at all, or seen the vital type of it, unless he had, what we may call, *sympathized* with it, — had sympathy in him to bestow on objects. He must have been *sincere* about it too; sincere and sympathetic: a man without worth cannot give you the likeness of any object; he dwells in vague outwardness, fallacy, and trivial hearsay, about all objects. And indeed may we not say that intellect altogether expresses itself in this power of discerning what an object is? Whatsoever of faculty a man's mind may have will come out here. Is it even of business, a matter to be done? The gifted man is he who *sees* the essential point, and leaves all the rest aside as surplusage; it is his faculty, too, the man of business's faculty, that he discern the true *likeness*, not the false, superficial one, of the thing he has got to work in. And how much of *morality* is in the kind of insight we get of anything; "the eye seeing in all things what it brought with it the faculty of seeing!" To the mean eye all things are trivial, as certainly as to the jaundiced they are yellow. Raphael, the Painters tell us, is the best of all Portrait-painters withal. No most gifted eye can exhaust the significance of any object.

In the commonest human face there lies more than Raphael will take away with him.

Dante's painting is not graphic only, brief, true, and of a vividness as of fire in dark night; taken on the wider scale, it is every way noble, and the outcome of a great soul. Francesca and her Lover, what qualities in that! A thing woven as out of rainbows, on a ground of eternal black. A small flute-voice of infinite wail speaks there, into our very heart of hearts. A touch of womanhood in it too: *della bella persona, che mi fu tolta;* and how, even in the Pit of woe, it is a solace that *he* will never part from her! Saddest tragedy in these *alti guai.* And the racking winds, in that *aer bruno,* whirl them away again, to wail forever! — Strange to think: Dante was the friend of this poor Francesca's Father; Francesca herself may have sat upon the Poet's knee, as a bright innocent little child. Infinite pity, yet also infinite rigor of law: it is so Nature is made; it is so Dante discerned that she was made. What a paltry notion is that of his "Divine Comedy's" being a poor splenetic, impotent, terrestrial libel; putting those into Hell whom he could not be avenged upon on earth! I suppose if ever pity, tender as a mother's, was in the heart of any man, it was in Dante's. But a man who does not know rigor cannot pity either. His very pity will be cowardly, egoistic, — sentimentality, or little better. I know not in the world an affection equal to that of Dante. It is a tenderness, a trembling, longing, pitying love: like the wail of Æolian harps, soft, soft; like a child's young heart; — and then that stern, sore-saddened heart! These longings of his towards his Beatrice; their meeting together in the "Paradiso;" his gazing in her pure transfigured eyes, her that had been purified by death so long, separated from him so far: — one likens it to the song of angels; it is among the purest utterances of affection, perhaps the very purest that ever came out of a human soul.

For the *intense,* Dante is intense in all things; he has got into the essence of all. His intellectual insight, as painter, on occasion too as reasoner, is but the result of all other sorts of intensity. Morally great, above all, we must call him; it is the beginning of all. His scorn, his grief, are as transcendant

as his love; — as, indeed, what are they but the *inverse* or *converse* of his love? "*A Dio Spiacenti ed a' nemici sui*, Hateful to God and to the enemies of God:" lofty scorn, unappeasable silent reprobation and aversion: "*Non ragionam di lor*, We will not speak of *them*, look only and pass." Or think of this: "They have not the *hope* to die, *Non han speranza di morte*." One day, it had risen sternly benign on the scathed heart of Dante that he, wretched, never-resting, worn as he was, would full surely *die;* "that Destiny itself could not doom him not to die." Such words are in this man. For rigor, earnestness, and depth he is not to be paralleled in the modern world; to seek his parallel we must go into the Hebrew Bible, and live with the antique Prophets there.

I do not agree with much modern criticism, in greatly preferring the "Inferno" to the two other parts of the "Divina Commedia." Such preference belongs, I imagine, to our general Byronism of taste, and is like to be a transient feeling. The "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso," especially the former, one would almost say, is even more excellent than it. It is a noble thing, that "Purgatorio," "Mountain of Purification;" an emblem of the noblest conception of that age. If Sin is so fatal, and Hell is and must be so rigorous, awful, yet in Repentance too is man purified; Repentance is the grand Christian act. It is beautiful how Dante works it out. The *tremolar dell' onde*, that "trembling" of the ocean-waves under the first pure gleam of morning, dawning afar on the wandering Two, is as the type of an altered mood. Hope has now dawned; never-dying Hope, if in company still with heavy sorrow. The obscure sojourn of dæmons and reprobate is under foot; a soft breathing of penitence mounts higher and higher, to the Throne of Mercy itself. "Pray for me," the denizens of that Mount of Pain all say to him. "Tell my Giovanna to pray for me," my daughter Giovanna; "I think her mother loves me no more!" They toil painfully up by that winding steep, "bent down like corbels of a building," some of them, — crushed together so "for the sin of pride;" yet nevertheless in years, in ages and æons, they shall have reached the top, which is Heaven's gate, and by Mercy shall have been admitted in. The joy too of all, when one has

prevailed; the whole Mountain shakes with joy, and a psalm of praise rises, when one soul has perfected repentance, and got its sin and misery left behind! I call all this a noble embodiment of a true, noble thought.

But indeed the Three compartments mutually support one another, are indispensable to one another. The "Paradiso," a kind of inarticulate music to me, is the redeeming side of the "Inferno;" the "Inferno" without it were untrue. All three make up the true Unseen World, as figured in the Christianity of the Middle Ages; a thing forever memorable, forever true in the essence of it, to all men. It was perhaps delineated in no human soul with such depth of veracity as in this of Dante's; a man *sent* to sing it, to keep it long memorable. Very notable with what brief simplicity he passes one of the every-day reality, into the Invisible one; and in the second or third stanza, we find ourselves in the World of Spirits; and dwell there, as among things palpable, indubitable! To Dante they *were* so; the real world, as it is called, and its facts, was but the threshold to an infinitely higher Fact of a World. At bottom, the one was as *preternatural* as the other. Has not each man a soul? He will not only be a spirit, but is one. To the earnest Dante it is all one visible fact; he believes it, sees it; is the Poet of it in virtue of that. Sincerity, I say again, is the saving merit, now as always.

Dante's Hell, Purgatory, Paradise, are a symbol withal, an emblematic representation of his Belief about this Universe: — some Critic in a future age, like those Scandinavian ones the other day, who has ceased altogether to think as Dante did, may find this too all an "Allegory," perhaps an idle Allegory! It is a sublime embodiment, our sublimest, of the soul of Christianity. It expresses, as in huge world-wide architectural emblems, how the Christian Dante felt Good and Evil to be the two polar elements of this Creation, on which it all turns; that these two differ not by *preferability* of one to the other, but by incompatibility absolute and infinite; that the one is excellent and high as light and Heaven, the other hideous, black as Gehenna and the Pit of Hell! Everlasting Justice, yet with Penitence, with

everlasting Pity, — all Christianism, as Dante and the Middle Ages had it, is emblemed here. Emblemed: and yet, as I urged the other day, with what entire truth of purpose; how unconscious of any emblemings! Hell, Purgatory, Paradise: these things were not fashioned as emblems; was there, in our Modern European Mind, any thought at all of their being emblems! Were they not indubitable, awful facts; the whole heart of man taking them for practically true, all Nature everywhere confirming them? So is it always in these things. Men do not believe in Allegory. The future Critic, whatever his new thought may be, who considers this of Dante to have been all got up as an Allegory, will commit one sore mistake! — Paganism we recognized as a veracious expression of the earnest, awe-struck feeling of man towards the Universe; veracious, true once, and still not without worth for us. But mark here the difference of Paganism and Christianism; one great difference. Paganism emblemed chiefly the Operations of Nature; the destinies, efforts, combinations, vicissitudes of things and men in this world: Christianism emblemed the Law of Human Duty, the Moral Law of Man. One was for the sensuous nature: a rude helpless utterance of the *first* Thought of men, — the chief recognized virtue, Courage, Superiority to Fear. The other was not for the sensuous nature, but for the moral. What a progress is here, if in that one respect only! —

And so in this Dante, as we said, had ten silent centuries, in a very strange way, found a voice. The "Divina Commedia" is of Dante's writing; yet in truth *it* belongs to ten Christian centuries, only the finishing of it is Dante's. So always. The craftsman there, the smith with that metal of his, with these tools, with these cunning methods, — how little of all he does is properly *his* work! All past inventive men work there with him; — as indeed with all of us, in all things. Dante is the spokesman of the Middle Ages; the Thought they lived by stands here, in everlasting music. These sublime ideas of his, terrible and beautiful, are the fruit of the Christian Meditation of all the good men who had gone before him. Precious they; but also is not he precious?

Much, had not he spoken, would have been dumb; not dead, yet living voiceless.

On the whole, is it not an utterance, this mystic Song, at once of one of the greatest human souls, and of the highest thing that Europe had hitherto realized for itself? Christianism, as Dante sings it, is another than Paganism in the rude Norse mind; another than "Bastard Christianism" half articulately spoken in the Arab Desert, seven hundred years before! — The noblest *idea* made *real* hitherto among men, is sung, and emblemed forth abidingly, by one of the noblest men. In the one sense and in the other, are we not right glad to possess it? As I calculate, it may last yet for long thousands of years. For the thing that is uttered from the inmost parts of a man's soul differs altogether from what is uttered by the outer part. The outer is of the day, under the empire of mode; the outer passes away, in swift, endless changes; the inmost is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. True souls, in all generations of the world, who look on this Dante, will find a brotherhood in him; the deep sincerity of his thoughts, his woes and hopes, will speak likewise to their sincerity; they will feel that this Dante too was a brother. Napoleon in Saint Helena is charmed with the genial veracity of old Homer. The oldest Hebrew Prophet, under a vesture the most diverse from ours, does yet, because he speaks from the heart of man, speak to all men's hearts. It is the one sole secret of continuing long memorable. Dante, for depth of sincerity, is like an antique Prophet too; his words, like theirs, come from his very heart. One need not wonder if it were predicted that his Poem might be the most enduring thing our Europe has yet made; for nothing so endures as a truly spoken word. All cathedrals, pontificalities, brass and stone, and outer arrangement never so lasting, are brief in comparison to an unfathomable heart-song like this: one feels as if it might survive, still of importance to men, when these had all sunk into new irrecognizable combinations, and had ceased individually to be.

DANTE

From the Essays of T. B. Macaulay.

The beginning of the thirteenth century was, as Macchiavelli has remarked, the era of a great revival of this extraordinary system. The policy of Innocent, — the growth of the Inquisition and the mendicant orders, — the wars against the Albigenses, the Pagans of the East, and the unfortunate princes of the house of Swabia, agitated Italy during the two following generations. In this point Dante was completely under the influence of his age. He was a man of a turbid and melancholy spirit. In early youth he had entertained a strong and unfortunate passion, which, long after the death of her whom he loved, continued to haunt him. Dissipation, ambition, misfortunes, had not effaced it. He was not only a sincere, but a passionate, believer. The crimes and abuses of the Church of Rome were indeed loathsome to him; but to all its doctrines and all its rites he adhered with enthusiastic fondness and veneration; and at length, driven from his native country, reduced to a situation the most painful to a man of his disposition, condemned to learn by experience that no food is so bitter as the bread of dependence, and no ascent so painful as the staircase of a patron, his wounded spirit took refuge in visionary devotion. Beatrice, the unforgotten object of his early tenderness, was invested by his imagination with glorious and mysterious attributes; she was enthroned among the highest of the celestial hierarchy: Almighty Wisdom had assigned to her the care of the sinful and unhappy wanderer who had loved her with such a perfect love. By a confusion, like that which often takes place in dreams, he has sometimes lost sight of her human nature, and even of her personal existence, and seems to consider her as one of the attributes of the Deity.

But those religious hopes which had released the mind of the sublime enthusiast from the terrors of death had not rendered his speculations on human life more cheerful. This is an inconsistency which may often be observed in men of a

similar temperament. He hoped for happiness beyond the grave: but he felt none on earth. It is from this cause, more than from any other, that his description of Heaven is so far inferior to the Hell or the Purgatory. With the passions and miseries of the suffering spirits he feels a strong sympathy. But among the beatified he appears as one who has nothing in common with them, — as one who is incapable of comprehending, not only the degree, but the nature of their enjoyment. We think that we see him standing amidst those smiling and radiant spirits with that scowl of unutterable misery on his brow, and that curl of bitter disdain on his lips, which all his portraits have preserved, and which might furnish Chantrey with hints for the head of his projected Satan.

There is no poet whose intellectual and moral character are so closely connected. The great source, as it appears to me, of the power of the "Divine Comedy" is the strong belief with which the story seems to be told. In this respect, the only books which approach to its excellence are "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe." The solemnity of his asseverations, the consistency and minuteness of his details, the earnestness with which he labors to make the reader understand the exact shape and size of everything that he describes, give an air of reality to his wildest fictions. I should only weaken this statement by quoting instances of a feeling which pervades the whole work, and to which it owes much of its fascination. This is the real justification of the many passages in his poem which bad critics have condemned as grotesque. I am concerned to see that Mr. Cary, to whom Dante owes more than ever poet owed to translator, has sanctioned an accusation utterly unworthy of his abilities. "His solicitude," says that gentleman, "to define all his images in such a manner as to bring them within the circle of our vision, and to subject them to the power of the pencil, renders him little better than grotesque, where Milton has since taught us to expect sublimity." It is true that Dante has never shrunk from embodying his conceptions in determinate words, that he has even given measures and numbers, where Milton would have left his images to float undefined in a gorgeous haze of language. Both were right. Milton did

not profess to have been in heaven or hell. He might therefore reasonably confine himself to magnificent generalities. Far different was the office of the lonely traveller, who had wandered through the nations of the dead. Had he described the abode of the rejected spirits in language resembling the splendid lines of the English poet, — had he told us of

> An universe of death, which God by curse
> Created evil, for evil only good,
> Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds
> Perverse all monstrous, all prodigious things,
> Abominable, unutterable, and worse
> Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
> Gorgons, and hydras, and chimæras dire,

this would doubtless have been noble writing. But where would have been that strong impression of reality, which, in accordance with his plan, it should have been his great object to produce? It was absolutely necessary for him to delineate accurately "all monstrous, all prodigious things," — to utter what might to others appear "unutterable," — to relate with the air of truth what fables had never feigned, — to embody what fear had never conceived. And I will frankly confess that the vague sublimity of Milton affects me less than these reviled details of Dante. We read Milton; and we know that we are reading a great poet. When we read Dante, the poet vanishes. We are listening to the man who has returned from "the valley of the dolorous abyss;" — we seem to see the dilated eye of horror, to hear the shuddering accents with which he tells his fearful tale. Considered in this light, the narratives are exactly what they should be, — definite in themselves, but suggesting to the mind ideas of awful and indefinite wonder. They are made up of the images of the earth: they are told in the language of the earth. Yet the whole effect is beyond expression wild and unearthly. The fact is, that supernatural beings, as long as they are considered merely with reference to their own nature, excite our feelings very feebly. It is when the great gulf which separates them from us is passed, when we suspect some strange and undefinable relation between the laws of the visible and the invisible world, that they rouse, perhaps, the strongest emotions of which our

nature is capable. How many children, and how many men, are afraid of ghosts, who are not afraid of God! And this, because, though they entertain a much stronger conviction of the existence of a Deity than of the reality of apparitions, they have no apprehension that he will manifest himself to them in any sensible manner. While this is the case, to describe superhuman beings in the language, and to attribute to them the actions of humanity, may be grotesque, unphilosophical, inconsistent; but it will be the only mode of working upon the feelings of men, and therefore the only mode suited for poetry. Shakespeare understood this well, as he understood everything that belonged to his art. Who does not sympathize with the rapture of Ariel, flying after sunset on the wings of the bat, or sucking in the cups of flowers with the bee? Who does not shudder at the caldron of Macbeth? Where is the philosopher who is not moved when he thinks of the strange connection between the infernal spirits and "the sow's blood that hath eaten her nine farrow?" But this difficult task of representing supernatural beings to our minds in a manner which shall be neither unintelligible to our intellects, nor wholly inconsistent with our ideas of their nature, has never been so well performed as by Dante. I will refer to three instances, which are, perhaps, the most striking; — the description of the transformation of the serpents and the robbers, in the twenty-fifth canto of the "Inferno," — the passage concerning Nimrod, in the thirty-first canto of the same part, — and the magnificent procession in the twenty-ninth canto of the "Purgatorio."

The metaphors and comparisons of Dante harmonize admirably with that air of strong reality of which I have spoken. They have a very peculiar character. He is perhaps the only poet whose writings become much less intelligible if all illustrations of this sort were expunged. His similes are frequently rather those of a traveller than of a poet. He employs them not to display his ingenuity by fanciful analogies, — not to delight the reader by affording him a distant and passing glimpse of beautiful images remote from the path in which he is proceeding, — but to give an exact idea of the objects which he is describing, by comparing them with others generally known.

The boiling pitch in Malebolge was like that in the Venetian arsenal; — the mound on which he travelled along the banks of Phlegethon was like that between Ghent and Bruges, but not so large; — the cavities where the Simoniacal prelates are confined resembled the fonts in the Church of John at Florence. Every reader of Dante will recall many other illustrations of this description, which add to the appearance of sincerity and earnestness from which the narrative derives so much of its interest.

Many of his comparisons, again, are intended to give an exact idea of his feelings under particular circumstances. The delicate shades of grief, of fear, of anger, are rarely discriminated with sufficient accuracy in the language of the most refined nations. A rude dialect never abounds in nice distinctions of this kind. Dante therefore employs the most accurate and infinitely the most poetical mode of marking the precise state of his mind. Every person who has experienced the bewildering effect of sudden bad tidings, — the stupefaction, — the vague doubt of the truth of our own perceptions which they produce, — will understand the following simile: "I was as he is who dreameth his own harm, — who, dreaming, wishes that it may be all a dream, so that he desires that which is as though it were not." This is only one out of a hundred equally striking and expressive similitudes. The comparisons of Homer and Milton are magnificent digressions. It scarcely injures their effect to detach them from the work. Those of Dante are very different. They derive their beauty from the context, and reflect beauty upon it. His embroidery cannot be taken out without spoiling the whole web. I cannot dismiss this part of the subject without advising every person who can muster sufficient Italian to read the simile of the sheep, in the third canto of the "Purgatorio." I think it the most perfect passage of the kind in the world, the most imaginative, the most picturesque, and the most sweetly expressed.

No person can have attended to the "Divine Comedy" without observing how little impression the forms of the external world appear to have made on the mind of Dante. His temper and his situation had led him to fix his observation

almost exclusively on human nature. The exquisite opening of the eighth canto of the "Purgatorio" affords a strong instance of this. He leaves to others the earth, the ocean, and the sky. His business is with man. To other writers, evening may be the season of dews and stars and radiant clouds. To Dante it is the hour of fond recollection and passionate devotion, — the hour which melts the heart of the mariner and kindles the love of the pilgrim, — the hour when the toll of the bell seems to mourn for another day, which is gone and will return no more.

The feeling of the present age has taken a direction diametrically opposite. The magnificence of the physical world, and its influence upon the human mind, have been the favorite themes of our most eminent poets. The herd of blue-stocking ladies and sonneteering gentlemen seems to consider a strong sensibility to the "splendor of the grass, the glory of the flower," as an ingredient absolutely indispensable in the formation of a poetical mind. They treat with contempt all writers who are unfortunately

> Nec ponere lucum
> Artifices, nec rus saturum laudare.

The orthodox poetical creed is more Catholic. The noblest earthly object of the contemplation of man is man himself. The universe and all its fair and glorious forms are indeed included in the wide empire of the imagination; but she has placed her home and her sanctuary amidst the inexhaustible varieties and the impenetrable mysteries of the mind.

> In tutte parti impera, e quivi regge;
> Quivi è la sua cittade, e l' alto seggio.

"Othello" is perhaps the greatest work in the world. From what does it derive its power? From the clouds? From the ocean? From the mountains? Or from love strong as death, and jealousy cruel as the grave! What is it that we go forth to see in "Hamlet"? Is it a reed shaken with the wind? A small celandine? A bed of daffodils? Or is it to contemplate a mighty and wayward mind laid bare before us to the inmost recesses? It may perhaps be doubted whether the lakes and the hills are better fitted for

the education of a poet than the dusky streets of a huge capital. Indeed, who is not tired to death with pure description of scenery? Is it not the fact, that external objects never strongly excite our feelings but when they are contemplated in reference to man, as illustrating his destiny, or as influencing his character? The most beautiful object in the world, it will be allowed, is a beautiful woman. But who that can analyze his feelings is not sensible that she owes her fascination less to grace of outline and delicacy of color, than to a thousand associations which, often unperceived by ourselves, connect those qualities with the source of our existence, with the nourishment of our infancy, with the passions of our youth, with the hopes of our age, with elegance, with vivacity, with tenderness, with the strongest of natural instincts, with the dearest of social ties?

To those who think thus, the insensibility of the Florentine poet to the beauties of nature will not appear an unpardonable deficiency. On mankind no writer, with the exception of Shakespeare, has looked with a more penetrating eye. I have said that his poetical character had derived a tinge from his peculiar temper. It is on the sterner and darker passions that he delights to dwell. All love, excepting the half-mystic passion which he still felt for his buried Beatrice, had palled on the fierce and restless exile. The sad story of Rimini is almost a single exception. I know not whether it has been remarked, that, in one point, misanthropy seems to have affected his mind as it did that of Swift. Nauseous and revolting images seem to have had a fascination for his mind; and he repeatedly places before his readers, with all the energy of his incomparable style, the most loathsome objects of the sewer and the dissecting-room.

There is another peculiarity in the poem of Dante, which, I think, deserves notice. Ancient mythology has hardly ever been successfully interwoven with modern poetry. One class of writers have introduced the fabulous deities merely as allegorical representatives of love, wine, or wisdom. This necessarily renders their works tame and cold. We may sometimes admire their ingenuity; but with what interest can we read

of beings of whose personal existence the writer does not suffer us to entertain, for a moment, even a conventional belief? Even Spenser's allegory is scarcely tolerable, till we contrive to forget that Una signifies innocence, and consider her merely as an oppressed lady under the protection of a generous knight.

Those writers who have, more judiciously, attempted to preserve the personality of the classical divinities have failed from a different cause. They have been imitators, and imitators at a disadvantage. Euripides and Catullus believed in Bacchus and Cybele as little as we do. But they lived among men who did. Their imaginations, if not their opinions, took the color of the age. Hence the glorious inspiration of the Bacchae and the Atys. Our minds are formed by circumstances: and I do not believe that it would be in the power of the greatest modern poet to lash himself up to a degree of enthusiasm adequate to the production of such works.

Dante alone, among the poets of later times, has been, in this respect, neither an allegorist nor an imitator; and, consequently, he alone has introduced the ancient fictions with effect. His Minos, his Charon, his Pluto, are absolutely terrific. Nothing can be more beautiful or original than the use which he has made of the river of Lethe. He has never assigned to his mythological characters any functions inconsistent with the creed of the Catholic Church. He has related nothing concerning them which a good Christian of that age might not believe possible. On this account, there is nothing in these passages that appears puerile or pedantic. On the contrary, this singular use of classical names suggests to the mind a vague and awful idea of some mysterious revelation, anterior to all recorded history, of which the dispersed fragments might have been retained amidst the impostures and superstitions of later religions. Indeed, the mythology of the Divine Comedy is of the elder and more colossal mould. It breathes the spirit of Homer and Æschylus, not of Ovid and Claudian.

This is the more extraordinary, since Dante seems to have been utterly ignorant of the Greek language; and his favorite Latin models could only have served to mislead him. Indeed, it is impossible not to remark his admiration of writers far

inferior to himself; and, in particular, his idolatry of Virgil, who, elegant and splendid as he is, has no pretensions to the depth and originality of mind which characterize his Tuscan worshipper. In truth, it may be laid down as an almost universal rule that good poets are bad critics. Their minds are under the tyranny of ten thousand associations imperceptible to others. The worst writer may easily happen to touch a spring which is connected in their minds with a long succession of beautiful images. They are like the gigantic slaves of Aladdin, gifted with matchless power, but bound by spells so mighty that when a child whom they could have crushed touched a talisman, of whose secret he was ignorant, they immediately became his vassals. It has more than once happened to me to see minds, graceful and majestic as the Titania of Shakespeare, bewitched by the charms of an ass's head, bestowing on it the fondest caresses, and crowning it with the sweetest flowers. I need only mention the poems attributed to Ossian. They are utterly worthless, except as an edifying instance of the success of a story without evidence, and of a book without merit. They are a chaos of words which present no image, of images which have no archetype; — they are without form and void; and darkness is upon the face of them. Yet how many men of genius have panegyrized and imitated them!

The style of Dante is, if not his highest, perhaps his most peculiar excellence. I know nothing with which it can be compared. The noblest models of Greek composition must yield to it. His words are the fewest and the best which it is possible to use. The first expression in which he clothes his thoughts is always so energetic and comprehensive, that amplification would only injure the effect. There is probably no writer in any language who has presented so many strong pictures to the mind. Yet there is probably no writer equally concise. This perfection of style is the principal merit of the Paradiso, which, as I have already remarked, is by no means equal in other respects to the two preceding parts of the poem. The force and felicity of the diction, however, irresistibly attract the reader through the theological lectures and the sketches of ecclesiastical biography, with which this

division of the work too much abounds. It may seem almost absurd to quote particular specimens of an excellence which is diffused over all his hundred cantos. I will, however, instance the third canto of the "Inferno," and the sixth of the "Purgatorio," as passages incomparable in their kind. The merit of the latter is, perhaps, rather oratorical than poetical; nor can I recollect anything in the great Athenian speeches which equals it in force of invective and bitterness of sarcasm. I have heard the most eloquent statesman of the age remark that, next to Demosthenes, Dante is the writer who ought to be most attentively studied by every man who desires to attain oratorical eminence.

DANTE AND MILTON

From the Essays of T. B. Macaulay.

The only poem of modern times which can be compared with the "Paradise Lost" is the "Divine Comedy." The subject of Milton, in some points, resembled that of Dante; but he has treated it in a widely different manner. We cannot, we think, better illustrate our opinion respecting our own great poet, than by contrasting him with the father of Tuscan literature.

The poetry of Milton differs from that of Dante, as the hieroglyphics of Egypt differed from the picture-writing of Mexico. The images which Dante employs speak for themselves; they stand simply for what they are. Those of Milton have a signification which is often discernible only to the initiated. Their value depends less on what they directly represent than on what they remotely suggest. However strange, however grotesque, may be the appearance which Dante undertakes to describe, he never shrinks from describing it. He gives us the shape, the color, the sound, the smell, the taste; he counts the numbers; he measures the size. His similes are the illustrations of a traveller. Unlike those of other poets, and especially of Milton, they are introduced in a plain, business-like manner; not for the sake of any beauty in the

objects from which they are drawn; not for the sake of any ornament which they may impart to the poem; but simply in order to make the meaning of the writer as clear to the reader as it is to himself. The ruins of the precipice which led from the sixth to the seventh circle of hell were like those of the rock which fell into the Adige on the south of Trent. The cataract of Phlegethon was like that of Aqua Cheta at the monastery of Saint Benedict. The place where the heretics were confined in burning tombs resembled the vast cemetery of Arles.

Now let us compare with the exact details of Dante the dim intimations of Milton. We will cite a few examples. The English poet has never thought of taking the measure of Satan. He gives us merely a vague idea of vast bulk. In one passage the fiend lies stretched out huge in length, floating many a rood, equal in size to the earth-born enemies of Jove, or to the sea-monster which the mariner mistakes for an island. When he addresses himself to battle against the guardian angels, he stands like Teneriffe or Atlas: his stature reaches the sky. Contrast with these descriptions the lines in which Dante has described the gigantic spectre of Nimrod. "His face seemed to me as long and as broad as the ball of Saint Peter's at Rome; and his other limbs were in proportion; so that the bank which concealed him from the waist downwards nevertheless showed so much of him that three tall Germans would in vain have attempted to reach to his hair." We are sensible that we do no justice to the admirable style of the Florentine poet. But Mr. Cary's translation is not at hand; and our version, however rude, is sufficient to illustrate our meaning.

Once more, compare the lazar-house in the eleventh book of the "Paradise Lost" with the last ward of Malebolge in Dante. Milton avoids the loathsome details, and takes refuge in indistinct but solemn and tremendous imagery, Despair hurrying from couch to couch to mock the wretches with his attendance, Death shaking his dart over them, but, in spite of supplications, delaying to strike. What says Dante? "There was such a moan there as there would be if all the sick who, between July and September, are in the hospitals of Valdichiana, and of the Tuscan swamps, and of Sardinia,

were in one pit together; and such a stench was issuing forth as is wont to issue from decayed limbs."

We will not take upon ourselves the invidious office of settling precedency between two such writers. Each in his own department is incomparable; and each, we may remark, has wisely, or fortunately, taken a subject adapted to exhibit his peculiar talent to the greatest advantage. The "Divine Comedy" is a personal narrative. Dante is the eye-witness and ear-witness of that which he relates. He is the very man who has heard the tormented spirits crying out for the second death, who has read the dusky characters on the portal within which there is no hope, who has hidden his face from the terrors of the Gorgon, who has fled from the hooks and the seething pitch of Barbariccia and Draghignazzo. His own hands have grasped the shaggy sides of Lucifer. His own feet have climbed the mountain of expiation. His own brow has been marked by the purifying angel. The reader would throw aside such a tale in incredulous disgust, unless it were told with the strongest air of veracity, with a sobriety even in its horrors, with the greatest precision and multiplicity in its details. The narrative of Milton in this respect differs from that of Dante, as the adventures of Amadis differ from those of Gulliver. . . .

Poetry which relates to the beings of another world ought to be at once mysterious and picturesque. That of Milton is so. That of Dante is picturesque indeed beyond any that ever was written. Its effect approaches to that produced by the pencil or the chisel. But it is picturesque to the exclusion of all mystery. This is a fault on the right side, a fault inseparable from the plan of Dante's poem, which, as we have already observed, rendered the utmost accuracy of description necessary. Still it is a fault. The supernatural agents excite an interest; but it is not the interest which is proper to supernatural agents. We feel that we could talk to the ghosts and demons without any emotion of unearthly awe. We could, like Don Juan, ask them to supper, and eat heartily in their company. Dante's angels are good men with wings. His devils are spiteful, ugly executioners. His dead men are merely living men in strange situations. The scene which

passes between the poet and Farinata is justly celebrated. Still, Farinata in the burning tomb is exactly what Farinata would have been at an *auto da fé*. Nothing can be more touching than the first interview of Dante and Beatrice. Yet what is it but a lovely woman chiding, with sweet, austere composure, the lover for whose affection she is grateful, but whose vices she reprobates? The feelings which give the passage its charm would suit the streets of Florence as well as the summit of the Mount of Purgatory.

THE ITALIAN PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Leigh Hunt's Stories from the Italian Poets.

Dante entitled the saddest poem in the world a Comedy, because it was written in a middle style; though some, by a strange confusion of ideas, think the reason must have been because it "ended happily!" that is, because beginning with hell (to some), it terminated with "heaven" (to others). As well might they have said, that a morning's work in the Inquisition ended happily, because, while people were being racked in the dungeons, the officers were making merry in the drawing-room. For the much-injured epithet of "Divine," Dante's memory is not responsible. He entitled his poem, arrogantly enough, yet still not with that impiety of arrogance, "The Comedy of Dante Alighieri, a Florentine by nation, but not by habits." The word "divine" was added by some transcriber; and it heaped absurdity on absurdity, too much of it, alas! being literally infernal tragedy. I am not speaking in mockery, any further than the fact itself cannot help so speaking. I respect what is to be respected in Dante; I admire in him what is admirable; would love (if his infernalities would let me) what is lovable; but this must not hinder one of the human race from protesting against what is erroneous in his fame, when it jars against every best feeling, human and divine. Mr. Cary thinks that Dante had as much right to avail himself of "the popular creed in all its extravagance," as Homer had of his gods, or Shakespeare of his

fairies. But the distinction is obvious. Homer did not personally identify himself with a creed, or do his utmost to perpetuate the worst parts of it in behalf of a ferocious inquisitorial church, and to the risk of endangering the peace of millions of gentle minds.

The great poem thus misnomered is partly a system of theology, partly an abstract of the knowledge of the day, but chiefly a series of passionate and imaginative pictures, altogether forming an account of the author's times, his friends, his enemies, and himself, written to vent the spleen of his exile, and the rest of his feelings, good and bad, and to reform church and state by a spirit of resentment and obloquy, which highly needed reform itself. It has also a design strictly self-referential. The author feigns that the beatified spirit of his mistress has obtained leave to warn and purify his soul by showing him the state of things in the next world. She deputes the soul of his master Virgil to conduct him through hell and purgatory, and then takes him herself through the spheres of heaven, where Saint Peter catechises and confirms him, and where he is finally honored with sights of the Virgin Mary, of Christ, and even a glimpse of the Supreme Being!

His hell, considered as a place, is, to speak geologically, a most fantastical formation. It descends from beneath Jerusalem to the centre of the earth, and is a funnel graduated in circles, each circle being a separate place of torment for a different vice or its coördinates, and the point of the funnel terminating with Satan stuck into ice. Purgatory is a corresponding mountain on the other side of the globe, commencing with the antipodes of Jerusalem, and divided into exterior circles of expiation, which end in a table-land forming the terrestrial paradise. From this the hero and his mistress ascend by a flight, exquisitely conceived, to the stars; where the sun and the planets of the Ptolemaic system (for the true one was unknown in Dante's time) form a series of heavens for different virtues, the whole terminating in the empyrean, or region of pure light, and the presence of the Beatific Vision.

The boundaries of old and new, strange as it may now seem to us, were so confused in those days, and books were so rare, and the Latin poets held in such invincible reverence, that

Dante, in one and the same poem, speaks of the false gods of Paganism, and yet retains much of its lower mythology; nay, invokes Apollo himself at the door of paradise. There was, perhaps, some mystical and even philosophical inclusion of the past in this medley, as recognizing the constant superintendence of Providence; but that Dante partook of what may be called the literary superstition of the time, even for want of better knowledge, is clear from the grave historical use he makes of poetic fables in his treatise on Monarchy, and in the very arguments which he puts into the mouths of saints and apostles. There are lingering feelings to this effect even now among the peasantry of Italy; where, the reader need not be told, Pagan customs of all sorts, including religious and most reverend ones, are existing under the sanction of other names, — heathenisms christened. A Tuscan postilion, once enumerating to me some of the native poets, concluded his list with Apollo; and a plaster-cast man over here, in London, appeared much puzzled, when conversing on the subject with a friend of mine, how to discrepate Samson from Hercules.

Dante, accordingly, while, with the frightful bigotry of the schools, he puts the whole Pagan world into hell-borders (with the exception of two or three, whose salvation adds to the absurdity), mingles the hell of Virgil with that of Tertullian and Saint Dominic; sets Minos at the door as judge; retains Charon in his old office of boatman over the Stygian lake; puts fabulous people with real among the damned, Dido, and Cacus, and Ephialtes, with Ezzelino and Pope Nicholas the Fifth; and associates the Centaurs and the Furies with the agents of diabolical torture. It has pleased him also to elevate Cato of Utica to the office of warder of purgatory, though the censor's poor, good wife, Marcia, is detained in the regions below. By these and other far greater inconsistencies, the whole place of punishment becomes a *reductio ad absurdum*, as ridiculous as it is melancholy; so that one is astonished how so great a man, and especially a man who thought himself so far advanced beyond his age, and who possessed such powers of discerning the good and beautiful, could endure to let his mind live in so foul and foolish a region for any length of time, and there wreak and harden the unworthiest of his

passions. Genius, nevertheless, is so commensurate with absurdity throughout the book, and there are even such sweet and balmy as well as sublime pictures in it occasionally, nay often, that not only will the poem ever be worthy of admiration, but, when those increasing purifications of Christianity which our blessed reformers began shall finally precipitate the whole dregs of the author into the mythology to which they belong, the world will derive a pleasure from it to an amount not to be conceived till the arrival of that day. Dante, meantime, with an impartiality which has been admired by those who can approve the assumption of a theological tyranny at the expense of common feeling and decency, has put friends as well as foes into hell, — tutors of his childhood, kinsmen of those who treated him hospitably, even the father of his beloved friend, Guido Cavalcante. . . .

Milton has spoken of the "milder shades of Purgatory;" and truly they possess great beauties. Even in a theological point of view they are something like a bit of Christian refreshment after the horrors of the "Inferno." The first emerging from the hideous gulf to the sight of the blue serenity of heaven is painted in a manner inexpressibly charming. So is the seashore with the coming of the angel; the valley, with the angels in green; the repose at night on the rocks; and twenty other pictures of gentleness and love. And yet special and great has been the escape of the Protestant world from this part of Roman Catholic belief; for Purgatory is the heaviest stone that hangs about the neck of the old and feeble in that communion. Hell is avoidable by repentance; but Purgatory what modest conscience shall escape? Mr. Cary, in a note on a passage in which Dante recommends his readers to think on what follows this expiatory state, rather than what is suffered there, looks upon the poet's injunction as an "unanswerable objection to the doctrine of purgatory," it being difficult to conceive "how the best can meet death without horror, if they believe it must be followed by immediate and intense suffering." Luckily, assent is not belief; and mankind's feelings are for the most part superior to their opinions; otherwise the world would have been in a bad way indeed, and Nature not been vindicated of her

children. But let us watch and be on our guard against all resuscitations of superstition.

As to our Florentine's Heaven, it is full of beauties also, though sometimes of a more questionable and pantomimical sort than is to be found in either of the other books. I shall speak of some of them presently; but the general impression of the place is, that it is no heaven at all. He says it is, and talks much of its smiles and its beatitude; but always excepting the poetry, — especially the similes brought from the more heavenly earth, — we realize little but a fantastical assemblage of doctors and doubtful characters, far more angry and theological than celestial; giddy raptures of monks and inquisitors dancing in circles, and saints denouncing popes and Florentines; in short, a heaven libelling itself with invectives against earth, and terminating in a great presumption. . . .

The people of Siena, according to this national and Christian poet, were a parcel of coxcombs; those of Arezzo, dogs; and of Casentino, hogs. Lucca made a trade of perjury. Pistoia was a den of beasts, and ought to be reduced to ashes; and the river Arno should overflow and drown every soul in Pisa. Almost all the women in Florence walked half naked in public, and were abandoned in private. Every brother, husband, son, and father, in Bologna, set their women to sale. In all Lombardy were not to be found three men who were not rascals; and in Genoa and Romagna people went about pretending to be men, but in reality were bodies inhabited by devils, their souls having gone to the "lowest pit of hell" to join the betrayers of their friends and kinsmen.

So much for his beloved countrymen. As for foreigners, particularly kings, Edward the First of England and Robert of Scotland were a couple of grasping fools; the Emperor Albert was an usurper; Alphonso the Second of Spain, a debauchee; the king of Bohemia, a coward; Frederick of Aragon, a coward and miser; the kings of Portugal and Norway, forgers; the king of Naples, a man whose virtues were expressed by a unit, and his vices by a million; and the king of France, the descendant of a Paris butcher, and of progenitors who poisoned Saint Thomas Aquinas, their descendants conquering with the arms of Judas rather than of soldiers, and

selling the flesh of their daughters to old men, in order to extricate themselves from a danger. . . .

But truly it is said, that, when Dante is great, nobody surpasses him. I doubt if anybody equals him, as to the constant intensity and incessant variety of his pictures; and whatever he paints, he throws, as it were, upon its own powers; as though an artist should draw figures that started into life, and proceeded to action for themselves, frightening their creator. Every motion, word, and look of these creatures becomes full of sensibility and suggestions. The invisible is at the back of the visible; darkness becomes palpable; silence describes a character, nay, forms the most striking part of a story; a word acts as a flash of lightning, which displays some gloomy neighborhood, where a tower is standing, with dreadful faces at the window; or where, at your feet, full of eternal voices, one abyss is beheld dropping out of another in the lurid light of torment. . . .

Gingéuné has remarked the singular variety, as well as beauty, of Dante's angels. Milton's, indeed, are commonplace in the comparison. In the eighth canto of the "Inferno," the devils insolently refuse the poet and his guide an entrance into the city of Dis. An angel comes sweeping over the Stygian lake to enforce it; the noise of his wings makes the shores tremble, and is like a crashing whirlwind, such as beats down the trees and sends the peasants and their herds flying before it. The heavenly messenger, after rebuking the devils, touches the portals of the city with his wand; they fly open; and he returns the way he came without uttering a word to the two companions. His face was that of one occupied with other thoughts. This angel is announced by a tempest. Another, who brings the souls of the departed to Purgatory, is first discovered at a distance, gradually disclosing white splendors, which are his wings and garments. He comes in a boat, of which his wings are the sails; and as he approaches, it is impossible to look him in the face for its brightness. Two other angels have green wings and green garments, and the drapery is kept in motion like a flag by the vehement action of the wings. A fifth has a face like the morning star, casting forth quivering beams. A sixth is of a lustre so oppressive that the

poet feels a weight on his eyes before he knows what is coming. Another's presence affects the senses like the fragrance of a May morning; and another is in garments dark as cinders, but has a sword in his hand too sparkling to be gazed at. Dante's occasional pictures of the beauties of external nature are worthy of these angelic creations, and to the last degree fresh and lovely. You long to bathe your eyes, smarting with the fumes of hell, in his dews. You gaze enchanted on his green fields and his celestial blue skies, the more so from the pain and sorrow in the midst of which the visions are created.

Dante's grandeur of every kind is proportionate to that of his angels, almost to his ferocity; and that is saying everything. It is not always the spiritual grandeur of Milton, the subjection of the material impression to the moral; but it is equally such when he chooses, and far more abundant. His infernal precipices — his black whirlwinds — his innumerable cries and claspings of hands — his very odors of huge loathsomeness — his giants at twilight standing up to the middle in pits, like towers, and causing earthquakes when they move — his earthquake of the mountain in Purgatory, when a spirit is set free for heaven — his dignified Mantuan Sordello, silently regarding him and his guide as they go by, "like a lion on his watch" — his blasphemer, Capaneus, lying in unconquered rage and sullenness under an eternal rain of flakes of fire (human precursor of Milton's Satan) — his aspect of Paradise, "as if the universe had smiled" — his inhabitants of the whole planet Saturn crying out *so loud*, in accordance with the anti-papal indignation of Saint Pietro Damiano, that the poet, though among them, *could not hear what they said* — and the blushing eclipse, like red clouds at sunset, which takes place at the Apostle Peter's denunciation of the sanguinary filth of the court of Rome, — all these sublimities, and many more, make us not know whether to be more astonished at the greatness of the poet or the raging littleness of the man. Grievous is it to be forced to bring two such opposites together; and I wish, for the honor and glory of poetry, I did not feel compelled to do so. But the swarthy Florentine had not the healthy temperament of his brethren, and he

fell upon evil times. Compared with Homer and Shakespeare, his very intensity seems only superior to theirs from an excess of the morbid; and he is inferior to both in other sovereign qualities of poetry, — to the one, in giving you the healthiest general impression of nature itself, — to Shakespeare, in boundless universality, — to most great poets, in thorough harmony and delightfulness. He wanted (generally speaking) the music of a happy and a happy-making disposition. Homer, from his large vital bosom, breathes like a broad fresh air over the world, amidst alternate storm and sunshine, making you aware that there is rough work to be faced, but also activity and beauty to be enjoyed. The feeling of health and strength is predominant. Life laughs at death itself, or meets it with a noble confidence, — is not taught to dread it as a malignant goblin. Shakespeare has all the smiles as well as tears of Nature, and discerns the "soul of goodness in things evil." He is comedy as well as tragedy, — the entire man in all his qualities, moods, and experiences; and he beautifies all. And both those truly divine poets make Nature their subject through her own inspiriting medium, — not through the darkened glass of one man's spleen and resentment. Dante, in constituting himself the hero of his poem, not only renders her, in the general impression, as dreary as himself, in spite of the occasional beautiful pictures he draws of her, but narrows her very immensity into his pettiness. He fancied, alas! that he could build her universe over again out of the politics of old Rome and the divinity of the schools! . . .

All that Dante said or did has its interest for us in spite of his errors, because he was an earnest and suffering man and a great genius; but his fame must ever continue to lie where his greatest blame does, in his principal work. He was a gratuitous logician, a preposterous politician, a cruel theologian; but his wonderful imagination, and (considering the bitterness that was in him) still more wonderful sweetness, have gone into the hearts of his fellow creatures, and will remain there in spite of the moral and religious absurdities with which they are mingled, and of the inability which the best-natured readers feel to associate his entire memory, as a poet, with their usual personal delight in a poet and his name.

DANTE AND TACITUS

By Rev. H. H. Milman, History of Latin Christianity, book xiv. ch. 5.

Christendom owes to Dante the creation of Italian Poetry, through Italian, of Christian Poetry. It required all the courage, firmness, and prophetic sagacity of Dante to throw aside the inflexible bondage of the established hierarchical Latin of Europe. He had almost yielded, and had actually commenced the "Divine Comedy" in the ancient, it seemed, the universal and eternal language. But the poet had profoundly meditated, and deliberately resolved on his appeal to the Italian mind and heart. Yet even then he had to choose, to a certain extent to form, the pure, vigorous, picturesque, harmonious Italian which was to be intelligible, which was to become native and popular to the universal ear of Italy. He had to create; out of a chaos he had to summon light. Every kingdom, every province, every district, almost every city, had its dialect, peculiar, separate, distinct, rude in construction, harsh, in different degrees, in utterance. Dante in his book on Vulgar Eloquence ranges over the whole land, rapidly discusses the Sicilian and Apulian, the Roman and Spoletan, the Tuscan and Genoese, the Romagnole and the Lombard, the Trevisan and Venetian, the Istrian and Friulian; all are coarse, harsh, mutilated, defective. The least bad is the vulgar Bolognese. But high above all this discord he seems to discern, and to receive into his prophetic ears, a noble and pure language, common to all, peculiar to none, a language which he describes as Illustrious, Cardinal, Courtly, if we may use our phrase, Parliamentary, that is, of the palace, the courts of justice, and of public affairs. No doubt it sprung, though its affiliation is by no means clear, out of the universal degenerate Latin, the rustic tongue, common not in Italy alone, but in all the provinces of the Roman Empire. Its first domicile was the splendid Sicilian and Apulian Court of Frederick the Second, and of his accomplished son. It has been boldly said, that it was part of Frederick's magnificent design of universal empire: he would make Italy one realm, under one king, and speaking

one language. Dante does homage to the noble character of Frederick the Second. Sicily was the birthplace of Italian Poetry. The Sicilian Poems live to bear witness to the truth of Dante's assertion, which might rest on his irrefragable authority alone. The Poems, one even earlier than the Court of Frederick, those of Frederick himself, of Pietro della Vigna, of King Enzio, of King Manfred, with some peculiarities in the formation, orthography, use, and sounds of words, are intelligible from one end of the peninsula to the other. The language was echoed and perpetuated, or rather resounded spontaneously, among poets in other districts. This courtly, aristocratical, universal Italian, Dante heard as the conventional dialect in the courts of the Cæsars, in the republics, in the principalities throughout Italy. Perhaps Dante, the Italian, the Ghibelline, the asserter of the universal temporal monarchy, dwelt not less fondly in his imagination on this universal and noble Italian language, because it would supersede the papal and hierarchical Latin; the Latin, with the Pope himself, would withdraw into the sanctuary, into the service of the Church, into affairs purely spiritual.

However this might be, to this vehicle of his noble thoughts Dante fearlessly intrusted his poetic immortality, which no poet anticipated with more confident security. While the scholar Petrarch condescended to the vulgar tongue in his amatory poems, which he had still a lurking fear might be but ephemeral, in his Africa and in his Latin verses he laid up, as he fondly thought, an imperishable treasure of fame. Even Boccaccio, happily for his own glory, followed the example of Dante, as he too probably supposed in his least enduring work, his gay "Decamerone." Yet Boccaccio doubted, towards the close of his life, whether the "Divine Comedy" had not been more sublime, and therefore destined to a more secure eternity, in Latin.

Thus in Italy, with the Italian language, of which, if he was not absolutely the creator, he was the first who gave it permanent and vital being, arose one of the great poets of the world. There is a vast chasm between the close of Roman and the dawn of Italian letters, between the period at which appeared the last creative work written by transcendent

human genius in the Roman language, while yet in its consummate strength and perfection, and the first in which Italian poetry and the Italian tongue came forth in their majesty; between the history of Tacitus and the "Divina Commedia." No one can appreciate more highly than myself (if I may venture to speak of myself) the great works of ecclesiastical Latin, the Vulgate, parts of the Ritual, Saint Augustine: yet who can deny that there is barbarism, a yet unreconciled confusion of uncongenial elements, of Orientalism and Occidentalism, in the language? From the time of Trajan, except Claudian, Latin letters are almost exclusively Christian; and Christian letters are Latin, as it were, in a secondary and degenerate form. The new era opens with Dante.

To my mind there is a singular kindred and similitude between the last great Latin and the first great Italian writer, though one is a poet, the other an historian. Tacitus and Dante have the same penetrative truth of observation as to man and the external world of man; the same power of expressing that truth. They have the common gift of flashing a whole train of thought, a vast range of images on the mind, by a few brief and pregnant words; the same faculty of giving life to human emotions by natural images, of imparting to natural images, as it were, human life and human sympathies: each has the intuitive judgment of saying just enough; the stern self-restraint which will not say more than enough; the rare talent of compressing a mass of profound thought into an apophthegm; each paints with words, with the fewest possible words, yet the picture lives and speaks. Each has that relentless moral indignation, that awful power of satire, which in the historian condemns to an immortality of earthly infamy, in the Christian poet aggravates that gloomy immortality of this world by ratifying it in the next. Each might seem to embody remorse. Patrician, high, imperial, princely, papal criminals are compelled to acknowledge the justice of their doom. Each, too, writing, one of times just passed, of which the influences were strongly felt in the social state and fortunes of Rome, — the other of his own, in which he had been actively concerned, — throws a personal passion (Dante of course the most) into his judgments and his language, which, what-

ever may be its effect on their justice, adds wonderfully to their force and reality. Each, too, has a lofty sympathy with good, only that the highest ideal of Tacitus is a death-defying Stoic, or an all-accomplished Roman Proconsul, an Helvidius Thrasea, or an Agricola; that of Dante, a suffering, and so purified and beatified Christian saint, or martyr; in Tacitus it is a majestic and virtuous Roman matron, an Agrippina, in Dante an unreal mysterious Beatrice.

Dante is not merely the religious poet of Latin or mediæval Christianity; in him that mediæval Christianity is summed up as it were, and embodied for perpetuity. The "Divine Comedy" contains in its sublimest form the whole mythology, and at the same time the quintessence, the living substance, the ultimate conclusions of the Scholastic Theology. The whole course of Legend, the Demonology, Angelology, the extra-mundane world, which in the popular belief was vague, fragmentary, incoherent, in Dante, as we have seen, becomes an actual, visible, harmonious system. In Dante heathen images, heathen mythology, are blended in the same living reality with those of Latin Christianity, but they are real in the sense of the early Christian Fathers. They are acknowledged as a part of the vast hostile Demon world, just as the Angelic Orders, which from Jewish or Oriental tradition obtained their first organization in the hierarchy of the Areopagite. So, too, the schools of Theology meet in the poet. Aquinas, it has been said, has nothing more subtile and metaphysical than the "Paradise," only that in Dante single lines, or pregnant stanzas, have the full meaning of pages or chapters of divinity. But though his doctrine is that of Aquinas, Dante has all the fervor and passion of the Mystics; he is Bonaventura as well as Saint Thomas.

Dante was in all respects but one, his Ghibellinism, the religious poet of his age, and to many minds not less religious for that exception. He was anti-papal, but with the fullest reverence for the spiritual supremacy of the successor of Saint Peter. To him, as to most religious Imperialists or Ghibellines, to some of the spiritual Franciscans, to a vast host of believers throughout Christendom, the Pope was two distinct personages. One, the temporal, they scrupled not to con-

demn with the fiercest reprobation, to hate with the bitterest cordiality: Dante damns pontiffs without fear or remorse. But the other, the Spiritual Pope, was worthy of all awe or reverence; his sacred person must be inviolate; his words, if not infallible, must be heard with the profoundest respect; he is the Vicar of Christ, the representative of God upon earth. With his Ghibelline brethren Dante closed his eyes against the incongruity, the inevitable incongruity, of these two discordant personages meeting in one: the same Boniface is in hell, yet was of such acknowledged sanctity on earth that it was spiritual treason to touch his awful person. The Saints of Dante are the Saints of the Church; on the highest height of wisdom is Saint Thomas, on the highest height of holiness, Saint Benedict, Saint Dominic, Saint Francis. To the religious adversaries of the Church he has all the stern remorselessness of an inquisitor. The noble Frederick the Second, whom we have just heard described as the parent of Italian poetry, the model of a mighty Emperor, the Cæsar of Cæsars, is in hell as an arch-heretic, as an atheist. In hell, in the same dreary circle, up to his waist in fire, is the noblest of the Ghibellines, Farinata degli Uberti. In hell for the same sin is the father of his dearest friend and brother poet Guido Cavalcanti. Whatever latent sympathy seems to transpire for Fra Dolcino, he is unrelentingly thrust down to the companionship of Mohammed. The Catholic may not reverse the sentence of the Church.

DANTE'S LANDSCAPES

From Ruskin's Modern Painters, vol. III. ch. 14.

The thing that must first strike us in this respect, as we turn our thoughts to the poem, is, unquestionably, the *formality* of its landscape.

Milton's effort, in all that he tells us of his Inferno, is to make it indefinite; Dante's, to make it *definite*. Both, indeed, describe it as entered through gates; but, within the gate, all is wild and fenceless with Milton, having indeed its four rivers,

— the last vestige of the mediæval tradition, — but rivers which flow through a waste of mountain and moorland, and by "many a frozen, many a fiery alp." But Dante's Inferno is accurately separated into circles drawn with well-pointed compasses; mapped and properly surveyed in every direction, trenched in a thoroughly good style of engineering from depth to depth, and divided in the "*accurate* middle" (*dritto mezzo*) of its deepest abyss into a concentric series of ten moats and embankments, like those about a castle, with bridges from each embankment to the next; precisely in the manner of those bridges over Hiddekel and Euphrates, which Mr. Macaulay thinks so innocently designed, apparently not aware that he is also laughing at Dante. These larger fosses are of rock, and the bridges also; but as he goes further into detail, Dante tells us of various minor fosses and embankments, in which he anxiously points out to us not only the formality, but the neatness and perfectness, of the stone-work. For instance, in describing the river Phlegethon, he tells us that it was "paved with stone at the bottom, and at the sides, and *over the edges of the sides*," just as the water is at the baths of Bulicame; and for fear we should think this embankment at all *larger* than it really was, Dante adds, carefully, that it was made just like the embankments of Ghent or Bruges against the sea, or those in Lombardy which bank the Brenta, only "not so high, nor so wide," as any of these. And besides the trenches, we have two well-built castles; one like Ecbatana, with seven circuits of wall (and surrounded by a fair stream), wherein the great poets and sages of antiquity live; and another, a great fortified city with walls of iron, red-hot, and a deep fosse round it, and full of "grave citizens," — the city of Dis.

Now, whether this be in what we moderns call "good taste," or not, I do not mean just now to inquire, — Dante having nothing to do with taste, but with the facts of what he had seen; only, so far as the imaginative faculty of the two poets is concerned, note that Milton's vagueness is not the sign of imagination, but of its absence, so far as it is significative in the matter. For it does not follow, because Milton did not map out his Inferno as Dante did, that he

could not have done so if he had chosen; only, it was the easier and less imaginative process to leave it vague than to define it. Imagination is always the seeing and asserting faculty; that which obscures or conceals may be judgment, or feeling, but not invention. The invention, whether good or bad, is in the accurate engineering, not in the fog and uncertainty.

When we pass with Dante from the Inferno to the Purgatory, we have indeed more light and air, but no more liberty: being now confined on various ledges cut into a mountain-side, with a precipice on one hand and a vertical wall on the other; and, lest here also we should make any mistake about magnitudes, we are told that the ledges were eighteen feet wide, and that the ascent from one to the other was by steps, made like those which go up from Florence to the church of San Miniato.

Lastly, though in the Paradise there is perfect freedom and infinity of space, though for trenches we have planets, and for cornices constellations, yet there is more cadence, procession, and order among the redeemed souls than any others; they fly so as to describe letters and sentences in the air, and rest in circles, like rainbows, or determinate figures, as of a cross and an eagle; in which certain of the more glorified natures are so arranged as to form the eye of the bird, while those most highly blessed are arranged with their white crowds in leaflets, so as to form the image of a white rose in the midst of heaven.

Thus, throughout the poem, I conceive that the first striking character of its scenery is intense definition; precisely the reflection of that definiteness which we have already traced in pictorial art. But the second point which seems noteworthy, is that the flat ground and embanked trenches are reserved for the Inferno; and that the entire territory of the Purgatory is a mountain, thus marking the sense of that purifying and perfecting influence in mountains which we saw the mediæval mind was so ready to suggest. The same general idea is indicated at the very commencement of the poem, in which Dante is overwhelmed by fear and sorrow in passing through a dark forest, but revives on seeing the sun touch the top of a hill,

afterwards called by Virgil "the pleasant mount, — the cause and source of all delight."

While, however, we find this greater honor paid to mountains, I think we may perceive a much greater dread and dislike of woods. We saw that Homer seemed to attach a pleasant idea, for the most part, to forests; regarding them as sources of wealth and places of shelter; and we find constantly an idea of sacredness attached to them, as being haunted especially by the gods: so that even the wood which surrounds the house of Circe is spoken of as a sacred thicket, or rather as a sacred glade, or labyrinth of glades (of the particular word used I shall have more to say presently); and so the wood is sought as a kindly shelter by Ulysses, in spite of its wild beasts; and evidently regarded with great affection by Sophocles, for, in a passage which is always regarded by readers of Greek tragedy with peculiar pleasure, the aged and blind Œdipus, brought to rest in "the sweetest resting-place" in all the neighborhood of Athens, has the spot described to him as haunted perpetually by nightingales, which sing "in the green glades and in the dark ivy, and in the thousand-fruited, sunless, and windless thickets of the god" (Bacchus); the idea of the complete shelter from wind and sun being here, as with Ulysses, the uppermost one. After this come the usual staples of landscape, — narcissus, crocus, plenty of rain, olive-trees; and last and the greatest boast of all, — "it is a good country for horses, and conveniently by the sea;" but the prominence and pleasantness of the thick wood in the thoughts of the writer are very notable; whereas to Dante the idea of a forest is exceedingly repulsive, so that, as just noticed, in the opening of his poem, he cannot express a general despair about life more strongly than by saying he was lost in a wood so savage and terrible, that "even to think or speak of it is distress, — it was so bitter, — it was something next door to death;" and one of the saddest scenes in all the Inferno is in a forest, of which the trees are haunted by lost souls; while (with only one exception), whenever the country is to be beautiful, we find ourselves coming out into open air and open meadows.

It is quite true that this is partly a characteristic, not

merely of Dante, or of mediæval writers, but of *Southern* writers; for the simple reason that the forest, being with them higher upon the hills, and more out of the way, than in the North, was generally a type of lonely and savage places; while in England, the "greenwood" coming up to the very walls of the towns, it was possible to be "merry in the good greenwood," in a sense which an Italian could not have understood. Hence Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare send their favorites perpetually to the woods for pleasure or meditation; and trust their tender Canace, or Rosalind, or Helena, or Silvia, or Belphœbe, where Dante would have sent no one but a condemned spirit. Nevertheless, there is always traceable in the mediæval mind a dread of thick foliage, which was not present to that of a Greek; so that, even in the North, we have our sorrowful "children in the wood," and black huntsmen of the Hartz forests, and such other wood terrors; the principal reason for the difference being, that a Greek, being by no means given to travelling, regarded his woods as so much valuable property, and, if he ever went into them for pleasure, expected to meet one or two gods in the course of his walk, but no banditti; while a mediæval, much more of a solitary traveller, and expecting to meet with no gods in the thickets, but only with thieves, or a hostile ambush, or a bear, besides a great deal of troublesome ground for his horse, and a very serious chance, next to a certainty, of losing his way, naturally kept in the open ground as long as he could, and regarded the forests, in general, with anything but an eye of favor.

These, I think, are the principal points which must strike us, when we first broadly think of the poem as compared with classical work. Let us now go a little more into detail.

As Homer gave us an ideal landscape, which even a god might have been pleased to behold, so Dante gives us, fortunately, an ideal landscape, which is specially intended for the terrestrial paradise. And it will doubtless be with some surprise, after our reflections above on the general tone of Dante's feelings, that we find ourselves here first entering a *forest*, and that even a *thick* forest. But there is a peculiar meaning in this. With any other poet than Dante, it might have been regarded

as a wanton inconsistency. Not so with him: by glancing back to the two lines which explain the nature of Paradise, we shall see what he means by it. Virgil tells him, as he enters it, "Henceforward, take thine own pleasure for guide; thou art beyond the steep ways, and beyond all Art;" — meaning, that the perfectly purified and noble human creature, having no pleasure but in right, is past all effort, and past all *rule*. Art has no existence for such a being. Hence, the first aim of Dante, in his landscape imagery, is to show evidence of this perfect liberty, and of the purity and sinlessness of the new nature, converting pathless ways into happy ones. So that all those fences and formalisms which had been needed for him in imperfection are removed in this paradise; and even the pathlessness of the wood, the most dreadful thing possible to him in his days of sin and shortcoming, is now a joy to him in his days of purity. And as the fencelessness and thicket of sin led to the fettered and fearful order of eternal punishment, so the fencelessness and thicket of the free virtue lead to the loving and constellated order of eternal happiness.

This forest, then, is very like that of Colonos in several respects, — in its peace and sweetness, and number of birds; it differs from it only in letting a light breeze through it, being therefore somewhat thinner than the Greek wood; the tender lines which tell of the voices of the birds mingling with the wind, and of the leaves all turning one way before it, have been more or less copied by every poet since Dante's time. They are, so far as I know, the sweetest passage of wood description which exists in literature.

Before, however, Dante has gone far in this wood, — that is to say, only so far as to have lost sight of the place where he entered it, or rather, I suppose, of the light under the boughs of the outside trees, and it must have been a very thin wood indeed if he did not do this in some quarter of a mile's walk, — he comes to a little river, three paces over, which bends the blades of grass to the left, with a meadow on the other side of it; and in this meadow

> A lady, graced with solitude, who went
> Singing and setting flower by flower apart,
> By which the path she walked on was besprent.

"Ah, lady beautiful, that basking art
In beams of love, if I may trust thy face,
Which useth to bear witness of the heart,
Let liking come on thee," said I, "to trace
Thy path a little closer to the shore,
Where I may reap the hearing of thy lays.
Thou mindest me, how Proserpine of yore
Appeared in such a place, what time her mother
Lost her, and she the spring, forevermore."
As, pointing downwards and to one another
Her feet, a lady bendeth in the dance,
And barely setteth one before the other,
Thus, on the scarlet and the saffron glance
Of flowers with motion maidenlike she bent
(Her modest eyelids drooping and askance):
And there she gave my wishes their content,
Approaching, so that her sweet melodies
Arrived upon mine ear with what they meant.
When first she came amongst the blades that rise,
Already wetted, from the goodly river,
She graced me by the lifting of her eyes.

CAYLEY.

I have given this passage at length, because, for our purposes, it is by much the most important, not only in Dante, but in the whole circle of poetry. This lady, observe, stands on the opposite side of the little stream, which, presently, she explains to Dante is Lethe, having power to cause forgetfulness of all evil, and she stands just among the bent blades of grass at its edge. She is first seen gathering flower from flower, then "passing continually the multitudinous flowers through her hands," smiling at the same time so brightly that her first address to Dante is to prevent him from wondering at her, saying, "if he will remember the verse of the ninety-second Psalm, beginning 'Delectasti,' he will know why she is so happy."

And turning to the verse of the Psalm, we find it written, "Thou, Lord, hast made me glad *through thy works.* I will triumph *in the works of thy hands;*" or in the very words in which Dante would read it,

Quia delectasti me, Domine, in factura tua,
Et in operibus manuum Tuarum exultabo.

Now we could not for an instant have had any difficulty in understanding this, but that, some way farther on in the

poem, this lady is called Matilda, and it is with reason supposed by the commentators to be the great Countess Matilda of the eleventh century; notable equally for her ceaseless activity, her brilliant political genius, her perfect piety, and her deep reverence for the see of Rome. This Countess Matilda is therefore Dante's guide in the terrestrial paradise, as Beatrice is afterwards in the celestial; each of them having a spiritual and symbolic character in their glorified state, yet retaining their definite personality.

The question is, then, what is the symbolic character of the Countess Matilda, as the guiding spirit of the terrestrial paradise? Before Dante had entered this paradise he had rested on a step of shelving rock, and as he watched the stars, he slept, and dreamed, and thus tells us what he saw:

> A lady, young and beautiful, I dreamed,
> Was passing o'er a lea; and, as she came,
> Methought I saw her ever and anon
> Bending to cull the flowers; and thus she sang:
> "Know ye, whoever of my name would ask,
> That I am Leah; for my brow to weave
> A garland, these fair hands unwearied ply;
> To please me at the crystal mirror, here
> I deck me. But my sister Rachel, she
> Before her glass abides the livelong day,
> Her radiant eyes beholding, charmed no less
> Than I with this delightful task. Her joy
> In contemplation, as in labor mine."

This vision of Rachel and Leah has been always, and with unquestionable truth, received as a type of the Active and Contemplative life, and as an introduction to the two divisions of the Paradise which Dante is about to enter. Therefore the unwearied spirit of the Countess Matilda is understood to represent the Active life, which forms the felicity of Earth; and the spirit of Beatrice the Contemplative life, which forms the felicity of Heaven. This interpretation appears at first straightforward and certain, but it has missed count of exactly the most important fact in the two passages which we have to explain. Observe: Leah gathers the flowers to decorate *herself*, and delights in *Her Own* Labor. Rachel sits silent, contemplating herself, and delights in *Her Own* Image. These

are the types of the Unglorified Active and Contemplative powers of Man. But Beatrice and Matilda are the same powers, Glorified. And how are they Glorified? Leah took delight in her own labor; but Matilda — "in operibus *manuum Tuarum*" — *in God's labor;* — Rachel in the sight of her own face; Beatrice in the sight of *God's face.*

And thus, when afterwards Dante sees Beatrice on her throne, and prays her that, when he himself shall die, she would receive him with kindness, Beatrice merely looks down for an instant, and answers with a single smile, then "towards the eternal fountain turns."

Therefore it is evident that Dante distinguishes in both cases, not between earth and heaven, but between perfect and imperfect happiness, whether in earth or heaven. The active life which has only the service of man for its end, and therefore gathers flowers, with Leah, for its own decoration, is indeed happy, but not perfectly so; it has only the happiness of the dream, belonging essentially to the dream of human life, and passing away with it. But the active life which labors for the more and more discovery of God's work is perfectly happy, and is the life of the terrestrial paradise, being a true foretaste of heaven, and beginning in earth, as heaven's vestibule. So also the contemplative life which is concerned with human feeling and thought and beauty — the life which is in earthly poetry and imagery of noble earthly emotion — is happy, but it is the happiness of the dream; the contemplative life which has God's person and love in Christ for its object, has the happiness of eternity. But because this higher happiness is also begun here on earth, Beatrice descends to earth; and when revealed to Dante first, he sees the image of the twofold personality of Christ reflected in her *eyes;* as the flowers, which are, to the mediæval heart, the chief work of God, are forever passing through Matilda's *hands.*

Now, therefore, we see that Dante, as the great prophetic exponent of the heart of the Middle Ages, has, by the lips of the spirit of Matilda, declared the mediæval faith, — that all perfect active life was "the expression of man's delight *in God's work;*" and that all their political and warlike energy, as fully shown in the mortal life of Matilda, was yet

inferior and impure, — the energy of the dream, — compared with that which on the opposite bank of Lethe stood "choosing flower from flower." And what joy and peace there were in this work is marked by Matilda's being the person who draws Dante through the stream of Lethe, so as to make him forget all sin, and all sorrow: throwing her arms round him, she plunges his head under the waves of it; then draws him through, crying to him, "Hold me, hold me" (*Tiemmi, tiemmi*), and so presents him, thus bathed, free from all painful memory, at the feet of the spirit of the more heavenly contemplation.

DANTE'S CREED

From the Foreign Quarterly Review, no. LXV. art. 1.

Another thought sustained him, and was the *end* towards which he directed all the energies which love had roused within him; and this must be specially insisted upon, because, wonderfully enough! even in the present day it is either misunderstood or lightly treated by all who busy themselves about Dante. This aim is the *national aim*, — the same desire that vibrates instinctively in the bosoms of twenty-two millions of men, and which is the secret of the immense popularity Dante has in Italy. The idea and the almost superhuman constancy with which he pursued it render Dante the most complete individual incarnation of this aim that we know, and, notwithstanding, *this* is just the point upon which his biographers are the most uncertain. . . .

It must be said and insisted upon, that this idea of national greatness is the leading thought in all that Dante did or wrote. Never man loved his country with a more exalted or fervent love; never had man such projects of magnificent and exalted destinies for her. All who consider Dante as a Guelph or a Ghibelline grovel at the base of the monument which he desired to raise to Italy. We are not here required to give an opinion upon the degree of feasibility of

Dante's ideas, — the future must decide this point. What we have to do is to show what Dante aimed at, in order that those who desire to come to a just estimate of his life may have sufficient grounds to judge him. This we shall do as rapidly as possible, relying upon passages in the "Convito," and his little treatise "De Monarchia," for our authority. The following, then, is a summary of what, in the thirteenth century, Dante believed.

God is one, — the universe is one thought of God, — the universe therefore is one. All things come from God, — they all participate, more or less, in the Divine nature, according to the end for which they are created. They all float towards different points over the great ocean of existence, but they are all moved by the same will. Flowers in the garden of God all merit our love according to the degree of excellence he has bestowed upon each; of these MAN is the most eminent. Upon him God has bestowed more of his own nature than upon any other creature. In the continuous scale of being, that man whose nature is the most degraded touches upon the animal; he whose nature is the most noble approaches that of the angel. Everything that comes from the hand of God tends towards the perfection of which it is susceptible, and man more fervently and more vigorously than all the rest. There is this difference between him and other creatures, that his perfectibility is what Dante calls *possible*, meaning *indefinite*. Coming from the bosom of God, the human soul incessantly aspires towards Him, and endeavors by holiness and knowledge to become reunited with Him. Now the life of the individual man is too short and too weak to enable him to satisfy that yearning in this world; but around him, before him, stands the whole human race to which he is allied by his social nature, — that never dies, but works through one generation of its members after another onwards, in the road to eternal truth. Mankind is one. God has made nothing in vain, and if there exists a multitude, a *collective* of men, it is because there is *one* aim for them all, — one work to be accomplished by them all. Whatever this aim may be, it does certainly exist, and we must endeavor to discover and attain it. Mankind, then, ought to work together, in order that all the intellectual powers

that are bestowed amongst them may receive the highest possible development, whether in the sphere of thought or action. It is only by harmony, consequently by association, that this is possible. Mankind must be *one*, even as God is *one;* — one in organization, as it is already *one* in its principle. Unity is taught by the manifest design of God in the external world, and by the necessity of an aim. Now unity seeks for something by which it may be represented, and this is found in a unity of government. There must then of necessity be some centre to which the general inspiration of mankind ascends, thence to flow down again in the form of LAW, — a power strong in unity, and in the supporting advice of the higher intellects naturally destined to rule, providing with calm wisdom for all the different functions which are to be fulfilled, — the distinct employments, — itself performing the part of pilot, of supreme chief, in order to bring to the highest perfection what Dante calls "the universal religion of human nature;" that is, empire, — IMPERIUM. It will maintain concord amongst the rulers of states, and this peace will diffuse itself from thence into towns, from the towns among each cluster of habitations, into every house, into the bosom of each man. But where is the seat of this empire to be?

At this question Dante quits all analytic argumentation, and takes up the language of synthetical and absolute affirmation, like a man in whom the least expression of doubt excites astonishment.

He is no longer a *philosopher*, he is a *believer*. He shows ROME, the HOLY CITY, as he calls her, — the city whose very stones he declares to be worthy of reverence, — "*There* is the seat of empire." There never was, and there never will be, a people endowed with more gentleness for the exercise of command, with more vigor to maintain it, and more capacity to acquire it, than the Italian nation, and above all, the Holy Roman people.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA

From the German of Schelling.

In the sanctuary where Religion "is married to immortal verse" stands Dante as high priest, and consecrates all modern Art to its vocation. Not as a solitary poem, but representing the whole class of the New Poetry, and itself a separate class, stands the "Divine Comedy," so entirely unique, that any theory drawn from peculiar forms is quite inadequate to it; — a world by itself, it demands its own peculiar theory. The predicate of Divine was given it by its author,[1] because it treats of theology and things divine; Comedy he called it, after the simplest notion of this and its opposite kind, on account of its fearful beginning and its happy ending, and because the mixed nature of the poem, whose material is now lofty and now lowly, rendered a mixed kind of style necessary.

One readily perceives, however, that, according to the common notion, it cannot be called Dramatic, because it represents no circumscribed action. So far as Dante himself may be looked upon as the hero, who serves only as a thread for the measureless series of visions and pictures, and remains rather passive than active, the poem seems to approach nearer to a Romance; yet this definition does not completely exhaust it. Nor can we call it Epic, in the usual acceptation of the word, since there is no regular sequence in the events represented. To look upon it as a Didactic poem is likewise impossible, because it is written with a far less restricted form and aim than that of teaching. It belongs, therefore, to none of these classes in particular, nor is it merely a compound of them; but an entirely unique, and as it were organic, mixture of all their elements, not to be reproduced by any arbitrary rules of art, — an absolute individuality, comparable with itself alone, and with naught else.

The material of the poem is, in general terms, the express

[1] The title of "Divina" was not given to the poem till long after Dante's death. It first appears in the edition of 1516. — Tr.

identity of the poet's age; — the interpenetration of the events thereof with the ideas of Religion, Science, and Poetry, in the loftiest genius of that century. Our intention is not to consider it in its immediate reference to its age; but rather in its universal application, and as the archetype of all modern Poetry.

The necessary law of this poetry, down to the still indefinitely distant point where the great epic of modern times, which hitherto has announced itself only rhapsodically and in broken glimpses, shall present itself as a perfect whole, is this — that the individual gives shape and unity to that portion of the world which is revealed to him, and out of the materials of his time, its history, and its science, creates his own mythology. For as the ancient world is, in general, the world of classes, so the modern is that of individuals. In the former, the Universal is in truth the Particular, the race acts as an individual; in the latter, the Individual is the point of departure and becomes the Universal. For this reason, in the former all things are permanent and imperishable: number likewise is of no account, since the Universal idea coincides with that of the Individual; — in the latter constant mutation is the fixed law; no narrow circle limits its ends, but one which through Individuality widens itself to infinitude. And since Universality belongs to the essence of poetry, it is a necessary condition that the Individual through the highest peculiarity should again become Universal, and by his complete specialty become again absolute. Thus, through the perfect individuality and uniqueness of his poem, Dante is the creator of modern art, which without this arbitrary necessity, and necessary arbitrariness, cannot be imagined.

From the very beginning of Greek Poetry, we see it clearly separated from Science and Philosophy, as in Homer; and this process of separation continued until the poets and the philosophers became the antipodes of each other. They in vain, by allegorical interpretations of the Homeric poems, sought artificially to create a harmony between the two. In modern times Science has preceded Poetry and Mythology, which cannot be Mythology without being universal, and

drawing into its circle all the elements of the then existing culture, Science, Religion, and even Art, and joining in a perfect unity the material not only of the present but of the past. Into this struggle (since Art demands something definite and limited, while the spirit of the world rushes towards the unlimited, and with ceaseless power sweeps down all barriers) must the Individual enter, but with absolute freedom seek to rescue permanent shapes from the fluctuations of time, and within arbitrarily assumed forms to give to the structure of his poem, by its absolute peculiarity, internal necessity and external universality.

This Dante has done. He had before him, as material, the history of the present as well as of the past. He could not elaborate this into a pure Epos, partly on account of its nature, partly because, in doing this, he would have excluded other elements of the culture of his time. To its completeness belonged also the astronomy, the theology, and the philosophy of the time. To these he could not give expression in a didactic poem, for by so doing he would again have limited himself. Consequently, in order to make his poem universal, he was obliged to make it historical. An invention entirely uncontrolled, and proceeding from his own individuality, was necessary to unite these materials, and form them into an organic whole. To represent the ideas of Philosophy and Theology in symbols was impossible, for there then existed no symbolic Mythology. He could quite as little make his poem purely allegorical, for then, again, it could not be historical. It was necessary, therefore, to make it an entirely unique mixture of Allegory and History. In the emblematic poetry of the ancients no clue of this kind was possible. The Individual only could lay hold of it, and only an uncontrolled invention follow it.

The poem of Dante is not allegorical in the sense that its figures only signified something else, without having any separate existence independent of the thing signified. On the other hand, none of them is independent of the thing signified in such a way as to be at once the idea itself and more than an allegory of it. There is therefore in his poem an entirely unique mean between Allegory and symbolic-object-

ive Form. There is no doubt, and the poet has himself elsewhere declared it, that Beatrice, for example, is an Allegory, namely, of Theology. So her companions; so many other characters. But at the same time they count for themselves, and appear on the scene as historic personages, without on that account being symbols.

In this respect Dante is archetypal, since he has proclaimed what the modern poet has to do, in order to embody into a poetic whole the entire history and culture of his age, — the only mythological material which lies before him. He must, from absolute arbitrariness, join together the allegorical and historical: he must be allegorical (and he is so, too, against his will), because he cannot be symbolical; and he must be historical, because he wishes to be poetical. In this respect his invention is always peculiar, a world by itself, and altogether characteristic.

The only German poem of universal plan unites together in a similar manner the outermost extremes in the aspirations of the times, by a very peculiar invention of a subordinate mythology, in the character of Faust; although, in the Aristophanic meaning of the word, it may far better be called a Comedy, and in another and more poetic sense Divine, than the poem of Dante.

The energy with which the individual embodies the singular mixture of the materials which lie before him in his age and his life, determines the measure in which he possesses mythological power. Dante's personages possess a kind of eternity from the position in which he places them, and which is eternal; but not only the actual which he draws from his own time, as the story of Ugolino and the like, but also what is pure invention, as the death of Ulysses and his companions, has in the connection of his poem a real mythological truth.

It would be of but subordinate interest to represent by itself the Philosophy, Physics, and Astronomy of Dante, since his true peculiarity lies only in his manner of fusing them with his poetry. The Ptolemaic system, which to a certain degree is the foundation of his poetic structure, has already in itself a mythological coloring. If, however, his philosophy is to be

characterized in general as Aristotelian, we must not understand by this the pure Peripatetic philosophy, but a peculiar union of the same with the ideas of the Platonic then entertained, as may be proved by many passages of his poem.

We will not dwell upon the power and solidity of separate passages, the simplicity and endless *naïveté* of separate pictures, in which he expresses his philosophical views, as the well-known description of the soul which comes from the hand of God as a little girl "weeping and laughing in its childish sport," a guileless soul, which knows nothing, save that, moved by its joyful Creator, "willingly it turns to that which gives it pleasure;"— we speak only of the general symbolic form of the whole, in whose absoluteness, more than in anything else, the universal value and immortality of this poem is recognized.

If the union of Philosophy and Poetry, even in their most subordinate synthesis, is understood as making a didactic poem, it becomes necessary, since the poem must be without any external end and aim, that the intention (of instructing) should lose itself in it, and be changed into an absoluteness (*in eine Absolutheit verwandelt*), so that the poem may seem to exist for its own sake. And this is only conceivable, when Science (considered as a picture of the universe, and in perfect harmony therewith, as the most original and beautiful Poetry) is in itself already poetical. Dante's poem is a much higher interpenetration of Science and Poetry, and so much the more must its form, even in its freer self-existence, be adapted to the universal type of the world's aspect.

The division of the universe and the arrangement of the materials according to the three kingdoms of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, independently of the peculiar meaning of these ideas in Christian theology, are also a general symbolic form, so that one does not see why under the same form every remarkable age should not have its own Divine Comedy. As in the modern Drama the form of five acts is assumed as the usual one, because every event may be regarded in its Beginning, its Progress, its Culmination, its Dénouement, and its final Consummation, so this trichotomy, or threefold division of Dante in the higher prophetic poetry, which is to be the

expression of a whole age, is conceivable as a general form, which in its filling up may be infinitely varied, as by the power of original invention it can always be quickened into new life. Not alone, however, as an external form, but as an emblematical expression of the internal type of all Science and Poetry, is that form eternal, and capable of embracing in itself the three great objects of science and culture, — Nature, History, and Art. Nature, as the birth of all things, is the eternal Night; and as that unity through which these are in themselves, it is the aphelion of the universe, the point of farthest removal from God, the true centre. Life and History, whose nature is gradual progress, are only a process of clarification, a transition to an absolute condition. This can nowhere be found save in Art, which anticipates eternity, is the paradise of life, and is truly in the centre.

Dante's poem, therefore, viewed from all sides, is not an isolated work of a particular age, a particular stage of culture; but it is archetypal, by the universal interest which it unites with the most absolute individuality, — by its universality, in virtue of which it excludes no side of life and culture, — and, finally, by its form, which is not a peculiar type, but the type of the theory of the universe in general.

The peculiar internal arrangement of the poem certainly cannot possess this universal interest, since it is formed upon the ideas of the time, and the peculiar views of the poet. On the other hand, as is to be expected from a work so artistic and full of purpose, the general inner type is again externally imaged forth, through the form, color, sound, of the three great divisions of the poem.

From the extraordinary nature of his material, Dante needed for the form of his creations in detail some kind of credentials which only the Science of his time could give, and which for him are, so to speak, the Mythology and the general basis which support the daring edifice of his inventions. But even in the details he remains true to his design of being allegorical, without ceasing to be historical and poetical. Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise are, as it were, only his system of Theology in its concrete and architectural development. The proportion, number, and relations which he observes in their

internal structure were prescribed by this science, and herein he renounced intentionally the freedom of invention, in order to give, by means of form, necessity and limitation to his poem, which in its materials was unlimited. The universal sanctity and significancy of numbers is another external form upon which his poetry rests. So in general the entire logical and syllogistic lore of that age is for him only form, which must be granted to him in order to attain to that region in which his poetry moves.

And yet, in this adherence to religious and philosophical notions, as the most universally interesting thing which his age offered, Dante never seeks an ordinary kind of poetic probability; but rather renounces all intention of flattering the baser senses. His first entrance into Hell takes place, as it should take place, without any unpoetical attempt to assign a motive for it or to make it intelligible, in a condition like that of a Vision, without, however, any intention of making it appear such. His being drawn up by Beatrice's eyes, through which the divine power is communicated to him, he expresses in a single line: what is wonderful in his own adventures he immediately changes to a likeness of the mysteries of religion, and gives it credibility by a yet higher mystery, as when he makes his entrance into the moon, which he compares to that of light into the unbroken surface of water, an image of God's incarnation.

To show the perfection of art and the depth of purpose which was carried even into the minor details of the inner structure of the three worlds, would be a science in itself. This was recognized shortly after the poet's death by his nation, in their appointing a distinct Lectureship upon Dante, which was first filled by Boccaccio.

But not only do the several incidents in each of the three parts of the poem allow the universal character of the first form to shine through them, but the law thereof expresses itself yet more definitely in the inner and spiritual rhythm, by which they are contradistinguished from each other. The "Inferno," as it is the most fearful in its objects, is likewise the strongest in expression, the severest in diction, and in its very words dark and awful. In one portion of the "Purgatorio"

deep silence reigns, for the lamentations of the lower world grow mute; upon its summits, the forecourts of Heaven, all becomes Color: the "Paradiso" is the true music of the spheres.

The variety and difference of the punishments in the "Inferno" are conceived with almost unexampled invention. Between the crime and the punishment there is never any other than a poetic relation. Dante's spirit is not daunted by what is terrible; nay, he goes to its extreme limits. But it could be shown, in every case, that he never ceases to be sublime, and in consequence truly beautiful. For that which men who are not capable of comprehending the whole have sometimes pointed out as low is not so in their sense of the term, but it is a necessary element of the mixed nature of the poem, on account of which Dante himself called it a comedy. The hatred of evil, the scorn of a godlike spirit, which are expressed in Dante's fearful composition, are not the inheritance of common souls. It is indeed very doubtful still, though quite generally believed, whether his banishment from Florence, after he had previously dedicated his poetry to Love, first spurred on his spirit, naturally inclined to whatever was earnest and extraordinary, to the highest invention, in which he breathed forth the whole of his life, of the destiny of his heart and his country, together with his indignation thereat. But the vengeance which he takes in the "Inferno," he takes in the name of the Day of Judgment, as the elected Judge with prophetic power, not from personal hate, but with a pious soul roused by the abominations of the times, and a love of his native land long dead in others, as he has himself represented in a passage in the "Paradiso," where he says:

> If e'er it happen that the Poem sacred,
> To which both Earth and Heaven have lent their hand,
> Till it hath made me meagre many a year,
> Conquer the cruelty that shuts me out
> Of the fair sheepfold, where a lamb I slumbered,
> An enemy to the wolves that war upon it,
> With other voice forthwith, with other fleece,
> The poet shall return, and at the font
> Baptismal shall he take the crown of laurel.

He tempers the horror of the torments of the damned by his own feeling for them, which at the end of so much suffer-

ing so overwhelms him that he is ready to weep, and Virgil says to him, "Wherefore, then, art thou troubled?"

It has already been remarked, that the greater part of the punishments of the "Inferno" are symbolical of the crimes for which they are inflicted, but many of them are so in a far more general relation. Of this kind is, in particular, the representation of a metamorphosis, in which two natures are mutually interchanged, and their substance transmuted. No metamorphosis of Antiquity can compare with this for invention, and if a naturalist or a didactic poet were able to sketch with such power emblems of the eternal metamorphoses of nature, he might congratulate himself upon it.

As we have already remarked, the "Inferno" is not only distinguished from the other parts by the external form of its representation, but also by the circumstance that it is peculiarly the realm of forms, and consequently the plastic part of the poem. The "Purgatorio" must be recognized as the picturesque part. Not only are the penances here imposed upon sinners at times pictorially treated, even to brightness of coloring, but the journey up the holy mountain of Purgatory presents in detail a rapid succession of shifting landscapes, scenes, and manifold play of light; until upon its outermost boundary, when the poet has reached the waters of Lethe, the highest pomp of painting and color displays itself, in the picturing of the divine primeval forest of this region, of the celestial clearness of the water overcast with its eternal shadow, of the maiden whom he meets upon its banks, and the descent of Beatrice in a cloud of flowers, beneath a white veil, crowned with olive, wrapped in a green mantle, and "vested in colors of the living flame."

The poet has urged his way to light through the very heart of the earth: in the darkness of the lower world forms alone could be distinguished: in Purgatory light is kindled, but still in connection with earthly matter, and becomes color. In Paradise there remains nothing but the pure music of the light; reflection ceases and the Poet rises gradually to behold the colorless pure essence of Deity itself.

The astronomical system which the age of the poet invested with a mythological value, the nature of the stars and of the

measure of their motion, are the ground upon which his inventions, in this part of the poem, rest. And if he in this sphere of the unconditioned still suffers degrees and differences to exist, he again removes them by the glorious word which he puts into the mouth of one of the sister-souls whom he meets in the moon, that "every *Where* in heaven is Paradise."

The plan of the poem renders it natural that, on the very ascent through Paradise, the loftiest speculations of theology should be discussed. His deep reverence for this science is symbolized by his love of Beatrice. In proportion as the field of vision enlarges itself into the purely Universal, it is necessary that Poetry should become Music, form vanish, and that, in this point of view, the "Inferno" should appear the most poetic part of the work. But in this work it is absolutely impossible to take things separately; and the peculiar excellence of each separate part is authenticated and recognized only through its harmony with the whole. If the relation of the three parts to the whole is perceived, we shall necessarily recognize the "Paradiso" as the purely musical and lyrical portion, even in the design of the poet, who expresses this in the external form by the frequent use of the Latin words of Church hymns.

The marvellous grandeur of the poem, which gleams forth in the mingling of all the elements of poetry and art, reaches in this way a perfect manifestation. This divine work is not plastic, not picturesque, not musical, but all of these at once and in accordant harmony. It is not dramatic, not epic, not lyric, but a peculiar, unique, and unexampled mingling of all these.

I think I have shown, at the same time, that it is prophetic, and typical of all the modern Poetry. It embraces all its characteristics, and springs out of the intricately mingled materials of the same, as the first growth, stretching itself above the earth and toward the heavens, — the first fruit of transfiguration. Those who would become acquainted with the poetry of modern times, not superficially, but at its fountain-head, may train themselves by this great and mighty spirit, in order to know by what means the whole of the

modern time may be embraced in its entireness, and that it is not held together by a loosely woven band. They who have no vocation for this can apply to themselves the words at the beginning of the first part,

Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' intrate.

[The following Illustrations were indicated by Mr. Longfellow for use in the "Purgatorio." They are all drawn from Roger of Wendover's "Flowers of History," Bohn's Edition.]

VISION OF DRITHELM A. D. 699

In these days a certain head of a family in the country of the Northumbrians was seized with severe bodily illness, and died in the early part of the night; but in the early dawn he revived, and of a sudden sat up, at which all who were weeping around his body fled in consternation. His wife, however, who loved him best, remained, though greatly terrified. Consoling her, he said, "Be not afraid, for in very deed I am risen from the dead, and permitted to live again among men." Then rising immediately, he repaired to the oratory of the little town, where he remained in prayer until day, and then, dividing all his substance into three portions, he gave one to his wife, another to his children, and, reserving the third to himself, he distributed it forthwith among the poor; and not long after, he freed himself entirely from worldly cares, and received the tonsure in the monastery of Mailros. After entering the monastery, he made the following narration to the abbat and brethren of the fearful sights he had seen. "I was led by a person of a shining countenance and in bright apparel, and we walked on in silence, as it seemed to me, towards the rising of the sun in summer, until we came to a valley of immense breadth and depth, and of infinite length; on the left side were scorching flames, while the other was no less intolerable by reason of a chilling storm of hail and snow;

each was full of human souls, which seemed to be tossed from one side to the other, as if by a violent storm; for when the wretches could not endure the force of the heat, they leaped into the midst of the cutting cold; and finding no rest there, they leaped back again into the midst of the unquenchable flames, — a miserable alternation of suffering without any interval of rest; and there was an innumerable multitude of ill-looking spirits. I began to think within myself that this was the infernal place of whose intolerable torments I had so often heard tell; on which my guide, who was going before me, replied to my inward thought, and said, 'Do not think so.' When he had conducted me, much frightened at so horrid a sight, to the other end, on a sudden I saw the whole region before us begin to grow dusk and filled with darkness, which, as we entered, became so dense that besides it I could see nothing but the shape and dress of him who went before me. And as we went on through the gloom, on a sudden there appeared before us frequent globes of murky flames, rising, as it were, out of a great pit, and falling back into the same. When I was conducted thus far, my guide suddenly disappeared, leaving me alone in the midst of the darkness and of this horrid vision. As those globes of fire continued, without any intermission, now to rise on high and then to sink to the bottom of the abyss, I observed that the wreaths of flame, as they ascended, were full of human spirits, which, like embers flying up with smoke, were now thrown on high, and then dropped down into the depth below with the retiring vapors of the fire. An intolerable stench, too, came forth with those vapors, poisoning all those regions of darkness. When I had stood there a long time in much dread, and not knowing what to do, all at once I heard behind me the sound of wretched lamentation, and the laughter of insulting demons, which became plainer as it approached me; when I observed a gang of malignant spirits with much exultation dragging the howling and lamenting souls of men into the midst of that darkness; after which, I could not clearly distinguish the lamentation of the men from the laughter of the devils, but had a confused sound of both in my ears. Meanwhile, certain of those dark spirits, ascending from the

fiery abyss, ran and surrounded me, glaring on me with their eyes of flame, and distressing me much with the stinking fire which they breathed from their mouth and nostrils, and endeavoring to seize me with the fiery tongs which they held in their hands, yet they did not dare to touch me, though they terrified me much. Being thus on all sides enclosed with enemies and darkness, and looking about on every side for succor, there appeared behind me, in the direction I had come, as it were, a bright star shining through the darkness, which increased by degrees, and came rapidly towards me; when it drew near, all those evil spirits that would have carried me away with their tongs dispersed and fled. Now he, whose approach put them to flight, was the same who conducted me before; and then turning to the right he proceeded to lead me towards the quarter of the sun's rising in winter, and soon brought me out of the darkness into an atmosphere of clear light. While he was thus leading me, I saw before us a vast wall, whose height and length appeared to be boundless. I began to wonder why we approached the wall, since there was no apparent way of climbing it. When we were come to the wall, we were presently, I know not by what means, on the top of it, where was a spacious and delightful plain, full of vernal flowers of such fragrance that the wonderful sweetness of their odor immediately dispelled the stink of the dark furnace, which had penetrated my very soul. The entire region was illuminated with such a light, that it seemed to exceed the full splendor of the day, or the beams of the meridian sun; for there were in this plain innumerable companies of men in white, and of souls seated together rejoicing. As he led me through bands of happy inhabitants, I thought that this was the kingdom of heaven, but he answered my thoughts, and said, 'Do not think so.' When we had passed these mansions of good and happy spirits, and were gone farther on, I beheld before us a much more glorious light than the former, and therein heard the sweetest voices of persons singing, and so wonderful a fragrance proceeded from the place, that the other, which I had before thought most delicious, now seemed to me but very indifferent;

even as that extraordinary brightness of the flowery plain, compared with this, appeared weak and inconsiderable. As I was hoping that we should enter that delightful place, my guide, on a sudden, stood still; and then turning round, led me back by the way we had come. He then said to me, 'Dost thou know what all these things are which thou hast seen?' I answered, I did not; on which he said, 'That fearful valley which thou sawest, with its consuming flames and cutting cold, is the place where the souls of those are tried who, delaying confession and amendment of life, at length have recourse to repentance when on the point of death, and so departing from the body, they shall all attain to the kingdom of heaven in the day of judgment; numbers too shall be delivered before the day of judgment, by the prayers, alms, and fasting of the living, and especially by the celebration of masses. That fiery and stinking pit, which thou sawest, is the mouth of hell, into which whosoever falls shall never be delivered. The flowery region, in which thou sawest those beautiful young people, so bright and gay, is that into which the souls of those are received who depart from the body in good works, but who, nevertheless, are not so perfect as to be worthy of an immediate entrance into the kingdom of heaven; yet they shall all, at the day of judgment, be admitted to the vision of God and the joys of the heavenly kingdom; but those who are entirely perfect in thought, word, and deed, enter into the kingdom of heaven immediately on their departure from the body; in the neighborhood whereof is the place where thou heardest the sound of sweet singing, with the fragrant odor and bright light. As for thee, thou must return to the body and live again among men; and if thou art careful nicely to examine thine actions, and to maintain thy speech and behavior in uprightness and simplicity, thou shalt have a place among the happy companies of good spirits which thou sawest; for when I left thee for a time, it was to know how thou wast to be disposed of.' When he had said this to me, I greatly abhorred returning to my body, being delighted with the sweetness and beauty of the place I had seen, and with the company of those I saw in it; but in the mean while, on a sudden, I know not in what way, I found myself

alive among men." For the rest, there was a stream in the neighborhood of his cell, and, in his great desire to chasten his body, he would frequently get in, and there remain as long as he could endure it, singing psalms and praying, standing up to his middle in the water, and sometimes up to his neck; and, when he came out, he could never take off his clothes until they were dried by the warmth of his body. And in winter time, when the pieces of ice were floating around him, those who saw it would say, "I wonder, brother Drithelm, that you can endure such excessive cold;" to which he would simply answer, "I have seen greater cold." And when they said, "It is wonderful that you endure such rigorous austerity," he would reply, "I have seen greater austerity." Thus he continued, through an irrepressible desire of heavenly bliss, to subdue his aged body with daily fasting, till the day when he was called away; and he forwarded the salvation of many by his works, as well as by his example.

PURGATORY OF SAINT PATRICK
A. D. 1153

Whilst the great Patrick was preaching the word of God in Ireland, and gaining much reputation by the miracles which he there performed, he sought to reclaim from the works of the devil the bestial people of that country, by fear of the torments of hell and desire of the happiness of heaven; but they told him plainly that they would not be converted to Christ, unless they first saw with their eyes the things which he told them. Whilst, therefore, Saint Patrick, with fasting, watching, and prayer, entreated God for the salvation of that people, the Son of God appearing to him led him into a desert-place, where he showed him a cave round and dark within, and said to him, "Whosoever in true penitence and constancy of faith shall enter this cave for the space of a day and a night shall be purified therein from all the sins which he has committed against God during all his life, and shall also there not only behold tne torments of the

wicked, but, if he shall persevere steadfastly in the love of God, be a witness also of the joys of the blessed." The Lord then disappeared, and Saint Patrick, joyful both at having seen Christ and at the discovery of the cave, trusted at last that he should be able to convert the wretched people of Ireland to the true faith of Christ. He immediately, therefore, constructed an oratory on that spot, and, enclosing the cave which is in the burial-ground in front of the church, placed a door there, that no one might enter it without his leave. He next appointed there a society of regular canons, and gave the key to the prior, with orders that whoever came to the prior with a license from the bishop of that district should be allowed to enter the purgatory. Many persons availed themselves of this privilege whilst Saint Patrick was still alive, and when they came out, they testified that they had seen the torments of the wicked, as well as the great and unspeakable happiness of the good.

VISION OF THE MONK OF EVESHAM
A. D. 1196

In those days a certain monk, belonging to the convent of Evesham, fell ill, and for fifteen months was afflicted with grievous bodily pain, taking such a nausea of food and drink, that sometimes for nine days and more he would take nothing but the least drop of cold water; no skill of the physician could cure him, but whatever was offered him by any one by way of relieving him, had the contrary effect. Thus he lay languishing on his bed, deprived altogether of bodily strength; he could not even move from the spot unless carried by the servants. As the day of our Lord's resurrection drew near, he began to feel easier, and walked about his cell leaning on his stick; and at length, on the night next preceding the day of our Lord's supper, he went leaning on his stick into the large hall, instigated by devotion, not knowing whether he was in the body or in the spirit, and there, whilst the assembled monks were paying their accustomed nightly devotions to the Lord, he felt such an impression of the divine mercy and

heavenly grace, that his own holy devotion seemed to exceed measure, and from the middle of that night to the sixth hour of the following day he could not restrain himself from tears and giving praise to God. He then sent for two of the brotherhood, called by religious men "confessors," one after the other, and there with tears and in all purity and contrition of heart, he made to each of them a confession of all his faults, even the smallest of them, whether against discipline or the commandments of God; he then asked for and obtained absolution; and thus in devotion and giving praise to God he passed the whole day.

How the same monk was found lying as if dead

On the following night he obtained a little sleep, and when the bell for matins rang, he rose from his couch and took his way to the church; but what happened there the following narrative will tell. On the morning of the following day, which was the day of the Preparation, when the brotherhood had risen to primes, and were crossing before the chapter-house on their way to the church, they beheld this same brother lying prostrate and with naked feet before the abbat's chair, where the brothers were accustomed to crave pardon, and with his face close to the ground as if he was asking pardon of some one sitting before him; the brothers, astonished at this sight, ran up, and, trying to raise him, they found him breathless and motionless, with his eyes turned up, and the balls of the eyes and the nose wet with a quantity of blood. They all together cried out that he was dead, finding that he had lost all motion of the veins for a length of time; but at length discovering that he breathed, although but slightly, they washed his neck, breast, and hands, with cold water. In the first place they saw him tremble slightly throughout his whole body, but he soon became quiet and remained without motion; for a long time they were in doubt how to act, not knowing for certain whether he was dead or had got better; at length, after a debate, they carried him into the infirmary, and placing him on a bed, appointed some persons to keep a

careful watch over him; they next applied plasters to his chest, and pricked the soles of his feet with needles, but could find no signs of life in him. In this manner, then, lying on his bed altogether motionless, he remained for two days, that is, from midnight of the Preparation, till midnight of the following sabbath; but on the great sabbath, when the monks were about to assemble for midnight mass, the eyelids of the aforesaid brother began to quiver slightly, and after a while a moisture, like tears, began to flow gently over his cheeks, and, as any one would lament in his sleep, he seemed to utter frequent sighs, and after a while he seemed to be uttering words in his throat with a deep though scarcely audible sound: at length as his breath by degrees returned, he began to call upon Saint Mary, saying, "O holy Mary! O holy Mary! for what crime am I deprived of joy so immense?" In this manner, often repeating these and other words, he made known to the bystanders his deprivation of some great joy. After this, as if awaking out of a deep sleep, he shook his head, and, weeping bitterly, he began to sob, his tears flowing unceasingly; then, with his hands clasped and his fingers hitched together he raised himself suddenly to a sitting posture, and placing his head covered with his hands on his knees, he continued unceasingly, as he had begun, his lamentable moanings. After many entreaties by the brethren that he would, after such a long fasting and suffering, take something to eat, he took a small piece of bread, and then continued awake in prayer; on being asked if he expected to escape from his sickness, he answered, "I shall live long enough, because I have entirely recovered from my weakness." On the night following, that is, of our Lord's resurrection, when the bell was ringing for matins, he went to church without any support, and, what he had not done for eleven months before, entered the choir. On the day after, when his religious rites were duly performed, he was deemed worthy to be refreshed by a participation in the holy communion.

How the aforesaid monk related the vision that he had seen

After this the same brother eagerly joined in the religious duties of the other monks; and they earnestly entreated him to relate for their edification what had happened to him and all that he had seen in his sleep; for they were convinced that many things had been shown him, by evident signs, and from having heard his words and beheld his unceasing lamentations when he awoke on the previous day. After putting them off for some time, they became urgent in their request, and at length with incessant tears and groans choking his voice, he related the circumstances in order as follows: "When," said he, "I was, as you know, failing from severe and lengthened bodily infirmity, and was blessing God verbally and mentally, and was returning him thanks for deigning to chasten his unworthy servant with his fatherly rod, after I had given up all hope of recovery, I began, as much as I could, to prepare myself, in order that I might escape the punishments of the future state, as I was on the point of being called from the body. Whilst I was diligently thinking on these things, I fell into temptation to ask of God that he would in some manner deign to reveal to me what was the state of the life to come, and what was the condition, after this life, of souls released from the body; that, by learning this, I might more clearly ascertain what I, who was about, as I thought, to depart this life shortly, had to hope for and what to fear, that I might thus gain as much as I could on God's affection, whilst I was wavering in this precarious state. Desiring, then, to be satisfied on this, I with incessant supplications kept invoking, at one time our Lord the Saviour of the world, at another time the glorious virgin, his mother, at another I called on all the elect people of God; but it was especially through the intercession of the most pious and holy Saint Nicholas the confessor, that I hoped to gain the end of my pious request; and behold, one night near the commencement of the Lent which we have just passed over, as I was sleeping a little, there appeared to me a venerable and altogether comely personage, who in most pleasant words addressed me as follows: 'Most beloved son, great is

your devotion in prayer, and great perseverance have you in your purpose, nor will the continual aim of your prayer be fruitless through the clemency of the Redeemer; henceforward be of calm mind, and continue devout in prayer, for without doubt you will soon attain the object of your petition.' Having thus spoken, the image of the speaker vanished, and I awoke.

How the same monk, as he was worshipping our Lord's cross, saw it become bloody

"But, although awake, I still kept this vision steadily in mind, and, after six weeks had passed, when on the night of our Lord's supper I had risen to matins, and received, as you remember, discipline at your hands, I felt in the midst of it such a sweetness of mind diffused over me, that on the day following I felt it most pleasant to weep incessantly, as with your own eyes you saw. On the next night after this, which was the Preparation, as the hour approached for rising to matins, I sank into a calm sleep; then again I heard the same voice, but by whose agency it was conveyed to my ears, I know not; 'Arise,' it said, 'go into the oratory, and approach the altar consecrated to the worship of Saint Laurence, and behind that altar you will find the cross, which it is the custom of the convent to worship on the day of the Preparation; for unless you do thus, nothing can be fulfilled by you on the morrow; for a long journey remains to you; wherefore, adore our Lord's cross in memory of himself, and offer the sacrifice of a humble and contrite heart, knowing for certain, that the offering of your devotion will be acceptable to the Lord, and that you shall hereafter rejoice abundantly in its richness.' After this I awoke from sleep, and proceeded, as it seemed to me, with the brethren, to hear matins; which being commenced, I met in the vestibule of the church an old man clothed in white garments, that one from whom, on the preceding night, I had received discipline. I then beckoned him by the usual nod to give me discipline, on which we went into the chapter-house, and after having effected my purpose,

we returned to the oratory. I then went alone to the altar mentioned to me in my sleep, took off my shoes, and crawling on my knees, made for the place where I had been told the cross of our Saviour would be found. As had been foretold to me, I found it there, and shortly I became entirely dissolved in tears, and throwing myself on the ground at full length, I most devoutly worshipped it; as I was thus kneeling before the face of the image, and was kissing it on the mouth and eyes, I felt some drops falling gently on my forehead, and on removing my fingers, I, from their color, discovered it to be blood; moreover, I saw the blood flowing from the side of the image on the cross, as it does from a living man's veins when cut for letting blood. I caught in my hand I know not how many drops as they fell, and with it I devoutly anointed my eyes, ears, and nostrils; afterwards, if I sinned in this I know not, I swallowed one drop of it in my zeal, but the rest which I had caught in my hand I determined to keep.

How the same monk was separated from the body, and entered the first place of punishment

"When I had thus worshipped our Lord's cross, I, after a time, heard behind me the voice of the venerable man from whom, on the preceding night, I had received discipline. Then, leaving my shoes and staff near the altar, I know not how, I went to the chapter-house, and after receiving discipline, six several times, as I had done before, I received absolution. This same old man was seated in the abbat's chair, and I prostrated myself before him, but he approached me, saying these words only, 'Follow me.' After he had raised me up, he took hold of my right hand firmly, yet gently, and we remained all the time with our hands linked together, and at that time I was deprived of all sense of body and mind. We then walked on a smooth road, straight towards the east, until we arrived in a large tract of country, dreadful to look at, in a marshy situation, and deformed with hard thickened mud. In this place were such a multitude of men, or spirits, that no one could count them, who were

exposed to various and unmentionable tortures; in this place was a great crowd of both sexes, of every condition, profession, and rank, and all kinds of sinners condemned to torments according to the variety of their professions, and the degrees of their offences. Throughout the broad extent of that plain, beyond the extremities of which no eyesight could reach, I saw and heard crowds of wretched beings collected in miserable troops, and bound in flocks according to the similarity of their crimes and professions, whilst they all were equally burning, though their cries were different. Whatsoever people I saw, and for whatsoever sins they were punished, I noticed clearly both the nature of their sin, and the degree of their punishment, whereby, atoning for their crimes, or by the intercession of others, they might in that place of exile and punishment earn admission into the heavenly country. But some I saw endure more severe torments with a calm mind, and, as if conscious of a reward laid up for them, thinking lightly of the horrible agonies they endured. Some I beheld leap suddenly forth from their place of torture, and make their way as fast as they could to the extremities of the place; and when they, dreadfully burned as they were, were emerging from the pits, the torturers ran to them with forks, torches, and every sort of instrument of torture, and restored them back to their punishments again, to inflict every kind of cruelty on them; nevertheless, though thus wounded, thus burned, and pierced to the heart by their lashes, they at length came forth, always going in regular gradation from the most severe to more tolerable sufferings; for some of the most atrocious there remained a most horrible death, without proceeding to more severe tortures: each of them was treated according as they were benefited or impeded by their former actions, or by the good works of their friends. Endless were the kinds of punishment which I saw; some were roasted before fire; others were fried in pans; red-hot nails were driven into some of their bones; others were tortured with a horrid stench in baths of pitch and sulphur, mixed with molten lead, brass, and other kinds of metal; immense worms with poisonous teeth gnawed some; others, in thick ranks, were transfixed on stakes with fiery thorns; the

torturers tore them with their nails, flogged them with dreadful scourges, and lacerated them in dreadful agonies. I saw in that place many who were known to me, and who had been intimate with me in this life, tortured in various ways, some of whom were bishops, some abbats, and some of other stations; some in the ecclesiastic, some in the secular forum, some in the cloister. I saw all these; and the less that they were in their former life supported by the privileges of honor, the more lenient were the punishments inflicted on them there. As a truth I now tell what I particularly noticed, which was that all those whom I knew to have been the judges of others or prelates in this life were tormented more than the rest with an increased degree of severity. It would be too tedious for me to speak of what they severally received as their deserts, or what they suffered, however conspicuous all things were to me; but God is my witness, that if I saw any one, even had he slain all my friends and relatives, condemned to such torture, I would, were it possible, endure a temporal death a thousand times to snatch him from them, especially since all things which are there penal exceed all measure of pain, bitterness, and misery.

Of the second place of punishment in purgatory, and the variety of punishments

"After we had gone beyond this place of punishment, I and my guide passed onwards unhurt, as we did also other places of torment, which I shall relate below. After this then we arrived at another place of torment; the two places were separated by a mountain almost touching the clouds, over the top of which we passed easily and quickly. Under the farther side of this mountain was a very deep and dark valley, girt round on either side by ridges of lofty rocks, over which the sight could not extend; the bottom of the valley itself contained a piece of water, whether flowing or stagnant I know not, very wide and dreadful, owing to its stinking water, which continually sent forth a vapor of intolerable odor. The side of the mountain overhanging one part of

the lake sent forth fire to the heavens; on the opposite promontory of the same hill there was such an intense cold, caused by snow, hail, and raging storms, that I thought I had never before seen anything more torturing than the cold at that place. The region of the above-mentioned valley, and the sides of both mountains, which bore this dreadful appearance of heat and cold, were occupied by a crowd of spirits, as numerous as bees at the time of swarming; and their punishment in general was at one time to be dipped in the fetid lake; at another, breaking forth from thence, they were devoured by the volumes of flame which met them, and at length, in fluctuating balls of fire, as if sparks from a furnace, were tossed on high and fell to the bottom of the other bank; they were again restored to the whirlings of the winds, the cold of the snow, and the asperity of the hail; then, thrown forth from thence, and as if flying from the violence of the storms, they were again thrust back into the stench of the lake, and the burnings of the raging fire. Some were tortured by the cold, some by the heat, for a long time, and some were kept for a long period in the stink of the lake. I saw others, like olives in a press, pressed and jammed together in the midst of the flames so incessantly, that it is horrible to relate. Of all those then who were there tortured, the condition was this, that for the fulfilment of their purification they were compelled to pass through the whole surface of that lake from the beginning to the end. There was, however, a very great and manifold distinction amongst those who were tortured in this place, for some of them were allowed an easy and quick transit, according to their merits, and the assistance rendered to them after their death; whilst those guilty of greater crimes, or less assisted by the masses of their friends, were punished more severely and for a longer time: but to all of them, the nearer they approached the end of the lake the less severe was the torture remaining to be endured, for those who were placed at the beginning felt the punishment most severely, although all did not suffer alike; and the lightest torments of that place were more cruel than the most severe ones of the place we saw before. In this place of punishment I

found and recognized many more acquaintances than I had seen in the first purgatory, and with some indeed I conversed. Amongst them I recognized a certain goldsmith who had been well known to me in life; but my guide, seeing me look at him earnestly, inquired if I knew him, and on his learning that he had been well known to me, he said, 'If you know him, speak to him.' But the spirit looking at us, and recognizing us with a gesture of unspeakable delight, gave praise to the man, my guide, and with outstretched hands, and by a frequent bending of the whole of its body, worshipped him, and making obeisance, thanked him much for kindnesses conferred on him. As he frequently cried out, 'Holy Nicholas, have pity on me,' I was pleased to recognize the name of my dear protector, Saint Nicholas, from whom I hoped to obtain salvation both of body and soul. On my then asking the goldsmith how he had thus quickly gone through the cruel tórments I had seen him suffering, he answered, 'You, my friend,' said he, 'and all my acquaintances, who, during my life, saw that all the supports of the Christian faith were denied me, such as confession and the viaticum, considered me a lost man, not knowing the mercy of my lord, who is with me, namely, Saint Nicholas, who did not suffer me, his unhappy servant, to undergo the death of everlasting damnation; for now and ever, since I have been consigned to this place of punishment, when I was suffering under a severe torture I have been refreshed by the visitation of his compassion. For in gold-working, in which art I, in my lifetime, committed many frauds, I now make most severe atonement, since I am frequently thrown into a heap of burning money, and most intolerably scorched; being often compelled to swallow with gaping mouth those very coins, which consume my internal parts; and, moreover, am often obliged to count these coins, and feel my hands and fingers consumed and burned by them.' I then asked him, if men could by any remedy avoid such a dreadful torture; to which he replied with a sigh, 'If men were daily to write with the finger on their foreheads and on the parts near their heart, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," those of the faith would doubtlessly be preserved harmless, and, after their death, those very

places would shine with a great splendor.' These and many other things I heard from him; but let us hasten to describe other things, and let what has been said suffice.

Of the third place of punishment, and the manifold variety of torments

"I and my guide, then, having left this truly called valley of tears which we got to in the second place, we arrived at a large plain situated low down in the bosom of the earth, and which seemed inaccessible to all except to torturing devils and tortured spirits. The surface of that plain was covered by a great and horrible chaos, mixed with a sulphureous smoke, and a cloud of intolerable stench, with a flame of a pitchy blackness, and this rising from all directions was diffused in a dreadful way through the whole of that void space. The surface of the place abounded with a multitude of worms in the same way as the court-yards of houses are covered with rushes; and these, dreadful beyond conception, of a monstrous size and deformed, with a dreadful gaping of their jaws, and exhaling execrable fire from their nostrils, lacerated the crowds of wretched beings, with a voracity not to be escaped from; and the devils running in all directions, raging like mad creatures, took the wretched beings and at one time were cutting them up piece by piece with their fiery prongs, at another time were tearing all their flesh off to the bone, at another time threw them into the fire, melted them like metals, and restored them in the shape of burning flame. Little it is, I call God to witness, yea nothing, that I recollect of the punishments of that place; for God knows that in a very brief space of time I saw those wretched beings destroyed by a hundred or more different kinds of torture, and soon afterwards restored again, and again reduced almost to nothing, and then again renewed; for a lost life caused them to be tortured in that place, and owing to the different kinds of punishment there was no end to their sufferings. For the flame of that fire was so devouring, that you would think an ordinary fire or fever to be lukewarm in comparison with it; dead

worms torn in pieces were collected in heaps beneath the wretches, filling everything with an intolerable stench which surpassed all other suffering. The most loathsome and severe of all remains yet to be told; for all who were punished there had, in their life, been guilty of wickedness which is unmentionable by a Christian, or even by a heathen or a pagan. Those therefore were continually attacked by huge monsters of a fiery appearance and horrible beyond description, which, notwithstanding their opposition, committed on them the damnable crimes of which they had been guilty on earth; and their cries were horrid until they fainted apparently dead, when they again revived to be exposed to fresh torments. I tremble while relating it, and am beyond measure confounded at the filthiness of their crime, for till that time I had never heard or thought that both sexes could have been corrupted by such filthiness, and, oh, shame! such an innumerable crowd of such wretches as was there found most pitiably to be pitied. The figures of many in that place I neither saw nor recognized, for I was overcome with horror by the enormity of the torments and obscenity, and by the filthy stench; so that it was beyond measure offensive to me either to stop there a moment, or to look at what was being done there. Lastly, amid the dreadful din one of them cried out, 'Alas! why did I not repent?' so loud was their grief that you would have thought all the sufferers in the world were there lamenting.

Of a certain lawyer and his punishments

"Although I avoided as much as I could to look at what was passing there, I could not escape seeing a certain clerk, whom I had once known; he, in his life, was considered a most skilful man, of those who are styled lawyers and decretalists, wherefore in ecclesiastical revenues he was every day getting richer than the rest. I was astonished at the weight of his sufferings, and on my asking whether he expected to obtain mercy at all, he answered, crying out, 'Alas, alas, woe is me, I know, I know, that I shall not receive mercy

this side of the day of judgment, and even then I think it is uncertain, for ever since I have been subjected to these sufferings, my punishment grows worse, dragging me on from bad to worse.' I said to him, 'Why then did you not at the last confess your sins and repent?' He answered, 'Because I had hopes of recovering, the devil beguiling me, I was ashamed to confess such disgraceful crimes, lest I should seem to be unrespected by them to whom I appeared renowned and noble. Some of my slighter offences I did, however, confess to the priest, and on his asking me if I was conscious of any other sins, I asked him to leave me then, promising to let him know again if any should occur to my memory. When he had departed, and had gone a little way, I felt myself dying; and when he was fetched back by my servants he found that I was dead. Therefore none of the thousand kinds of torments which I daily endure tortures me so much as the recollection of my fault, because I am actually compelled to be a slave to the baseness of my former weakness; for besides the greatness of this unspeakable punishment, I am oppressed with intolerable shame, when I appear as one to be execrated for such great offences.' At the moment he was thus speaking to me, I saw him tortured in numberless ways, and in the midst of them to be reduced as it were to nothing, and to be dissolved by the force of the heat like melted lead. I also asked Saint Nicholas, who stood by me, if such torments could be alleviated by any kind of remedy; and he answered, 'When the day of judgment arrives, then will be accomplished the will of Christ, for he alone knows the hearts of all, and then he will afford to all a just retribution.' Afterwards, when I had returned to the body, that priest, to whom the lawyer had confessed only his light offences, came to me, and called God to witness in the presence of many that what I said was true, since no one but himself knew these things. Of the punishments of many, which I saw, I omit to make mention, fearing lest, if I should speak further of them, I should create a loathing in my readers, but let these few chosen from the many suffice."

VISION OF TURCHILL A. D. 1206

In this year, a certain man of simple habits, and hospitable as far as his humble means would allow, who lived in a town called Tunsted,[1] in the bishopric of London, was employed, after the hour of evening prayer, on the eve of the day of the apostles Saint Simon and Saint Jude, in draining his field, which he had sown that day, when, raising his eyes, he saw a man hastening to him from a distance; after looking at him, he began the Lord's Prayer, when the stranger stepping up to him, asked him to finish his prayer and speak to him: and, accordingly, as soon as his prayer was ended, they exchanged mutual greetings. After this, the man who had come to him asked him where, amongst the neighbors, he could meet with a suitable lodging for that night; but when the questioned person extolled the great hospitality of his neighbors, the inquirer found fault with the hospitality of some who were named. The laborer, then understanding that the stranger was acquainted with his neighbors, eagerly asked him to accept of a lodging with him, on which the stranger said to him, "Your wife has already received two poor women to lodge with her, and I too will turn to your house for to-night, in order that I may lead you to your lord, namely, Saint James, to whom thou hast even now devoutly prayed; for I am Julian the entertainer, and have been sent on your behalf, to disclose to you by divine means certain things which are hidden from men in the flesh; therefore, proceed to your house, and endeavor to prepare yourself for a journey." After these words, the man who was conversing with him disappeared from the spot. But Turchill, for that was the laborer's name, hurried home, washed his head and feet, and found the two women entertained there, as Saint Julian had foretold. Afterwards he threw himself on a bed which he had prepared in his house, apart from his wife, for the sake of continence, and slept outside the room; and as soon as all the members of the household were asleep, Saint Julian woke the man, and said, "Here I am, as I promised; it is time for us to be going.

[1] Perhaps "Twinsted" in Essex.

Let your body rest on the bed, it is only your spirit which is to go with me; and, that your body may not appear to be dead, I will inspire into you the breath of life." In this way they both left the house, Saint Julian leading the way, and Turchill following.

END OF VOLUME X

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